

SUPERMAN

Post-**CRISIS**
ON INFINITE EARTHS

Volume 16:

Apokolips Under The Streets

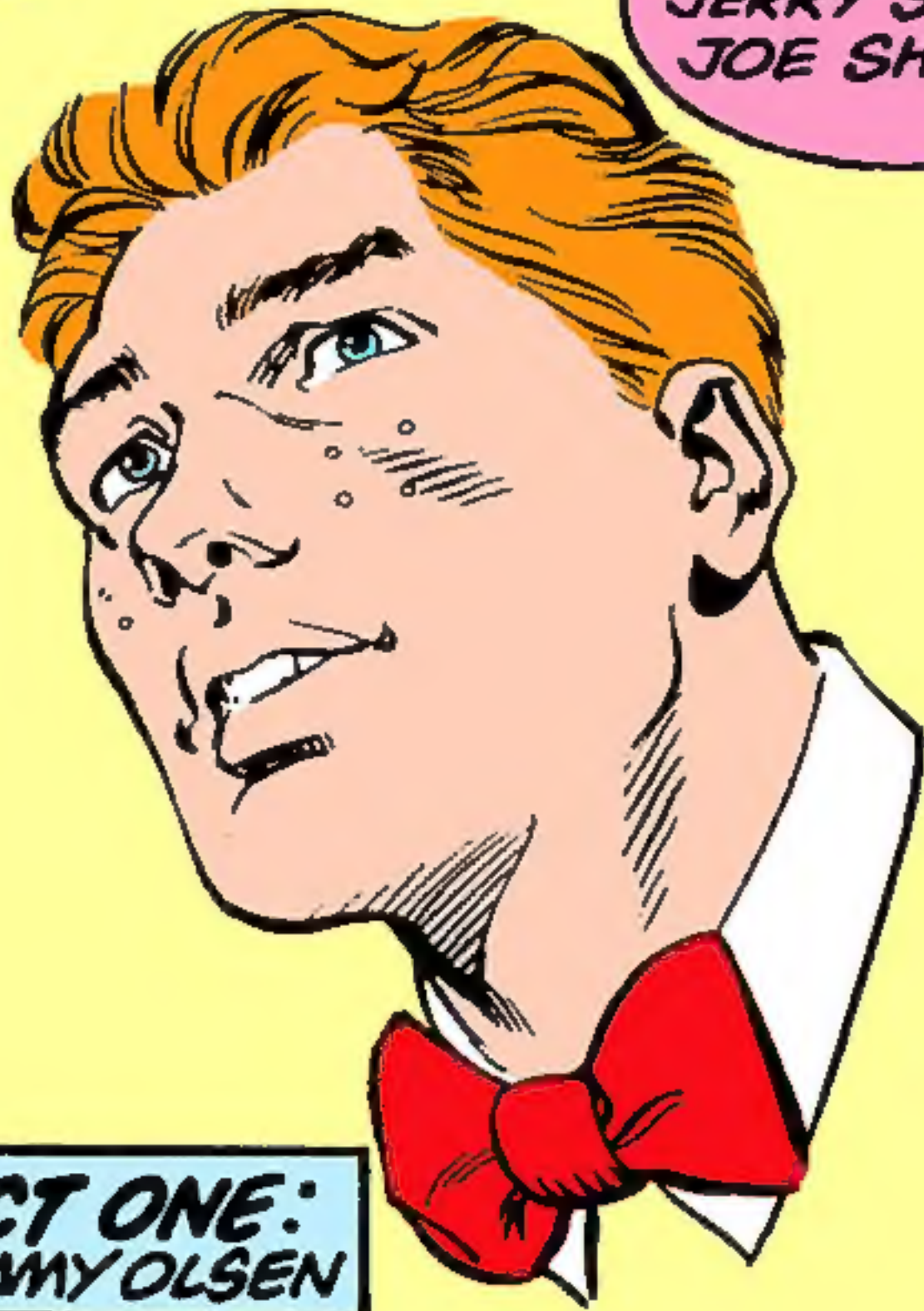


THE ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN[®]

Created by
JERRY SIEGEL &
JOE SHUSTER

a tragedy in five acts

DRAMATIZED AND CHOREOGRAPHED BY
MARY WOLFMAN AND JERRY ORDWAY



ACT ONE:
JIMMY OLSEN



ACT TWO:
LOIS LANE



ACT THREE:
PERRY WHITE

INKED BY BOB SMITH
LETTERED BY ALBERT DE GUZMAN

COLORS BY ANTHONY TOLLIN
EDITED BY MIKE CARLIN



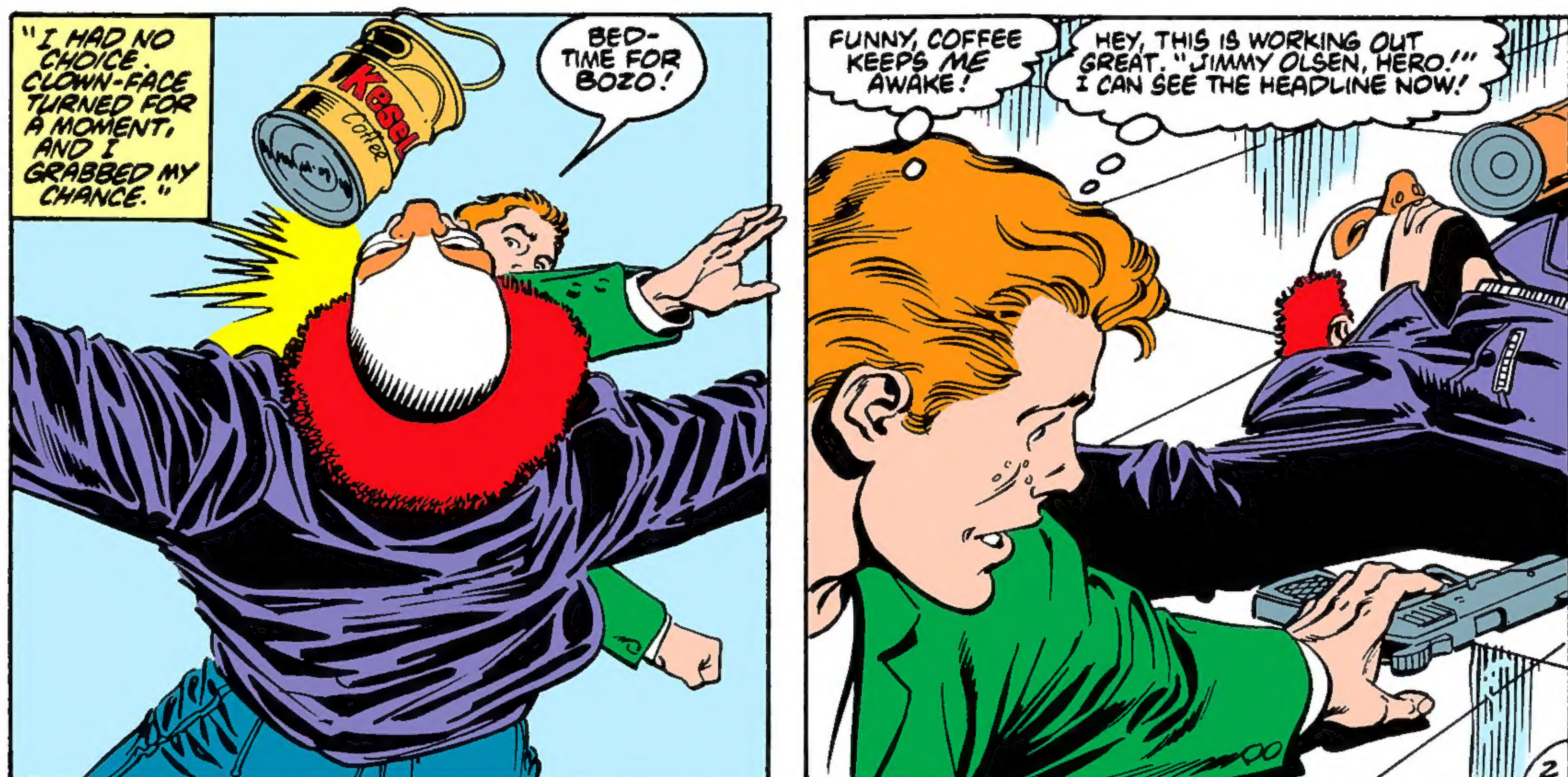
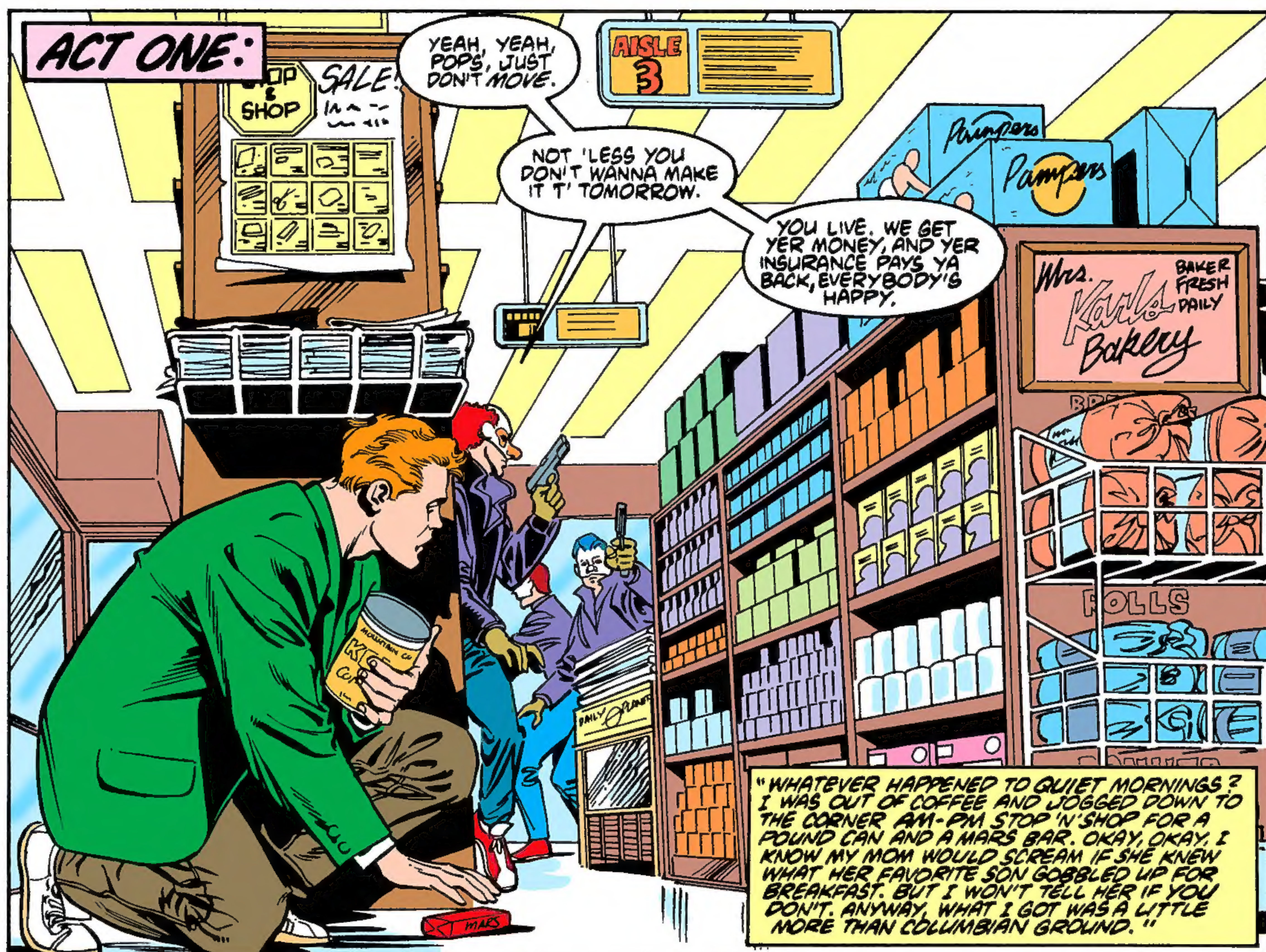
ACT FOUR:
JOSE DELGADO

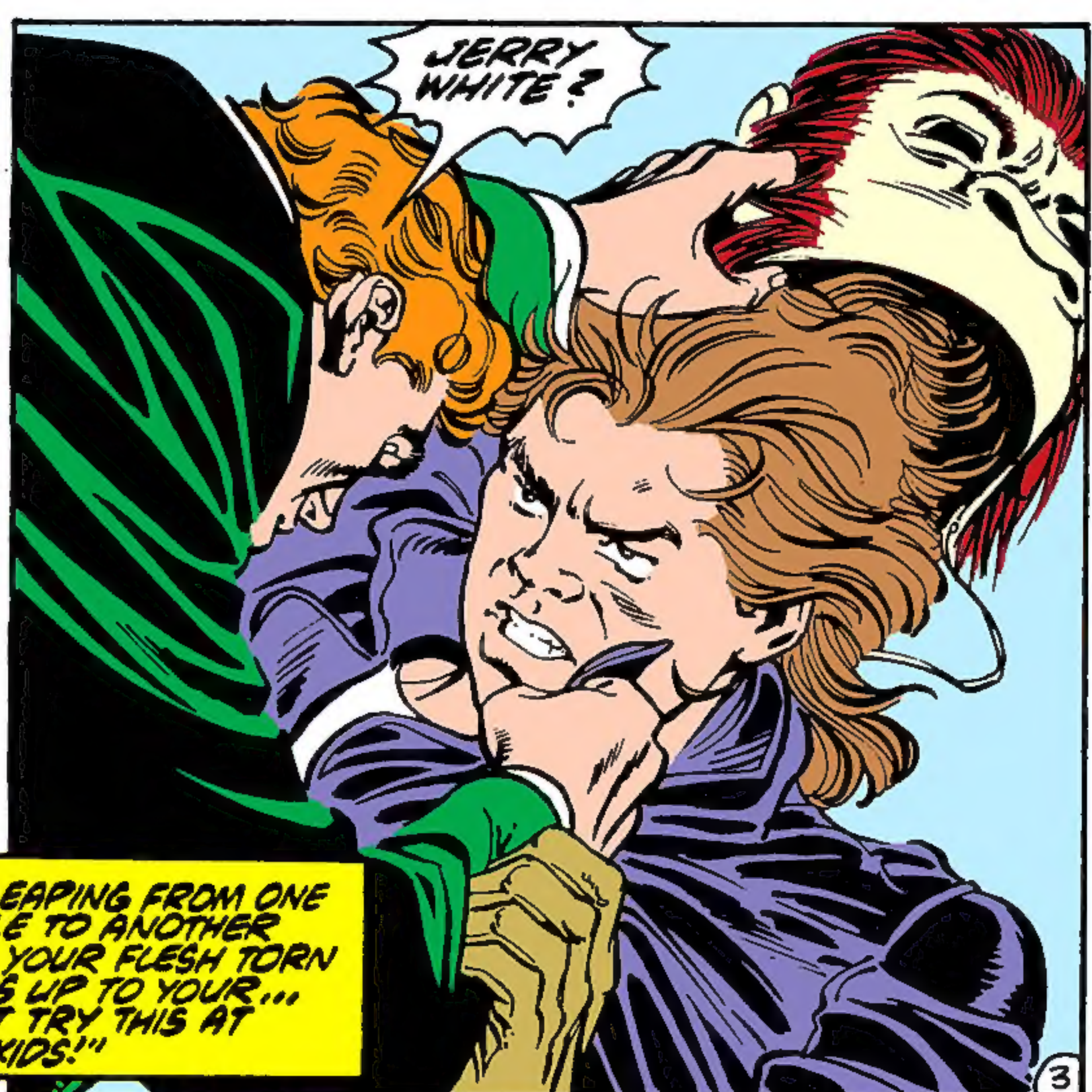
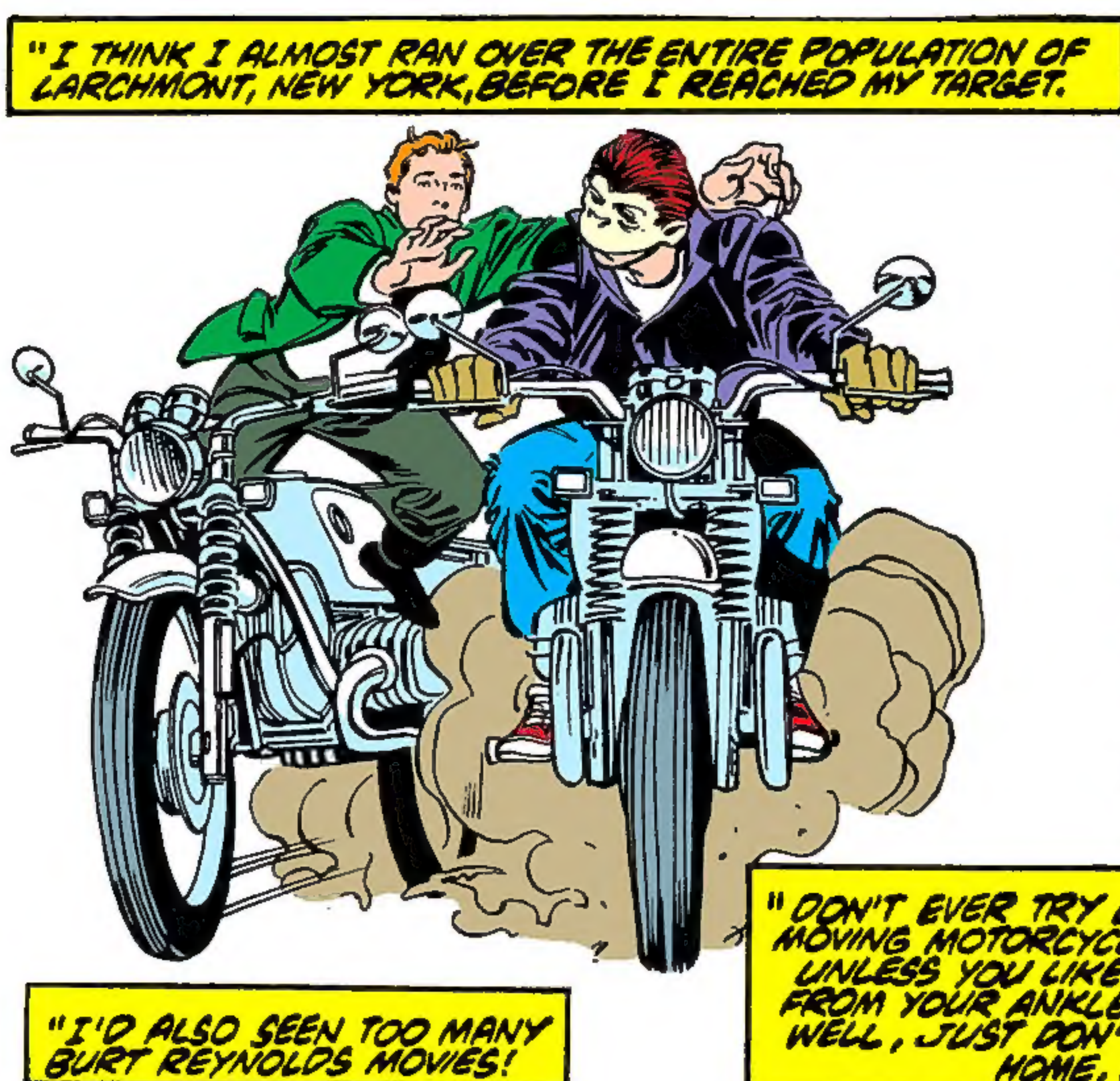
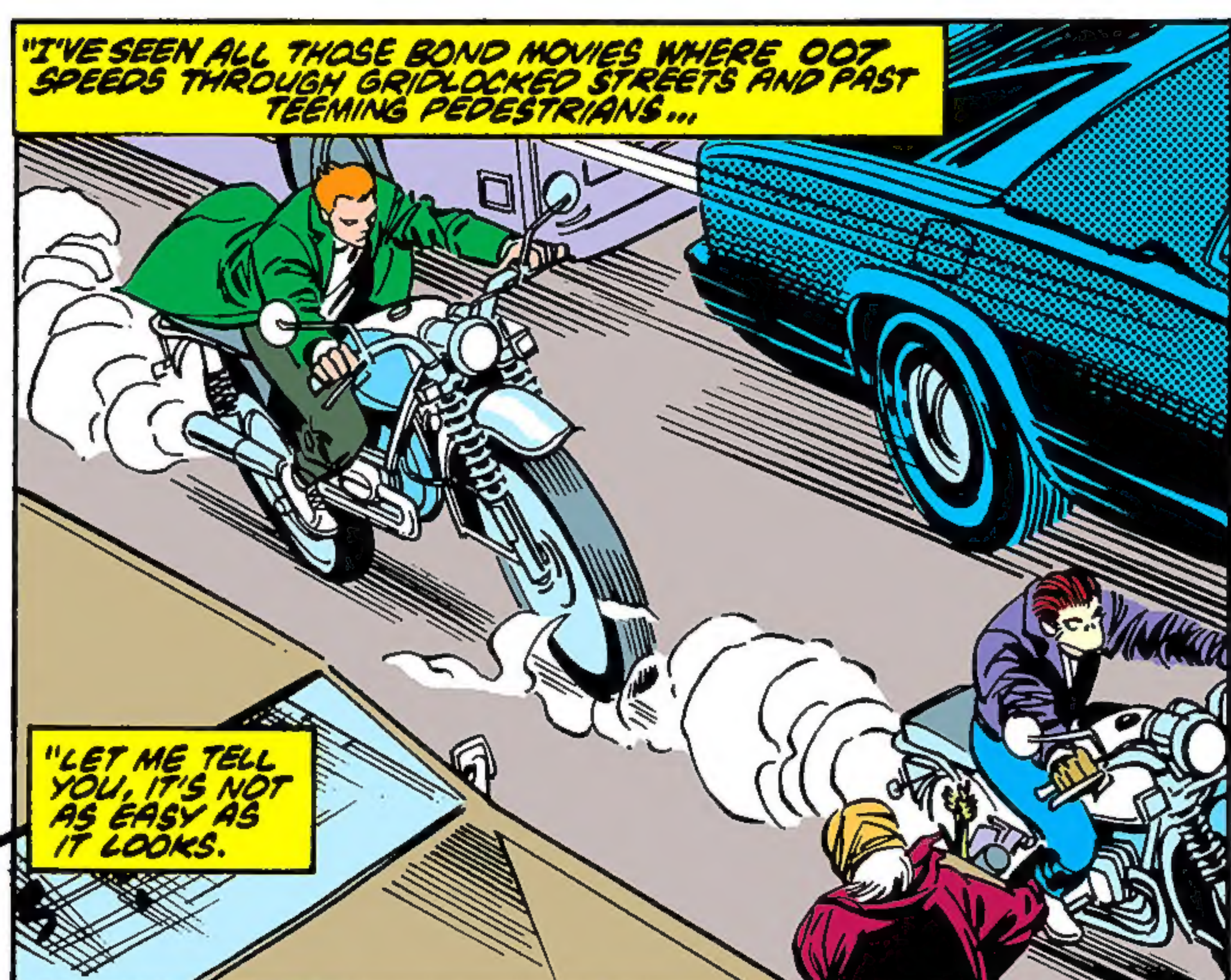
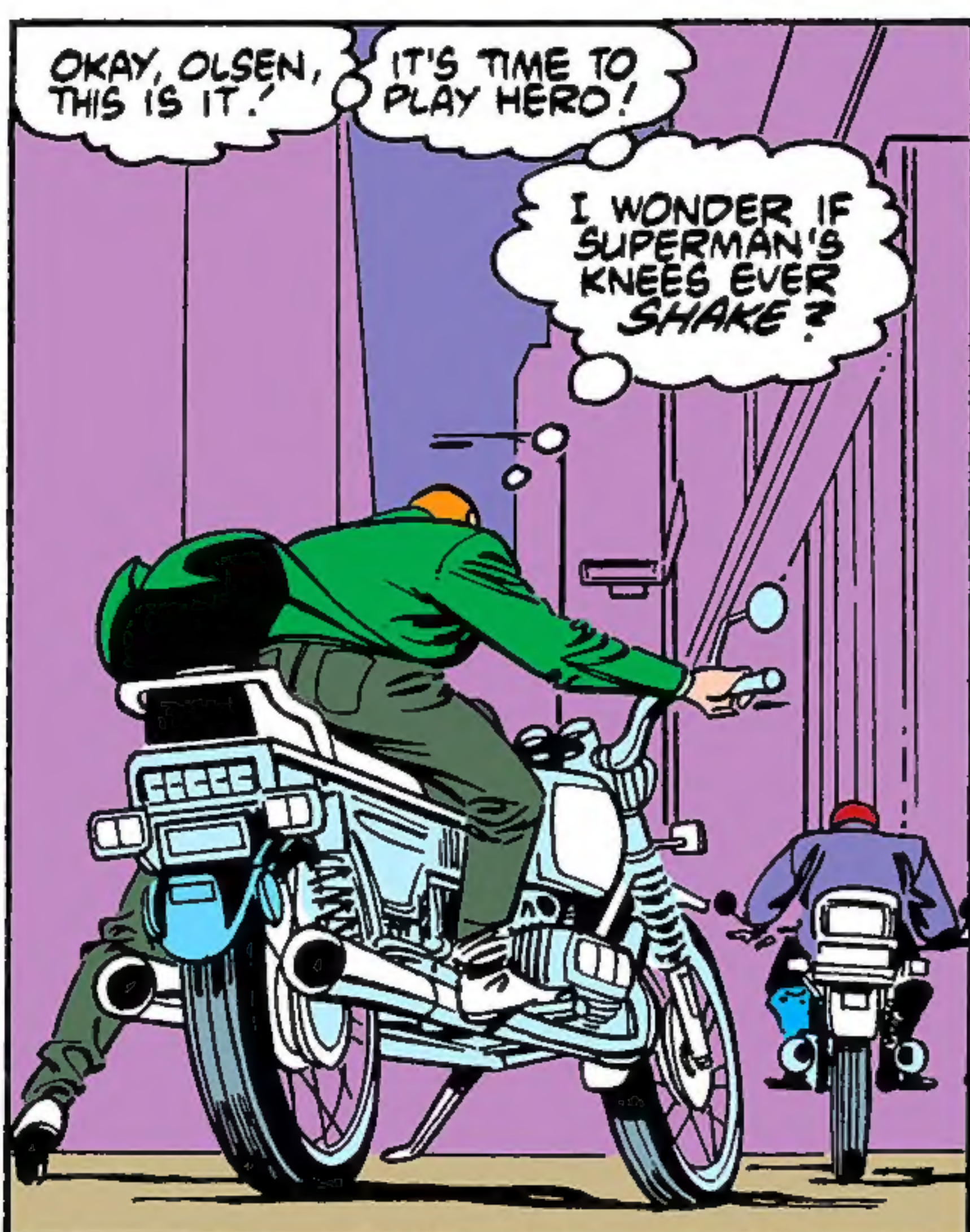
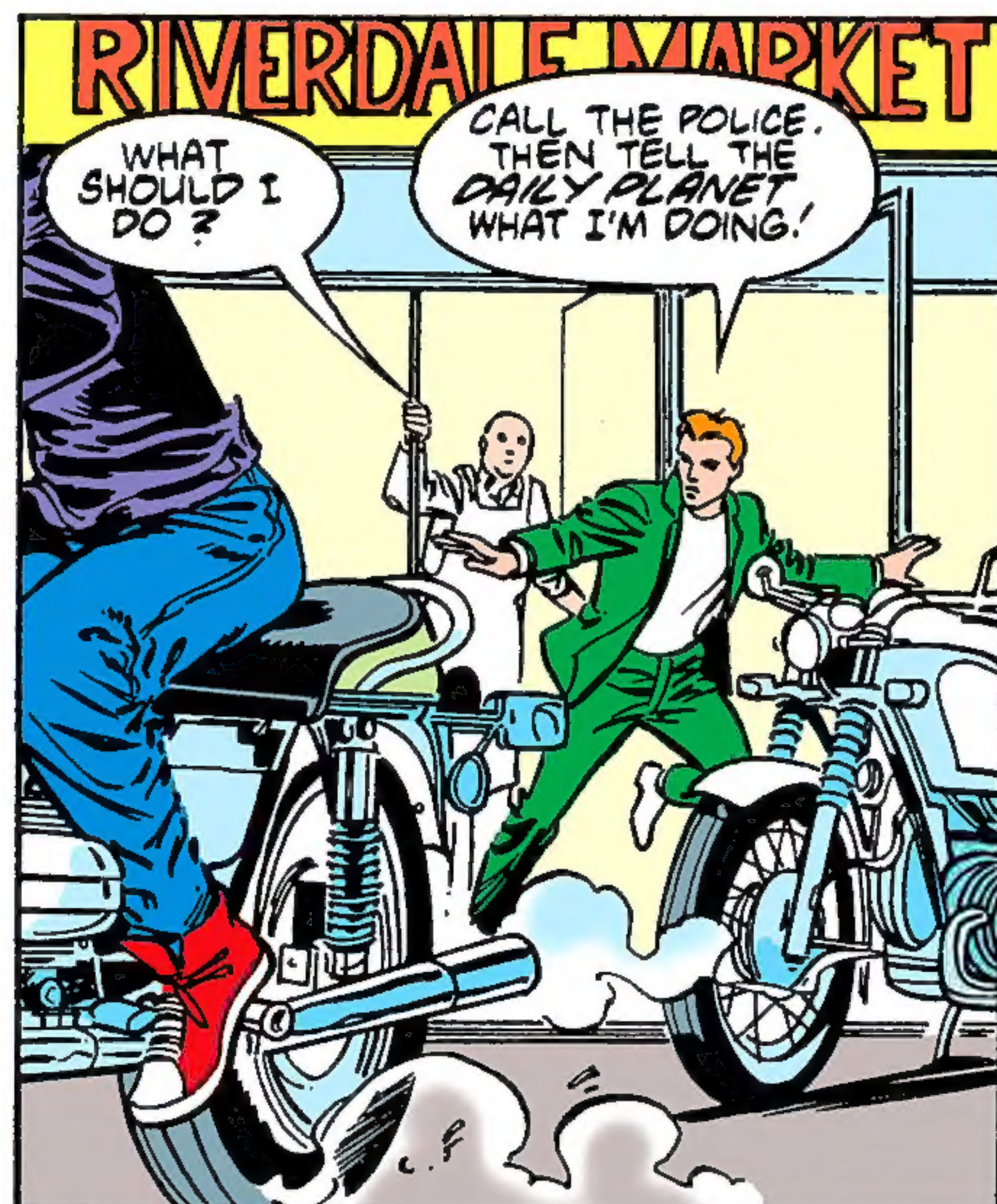
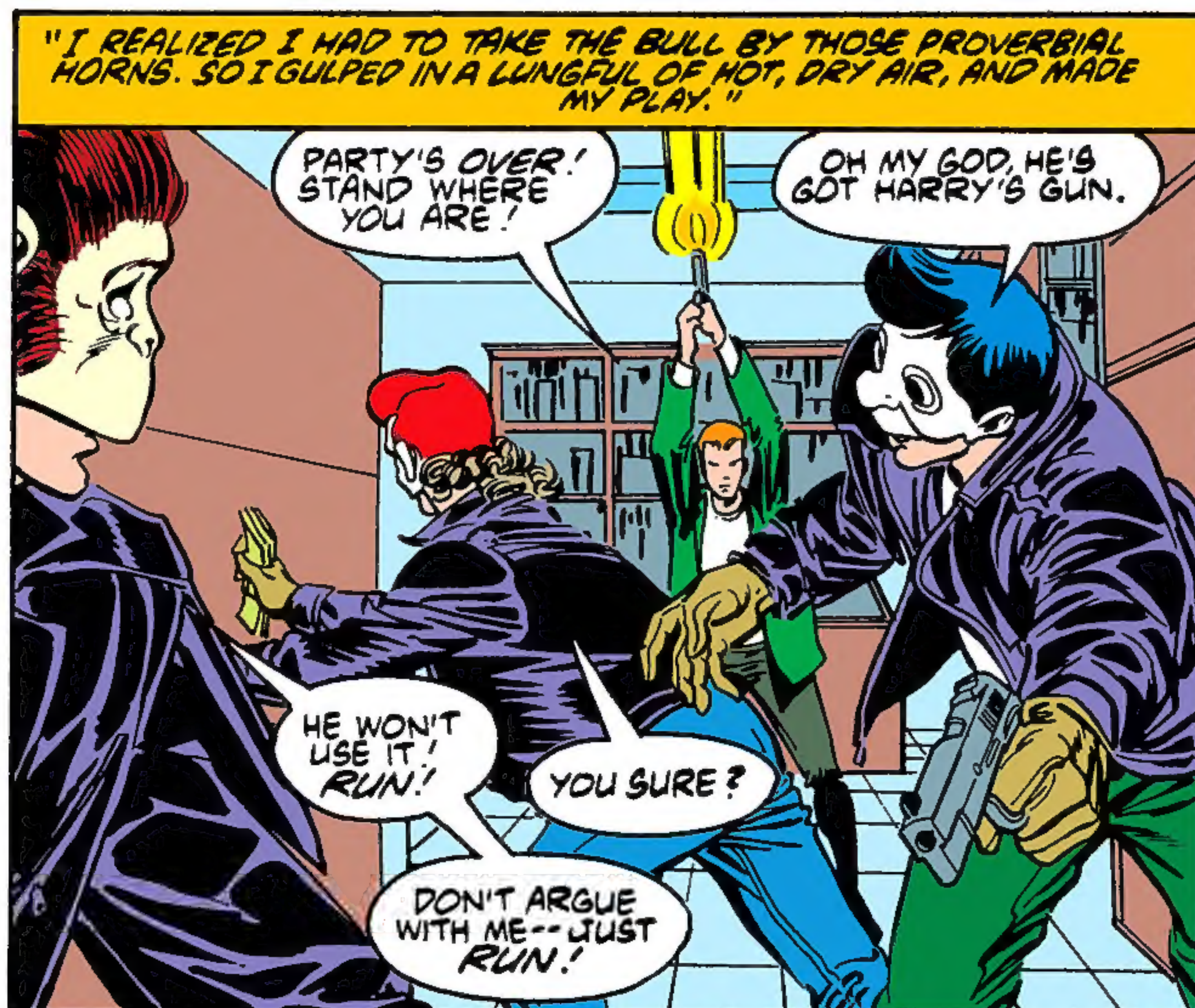
GANGWAR: Part Two

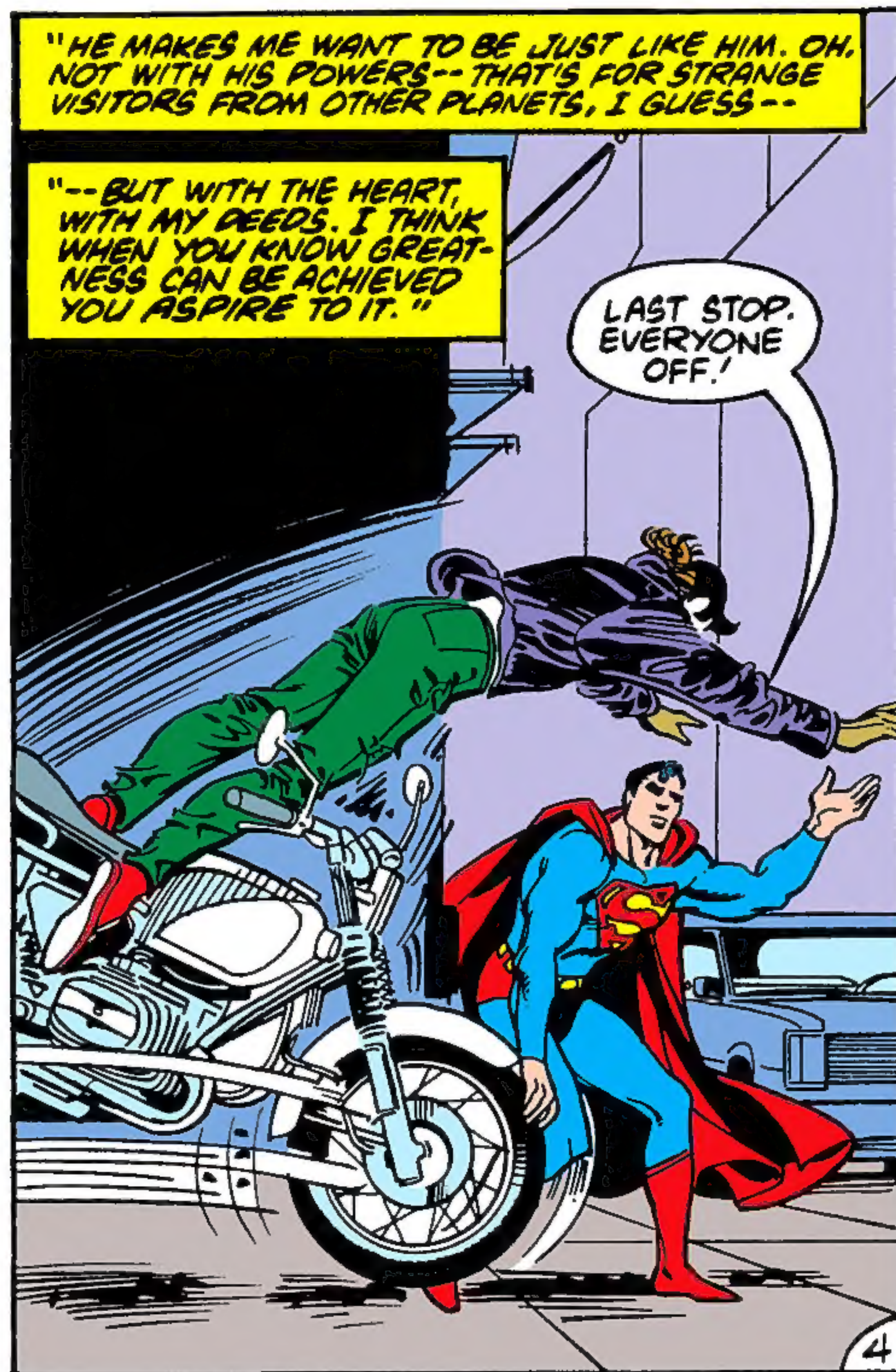
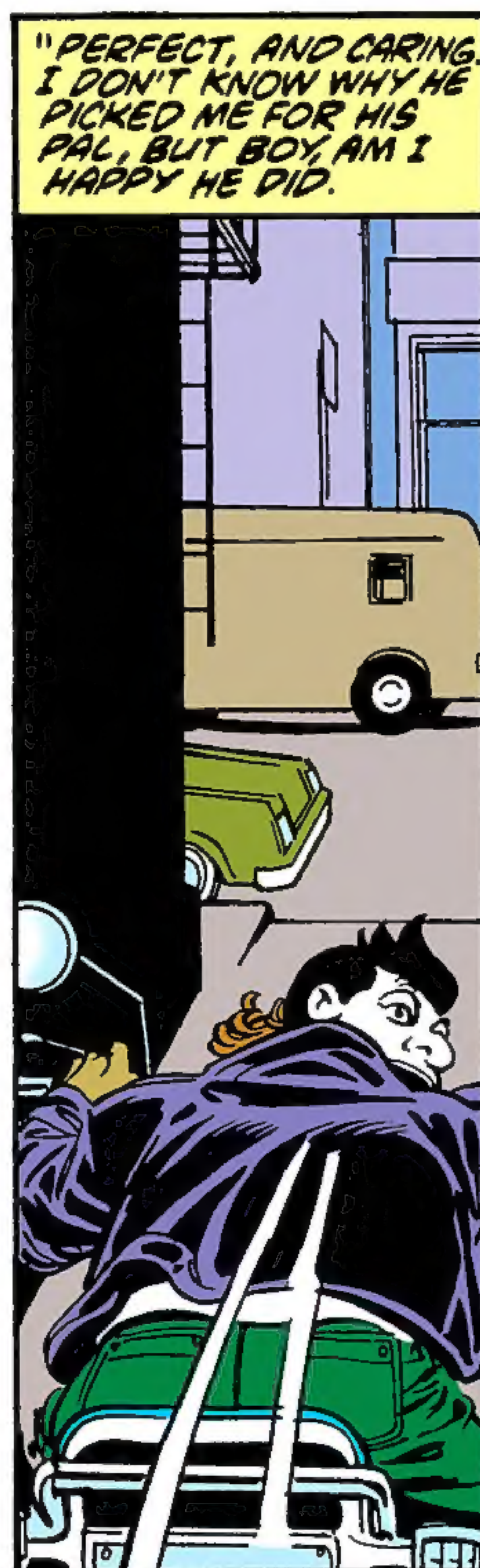
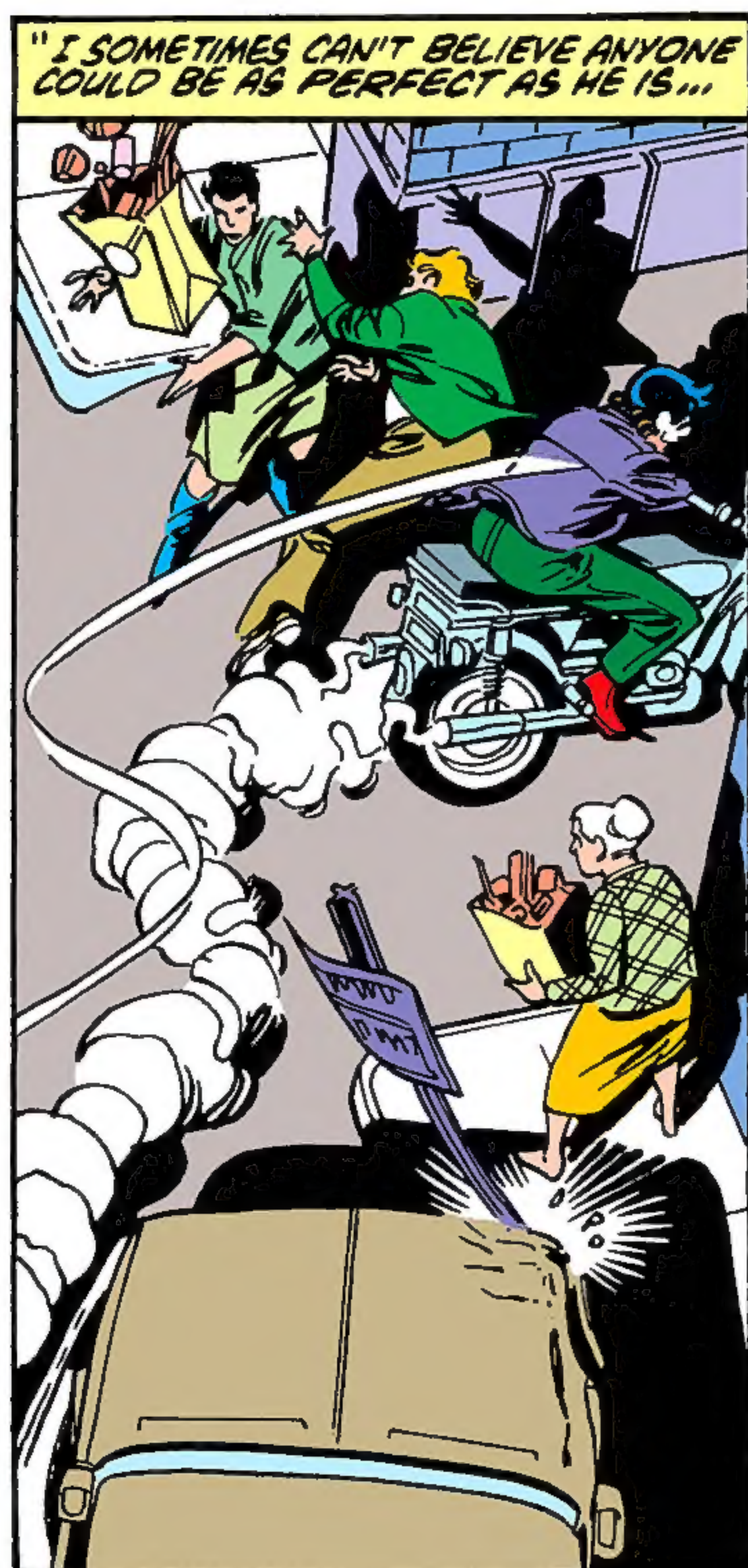
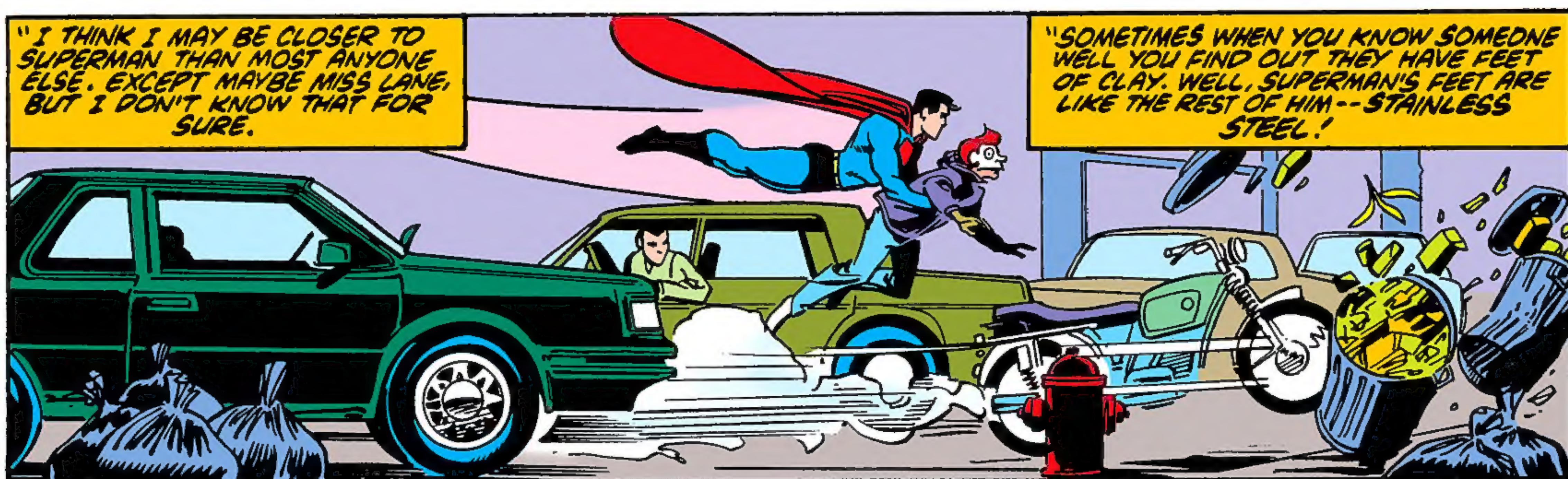
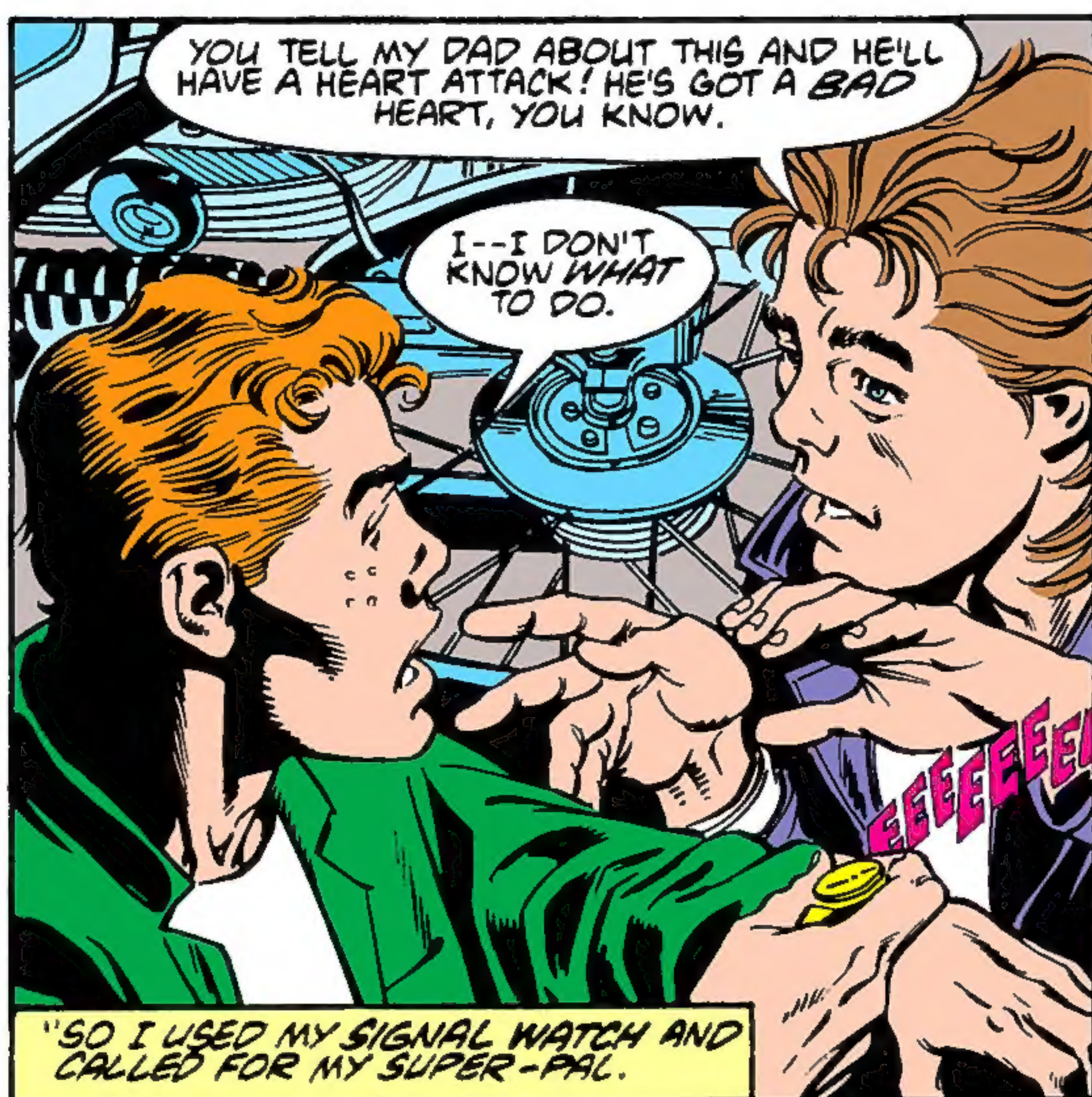
ACT FIVE:
LEX LUTHOR

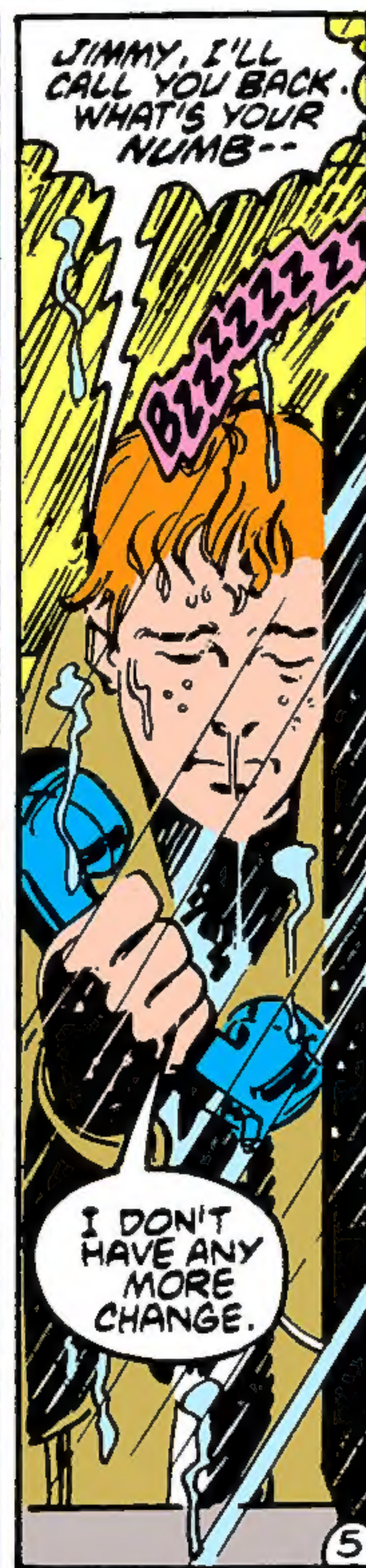
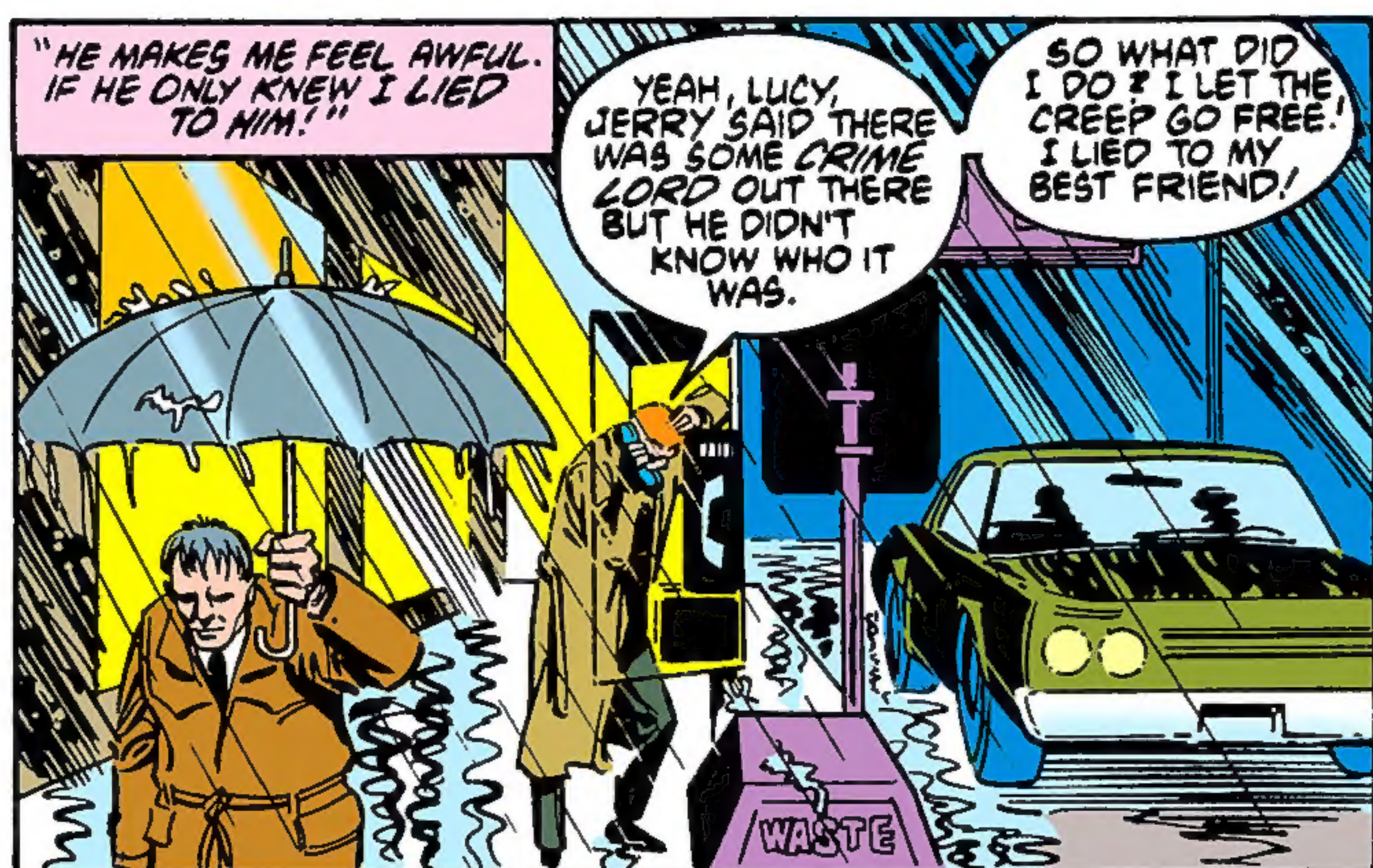
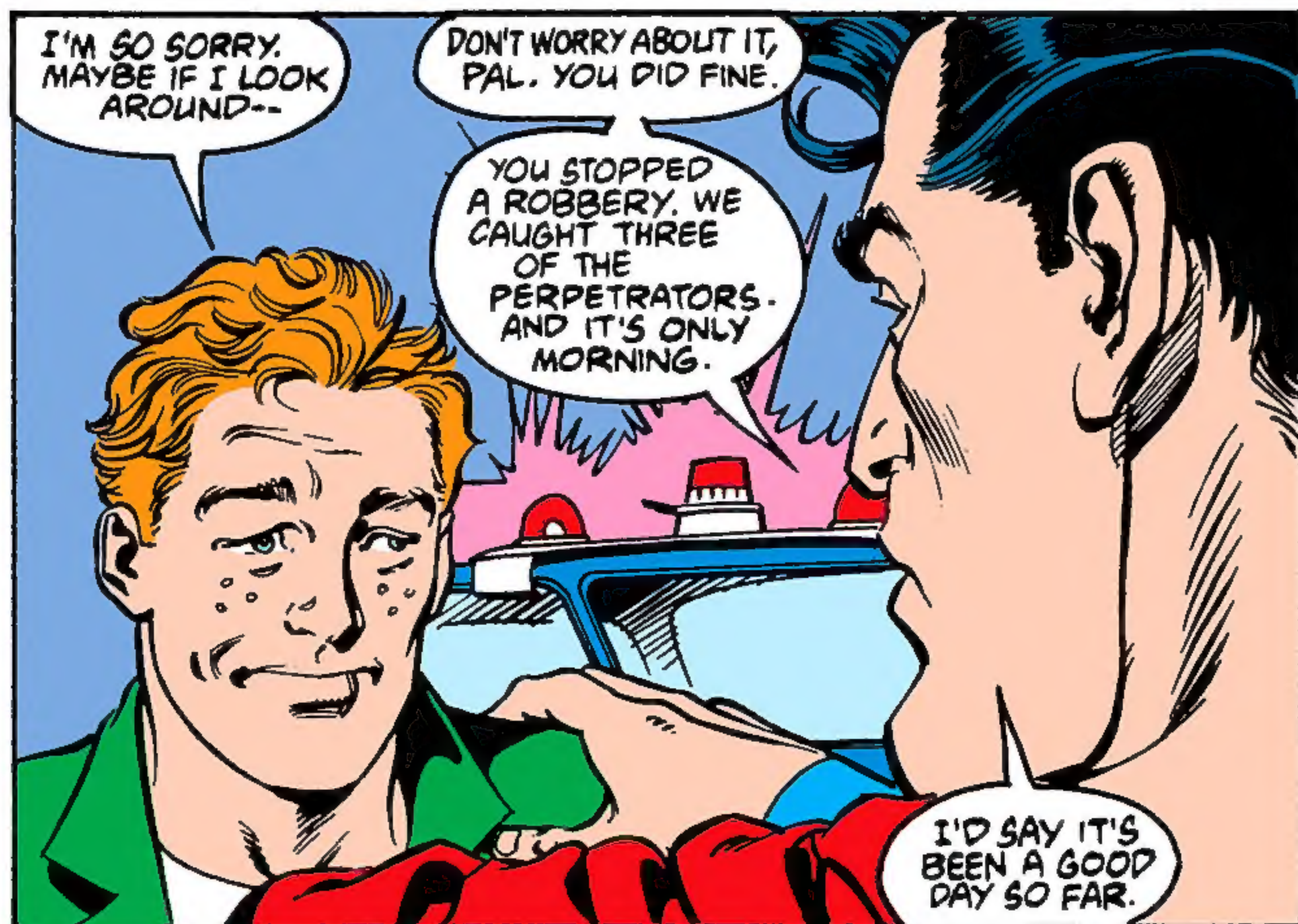
THE
CURTAIN
RISES...

ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN 433 (USPS 529-340). Published monthly by DC Comics Inc., 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10103. Second class postage paid at New York, NY and at additional mailing offices. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN, DC Comics Inc., Subscription Dept., P.O. Box 1981, New York, NY 10185. Annual subscription rate \$9.00. Outside U.S.A. \$11.00 in U.S. funds. Copyright 1987 DC Comics Inc. All rights Reserved. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof are trademarks of DC Comics Inc. Advertising Representative: Print Advertising Representatives Inc., 355 Lexington Avenue, New York, NY 10017. (212) 391-1400. Printed in U.S.A. DC Comics Inc. A Warner Communications Company 









ACT TWO:

"IT'S BEEN ONE HELL OF AN EVENING! WHY MOM INSISTED THAT I COME FOR DINNER I'LL NEVER KNOW! SHE KNOWS HOW DAD AND I GET ALONG. THEN, ON TOP OF THAT, WHY DID SHE INSIST ON MY BRINGING KENT? GOD, THE MAN'S SO AFFABLE AND CALM, SO PLEASANT NO MATTER WHAT I SAY TO HIM... HE MAKES ME ITCH! WE WERE ARGUING POLITICS-- HE HAS A WORLD VIEW THAT SURPRISES ME... ESPECIALLY COMING FROM SUCH A ONE-HORSE TOWN LIKE SMALLVILLE. KENT'S ALWAYS FULL OF SURPRISES. THAT MAKES ME EVEN MORE NERVOUS!"

THAT WAS JIMMY. HE SAYS PERRY'S SON WAS INVOLVED WITH A ROBBERY.

JERRY? THAT BOY WAS ALWAYS A PROBLEM. WHAT'S PERRY DOING ABOUT IT?

PERRY DOESN'T KNOW.

I'M SO GLAD LOIS COULD BRING YOU HERE WITH HER.

IT'S REALLY MY PLEASURE, ELINORE. YOUR DINNER WAS WONDERFUL.

JIMMY'S AFRAID OF WHAT WILL HAPPEN IF PERRY FINDS OUT! YOU KNOW HIS HEART...

I KNOW PERRY WOULD NEVER DEEP-SIX A STORY, NO MATTER WHAT!

HE'S ALWAYS SAID A REPORTER'S ONLY JOB IS TO REPORT THE TRUTH!

I'VE GOT TO SPEAK WITH JERRY... IF HE CAN GIVE ME A LEAD ON WHOEVER IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE TEEN-GANG CRIMES--

--I'VE CLINCHED A PULITZER!

I'M SORRY I HAVE TO LEAVE EARLY, MOM.

SAM AND I UNDERSTAND. JUST DON'T BE SUCH A STRANGER. COME BY MORE OFTEN.

I WILL, MOM.

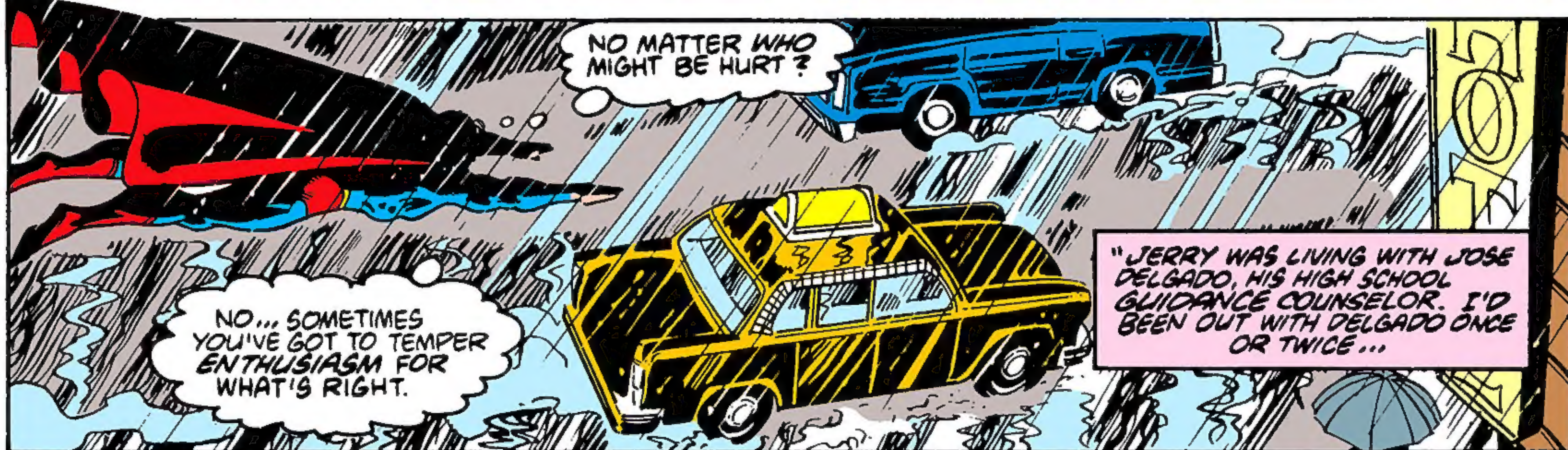
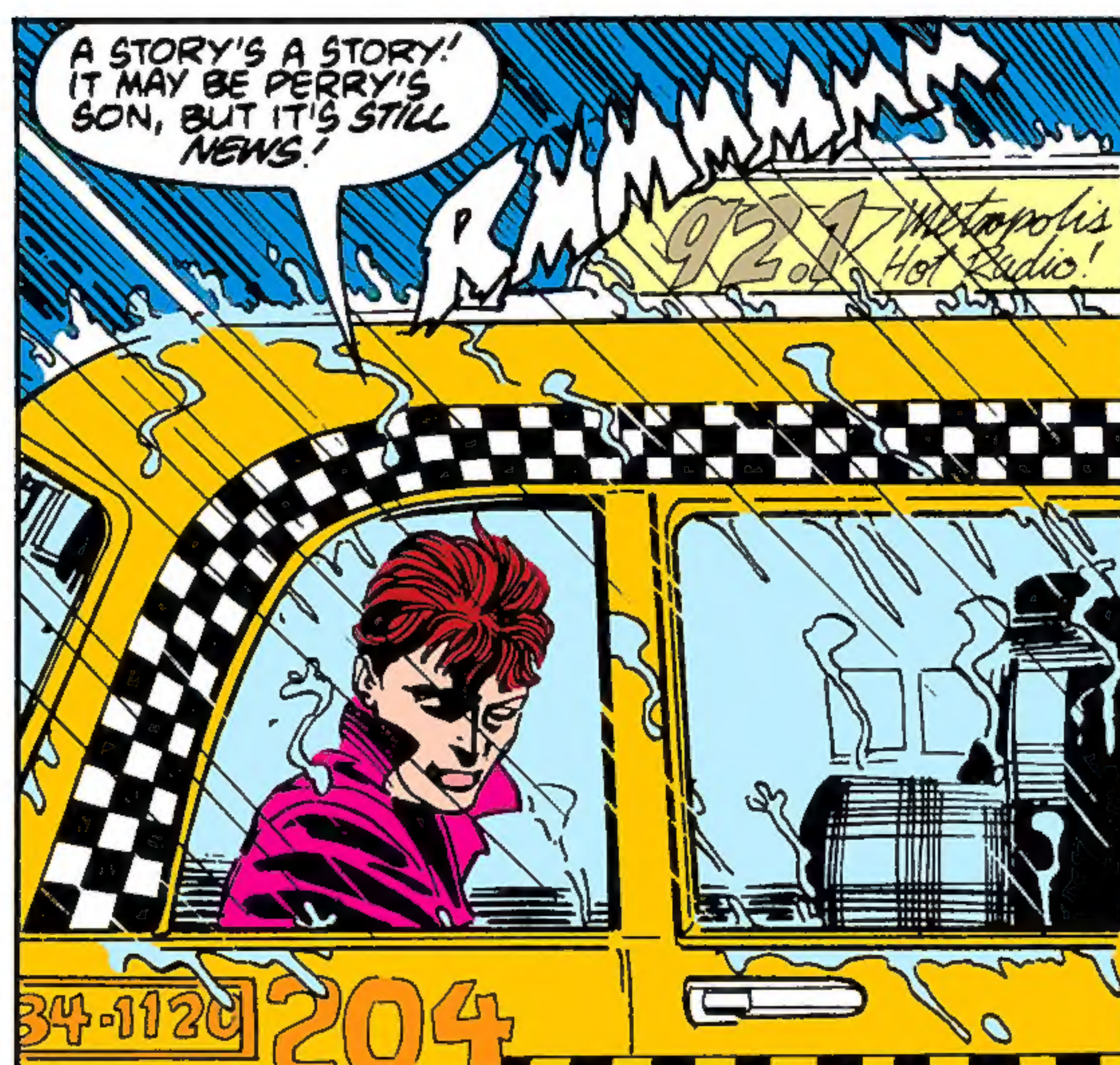
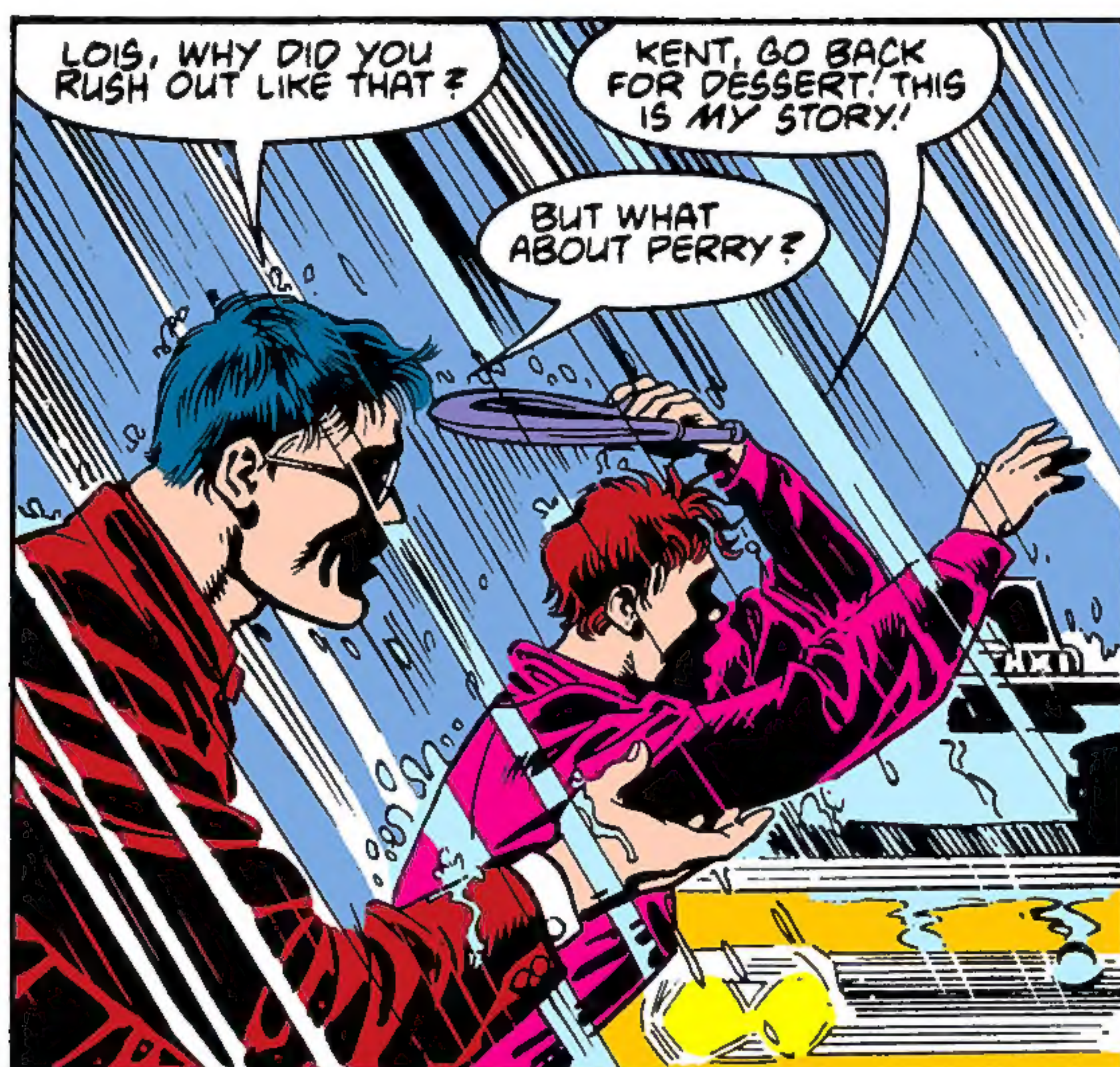
SAM, IT'S ALMOST BEEN CIVILIZED.

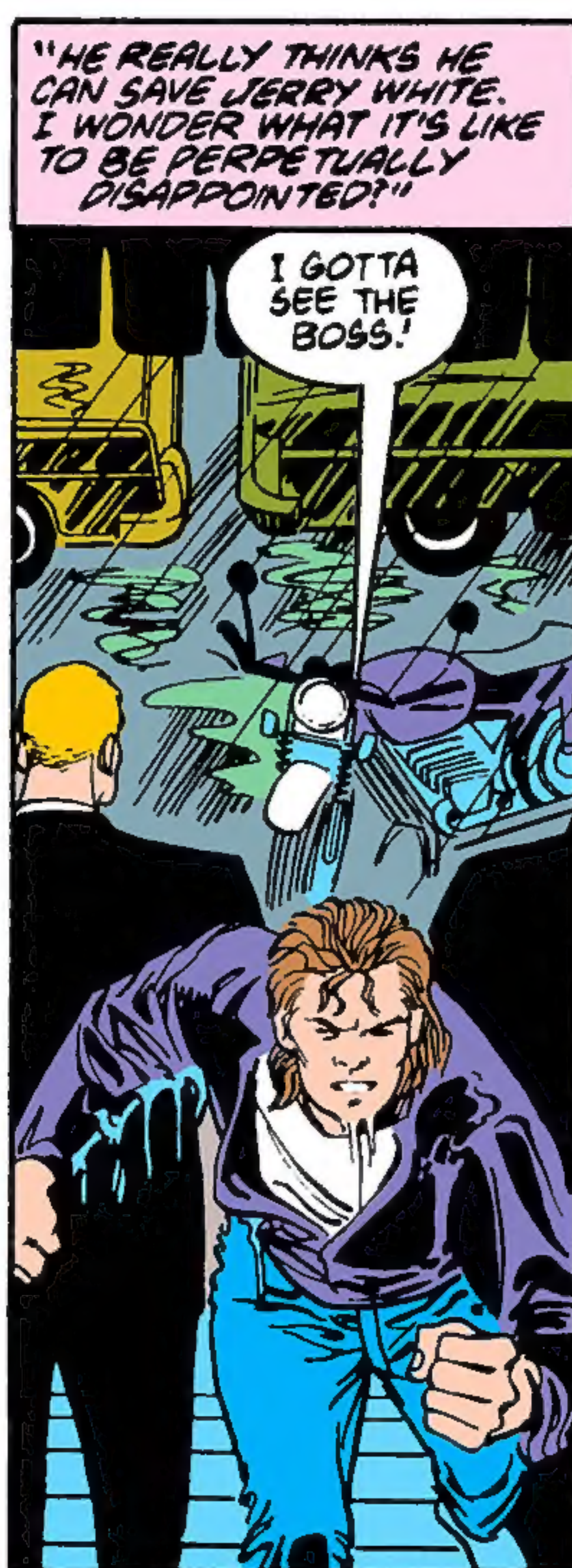
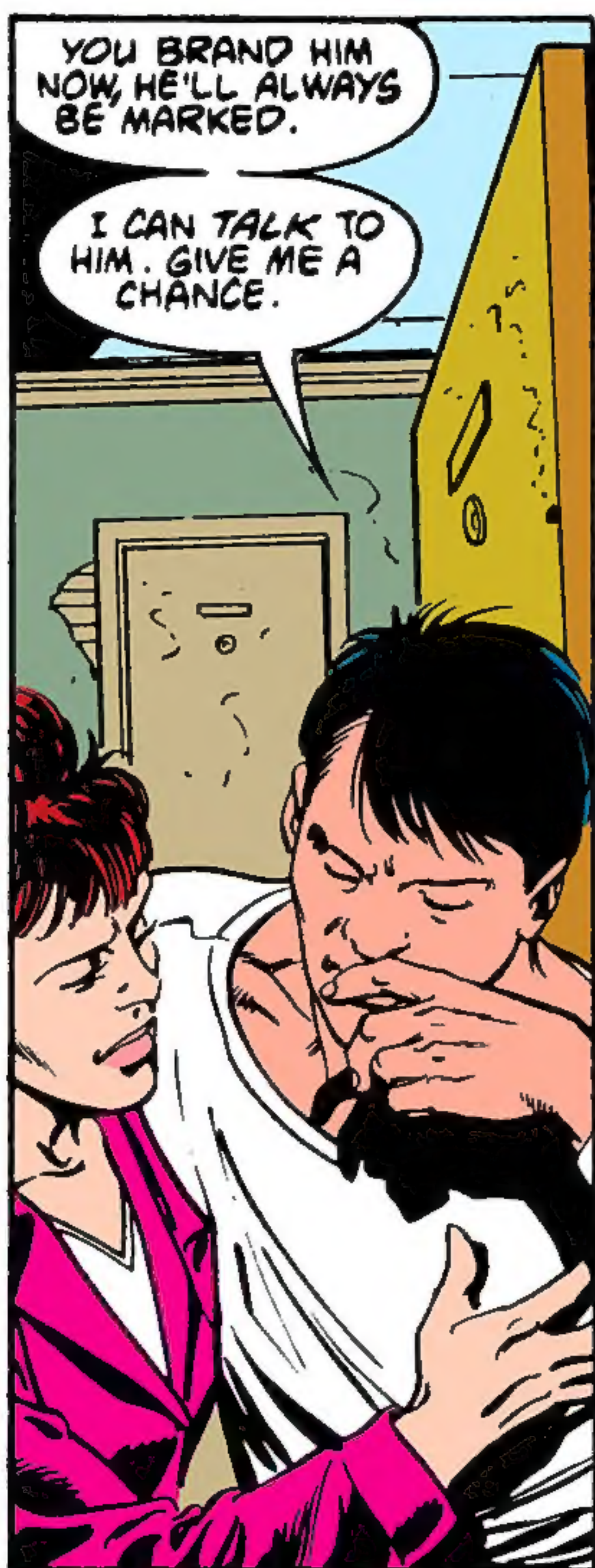
I'LL SEE YOU SOON?

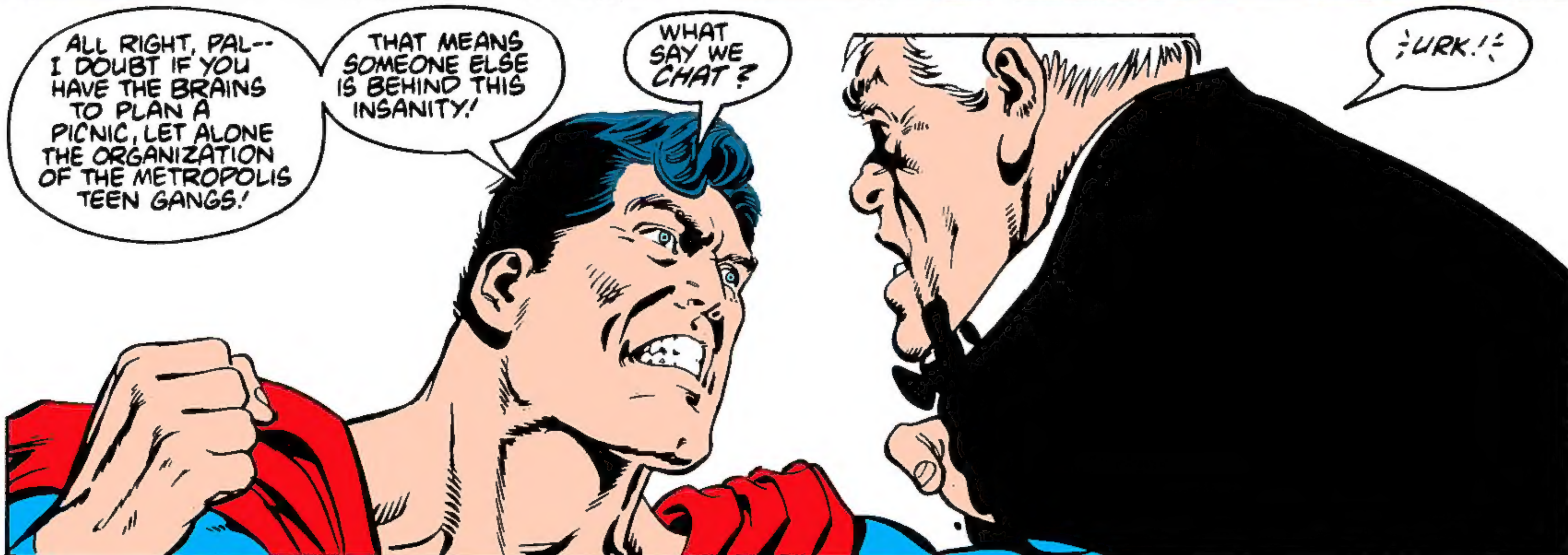
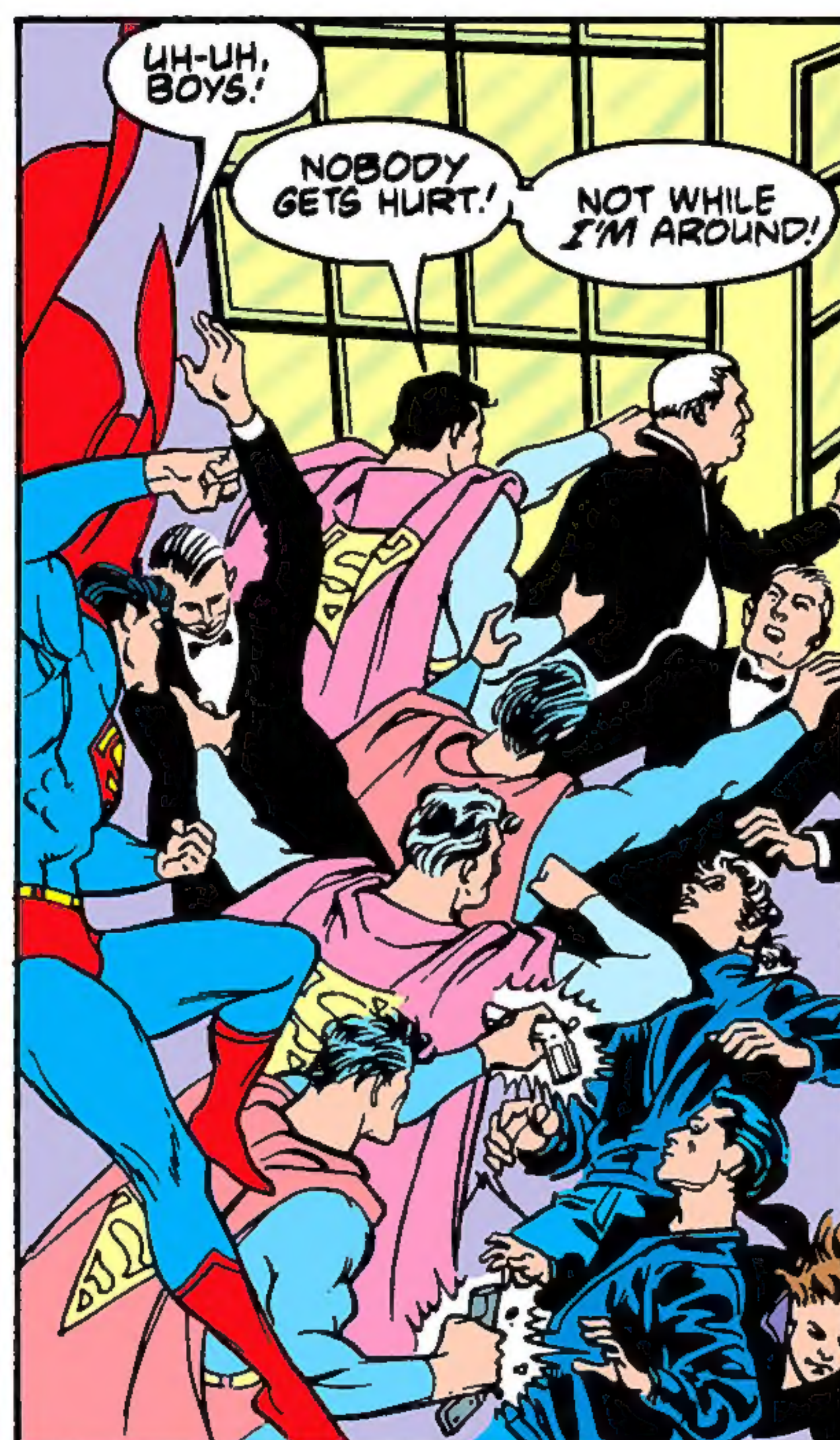
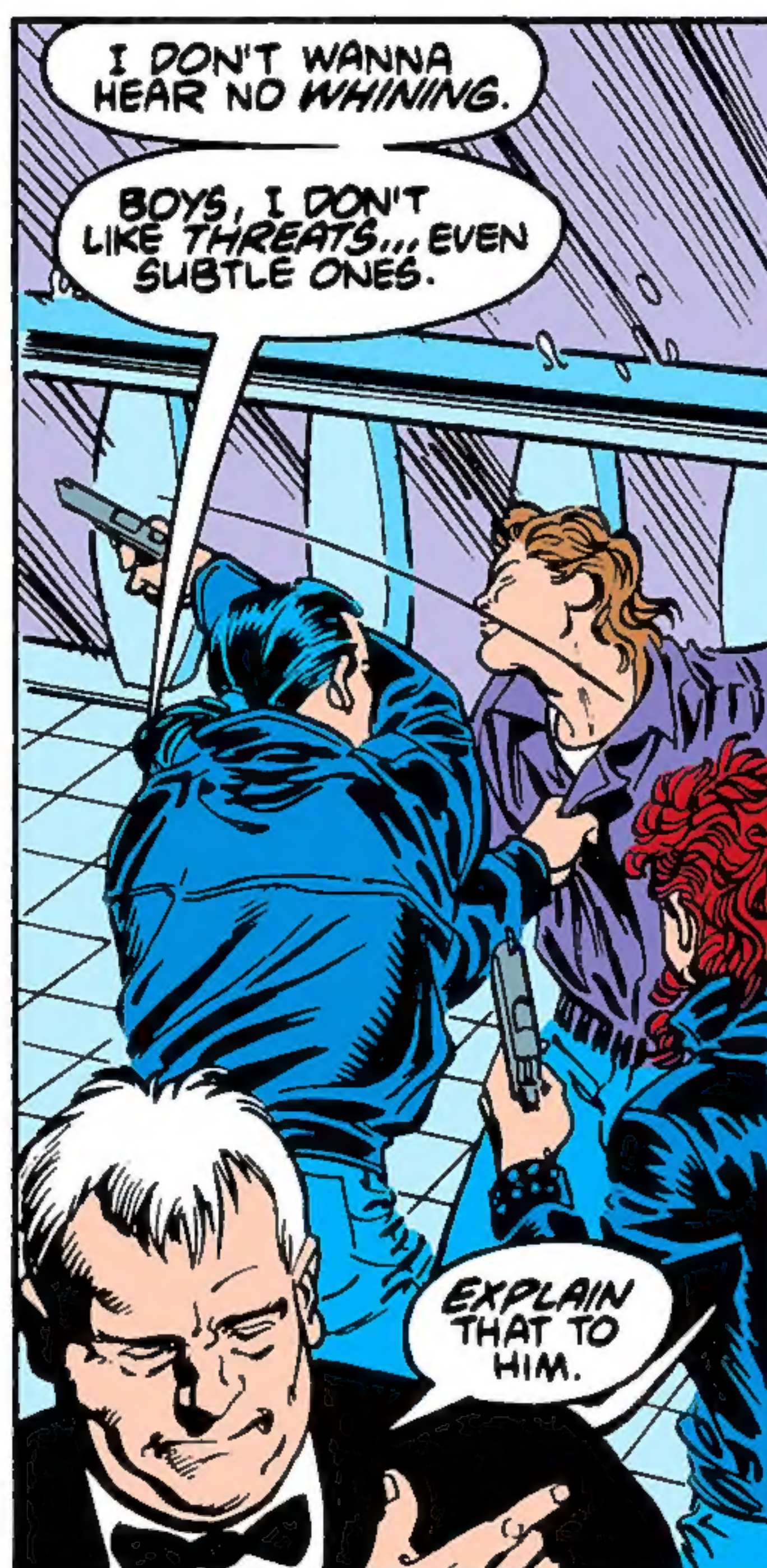
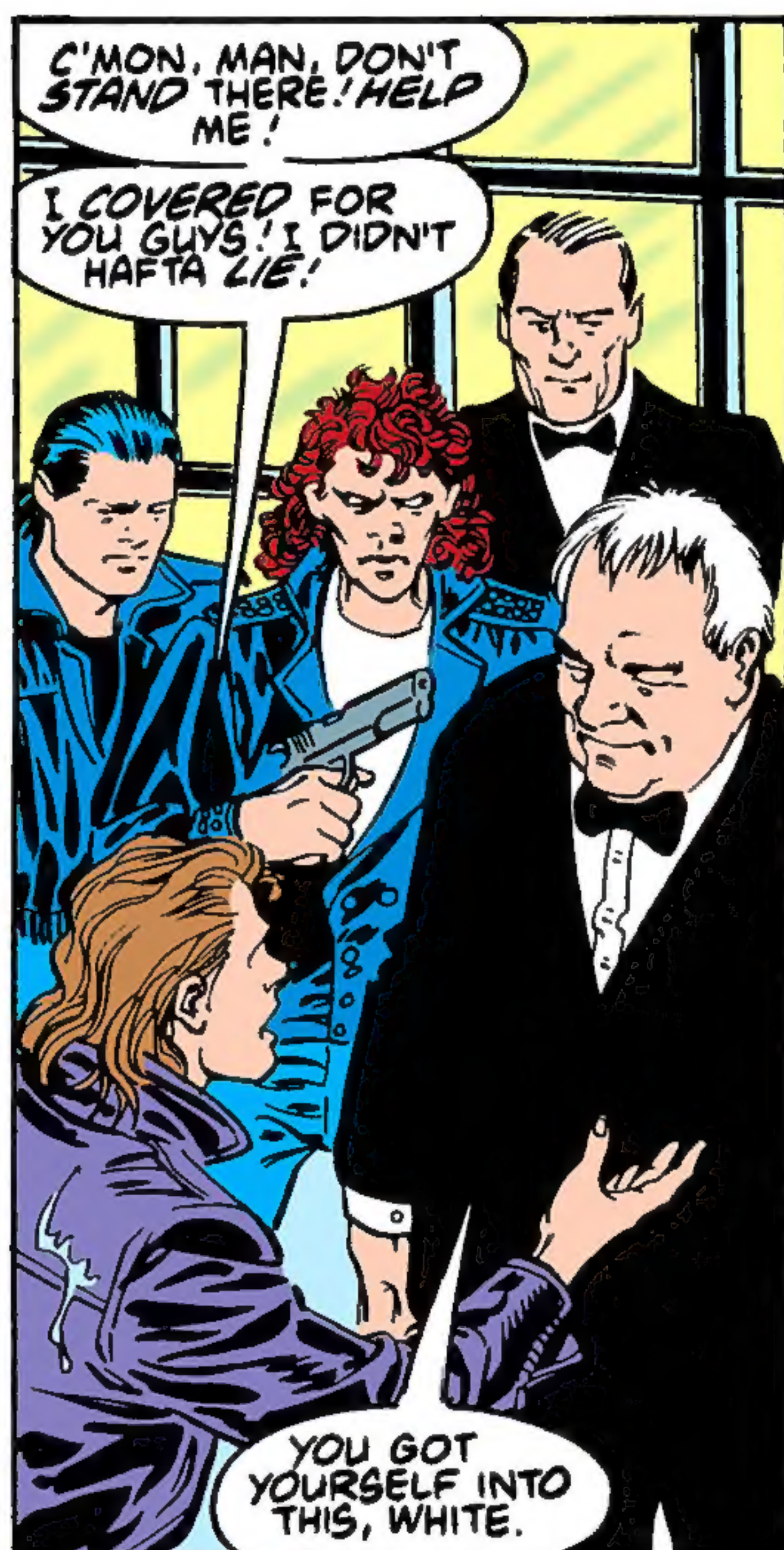
LOIS? HOLD ON, LOIS, I'M COMING WITH YOU.

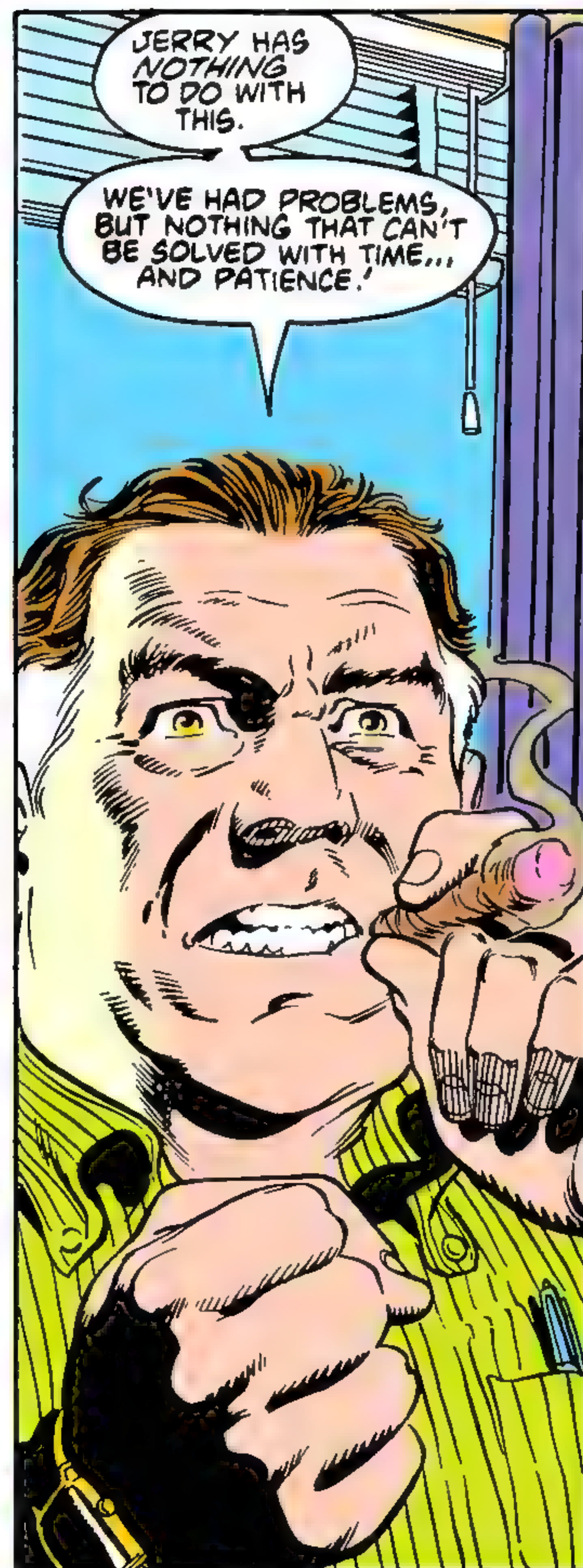
MUST YOU GO, MR. KENT? THERE'S SO MUCH TO TALK ABOUT.

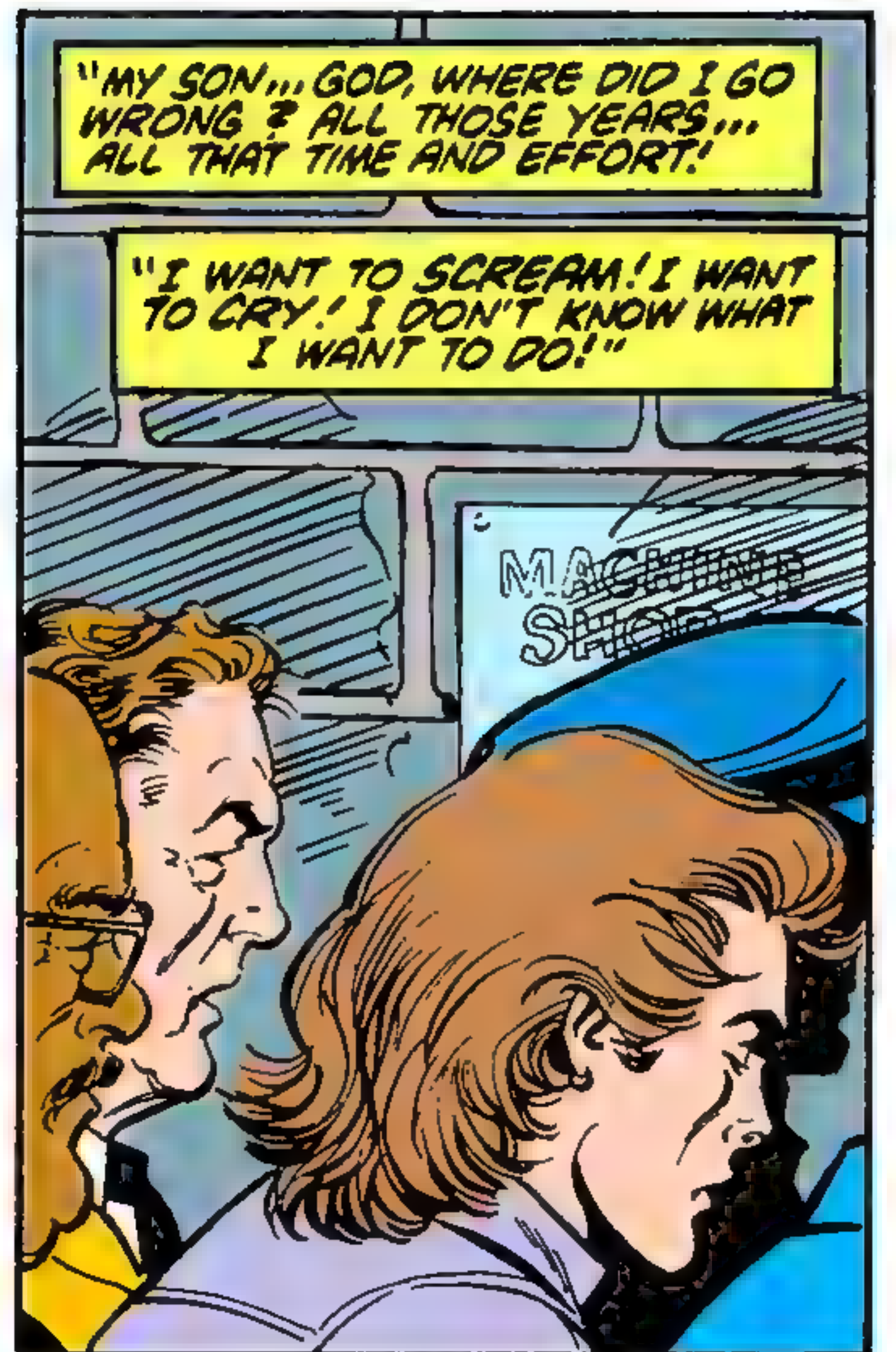
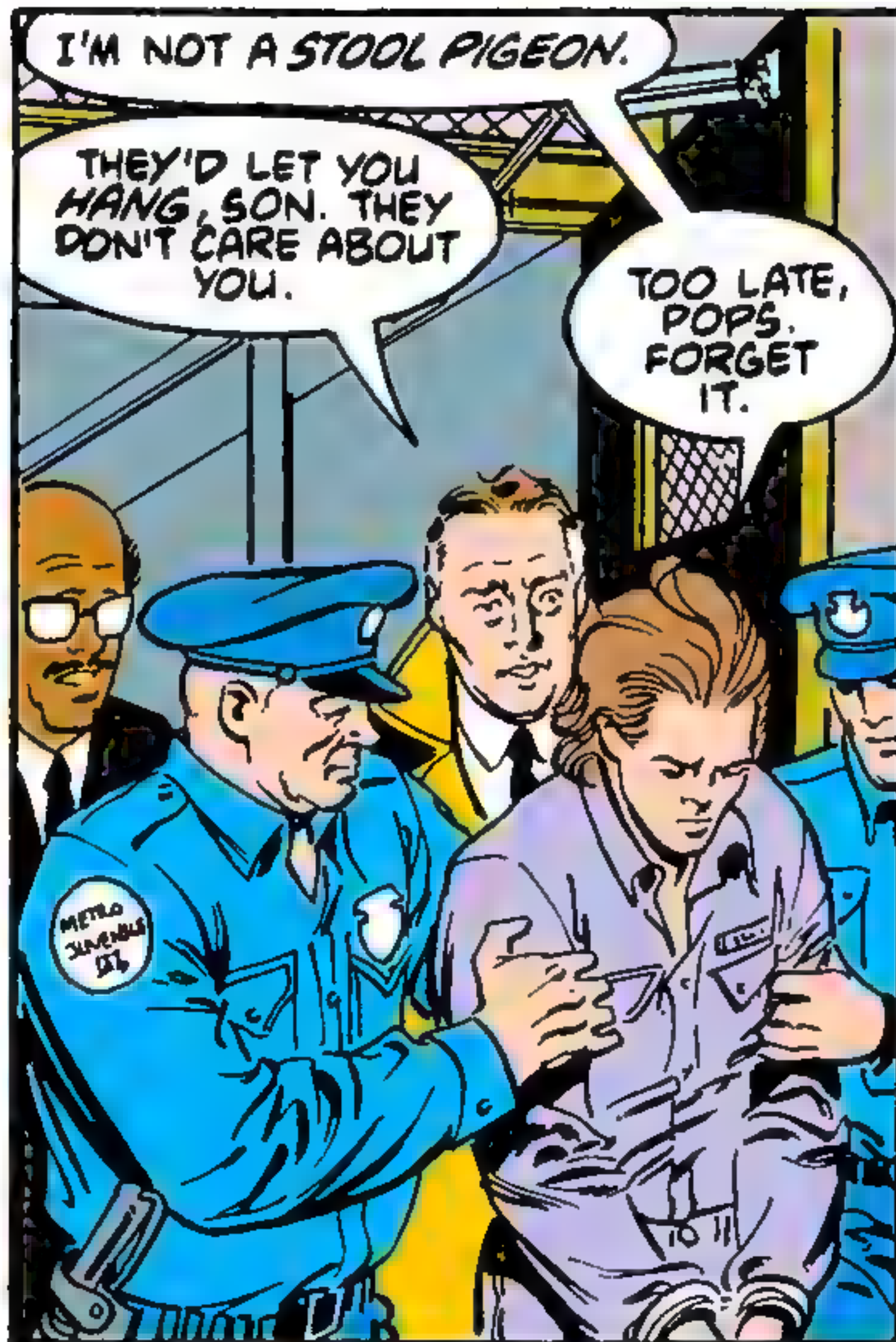
I'VE GOT TO, MR. LANE! THANK YOU ALL FOR A NICE DINNER!



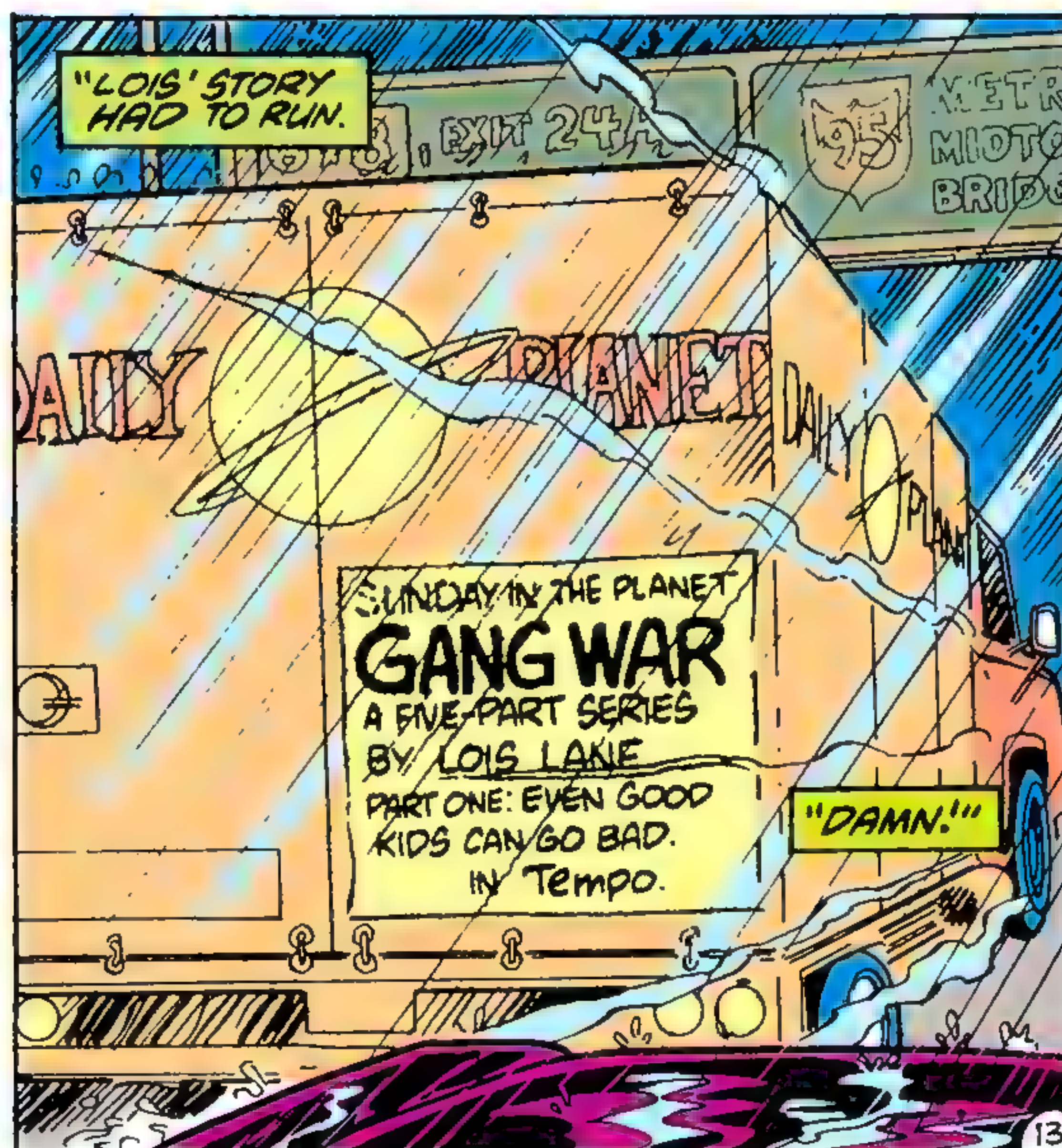
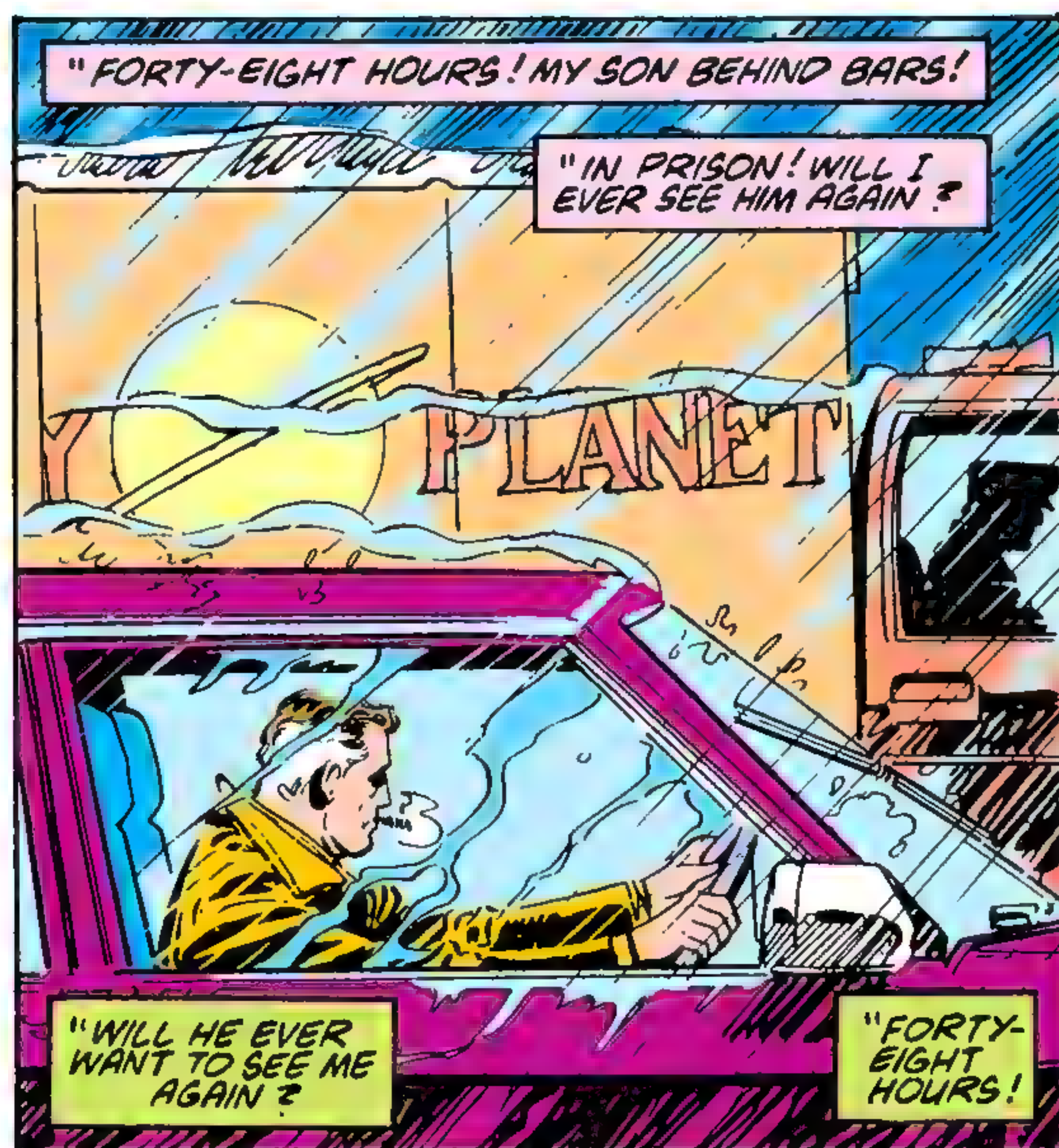
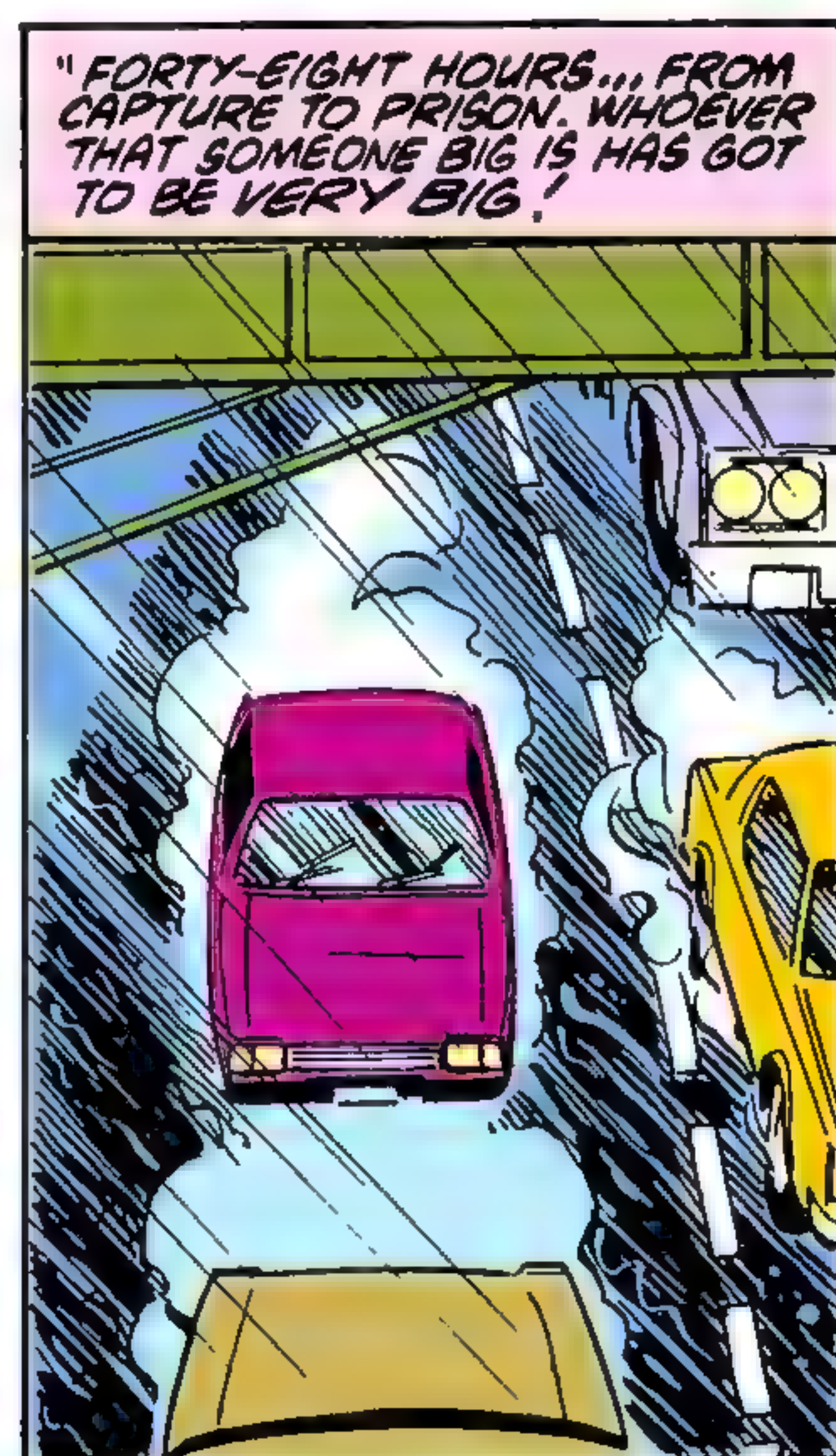
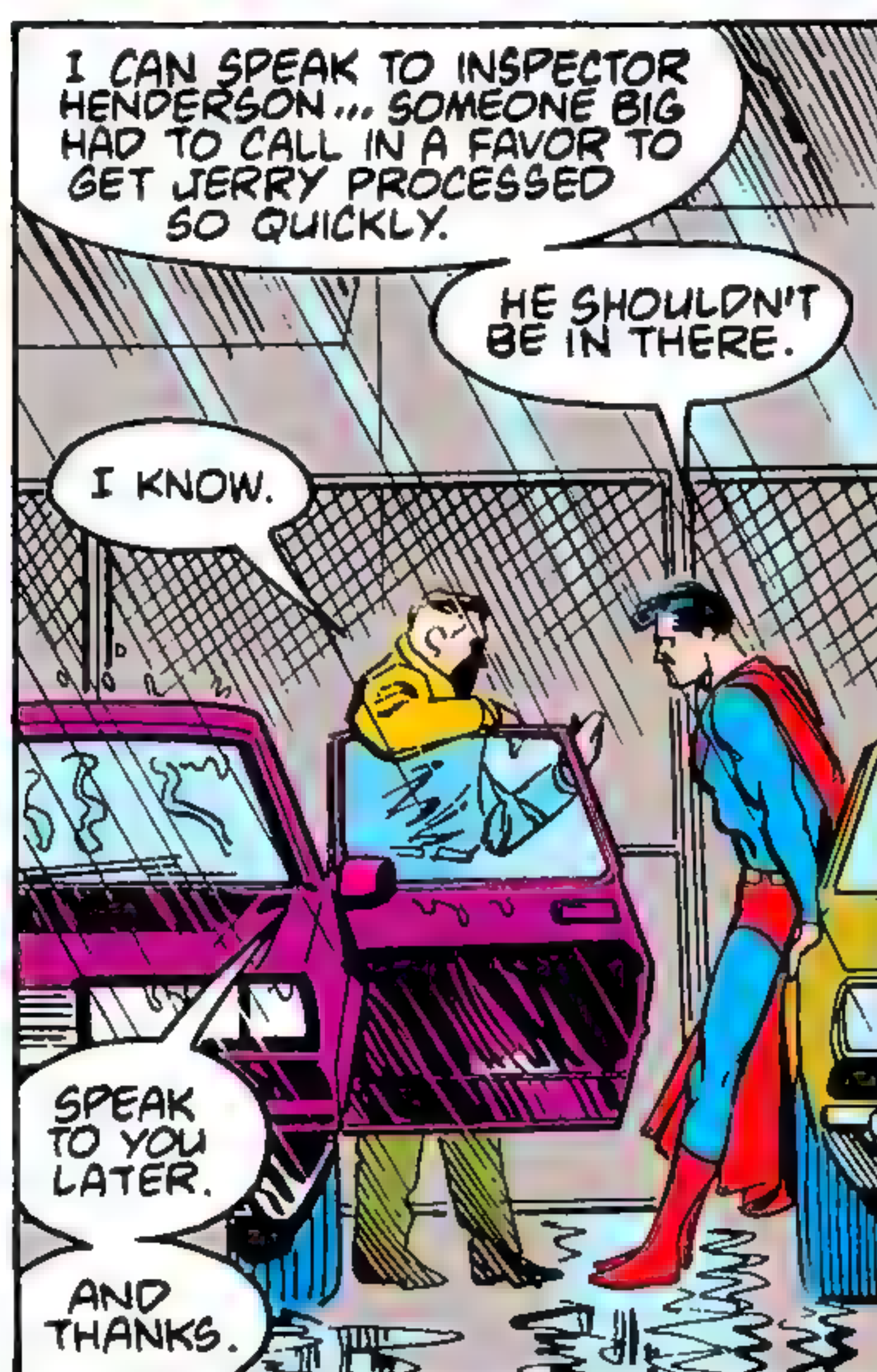


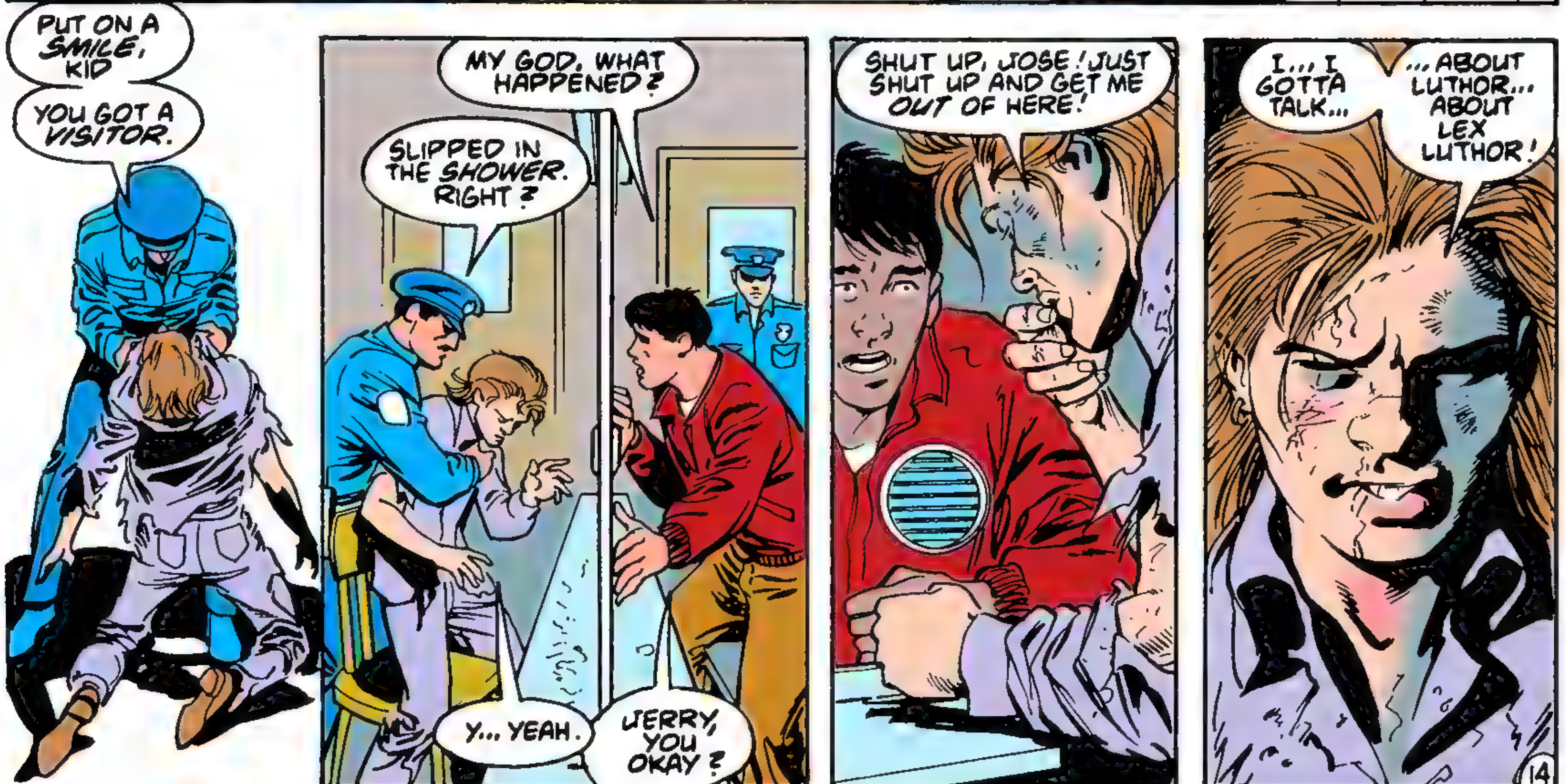
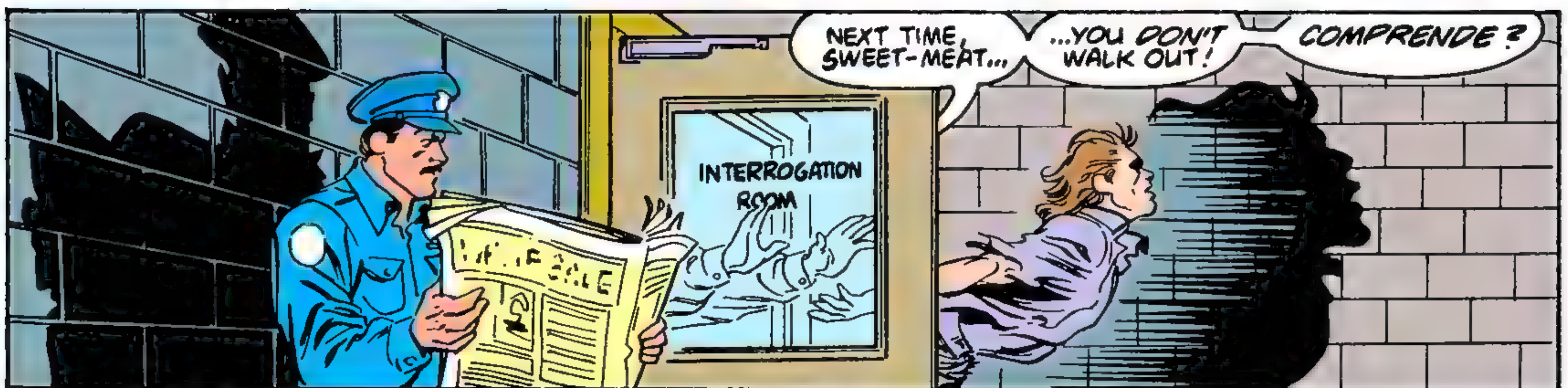
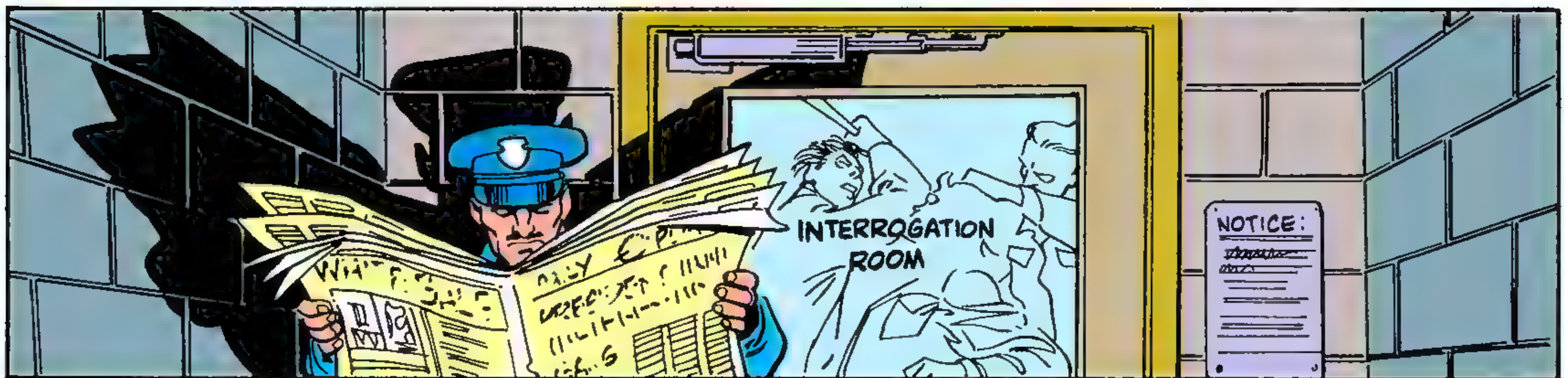
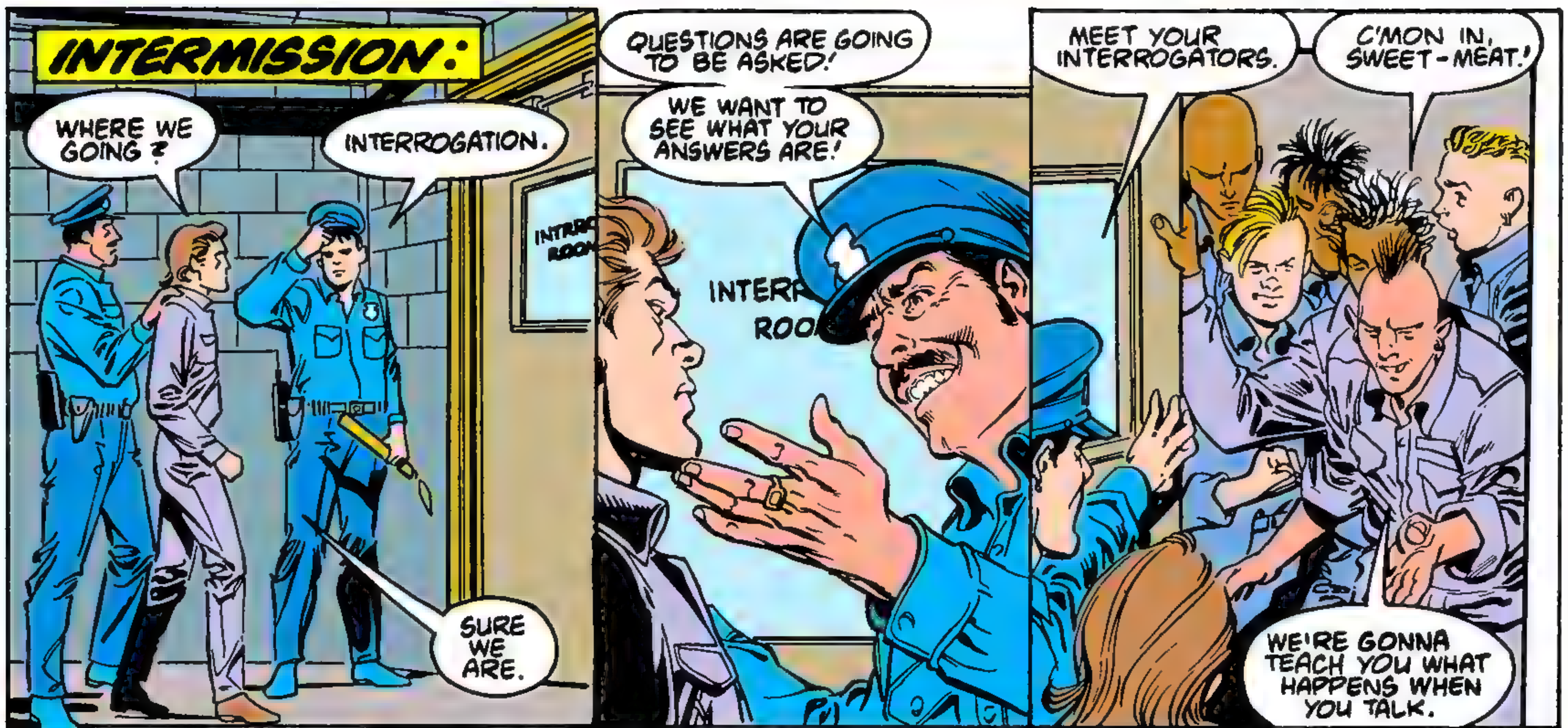


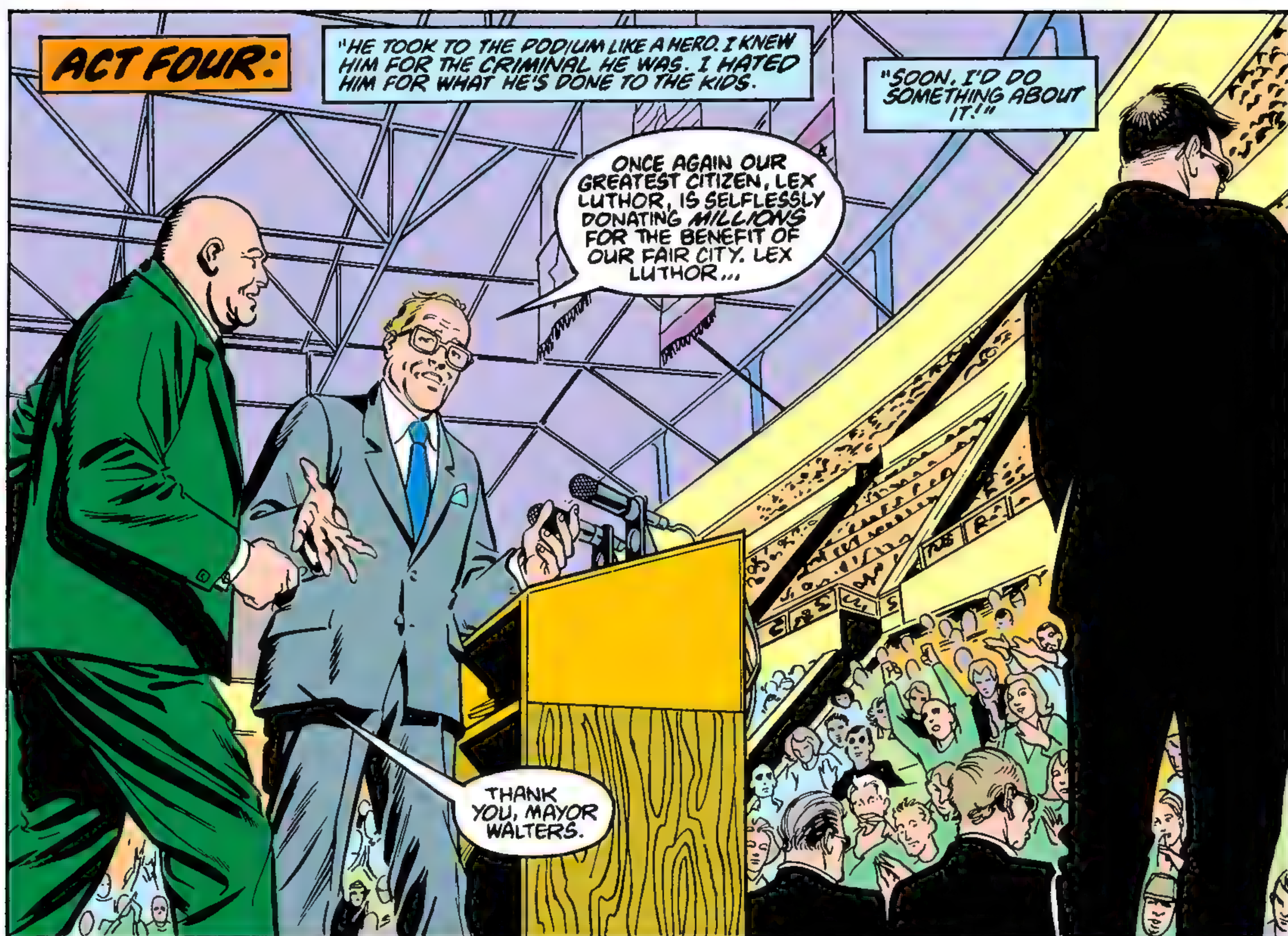


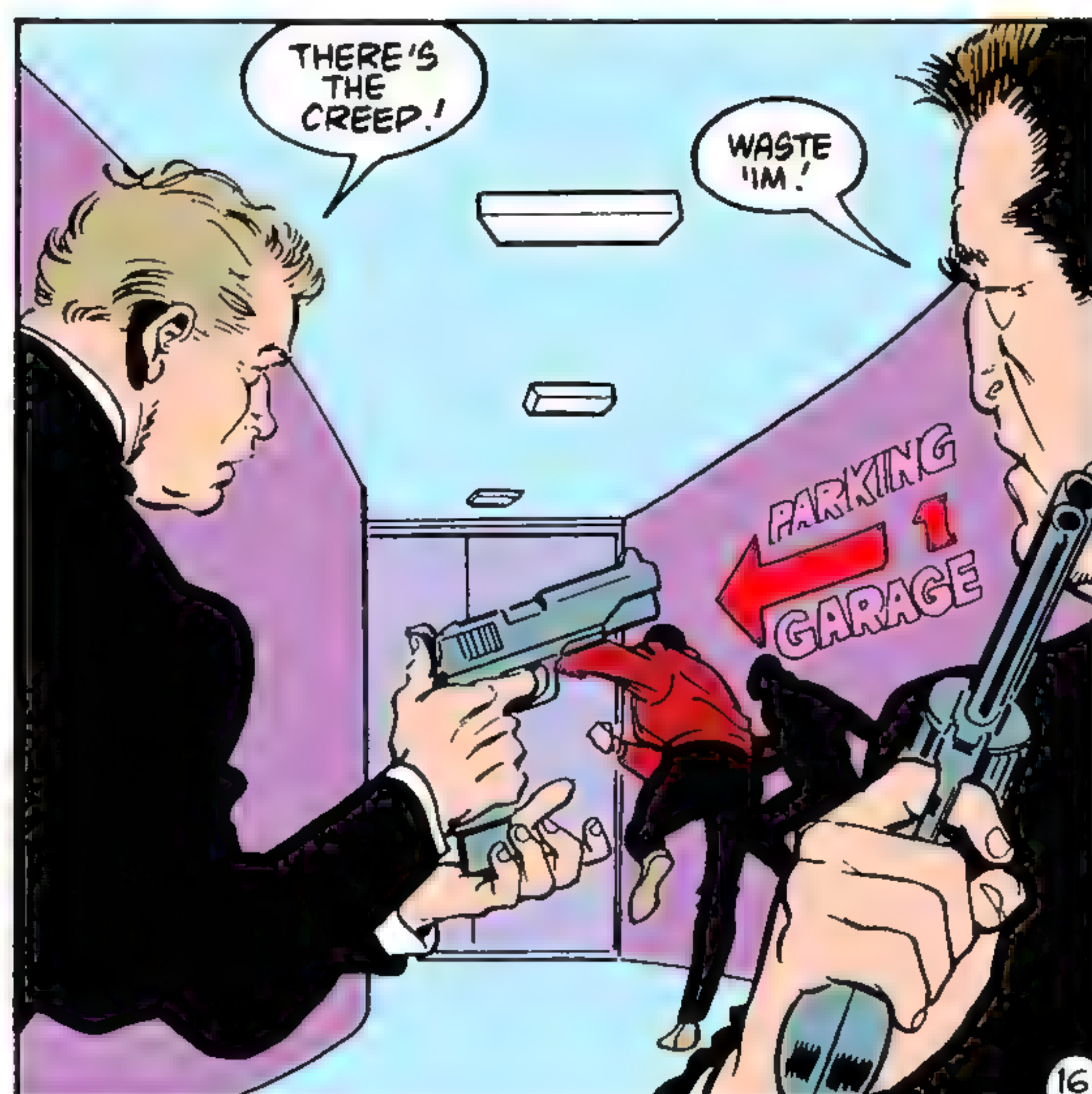
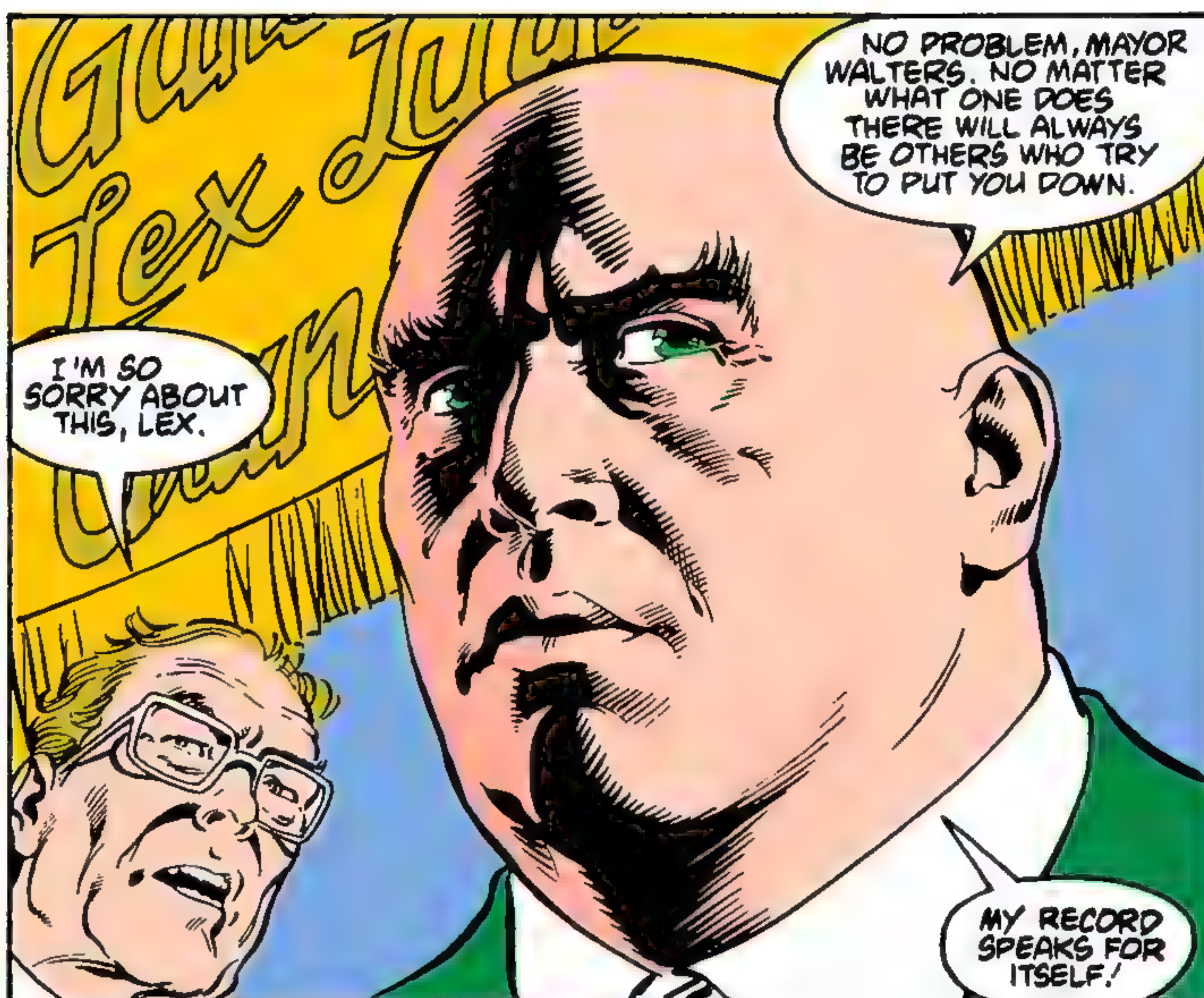


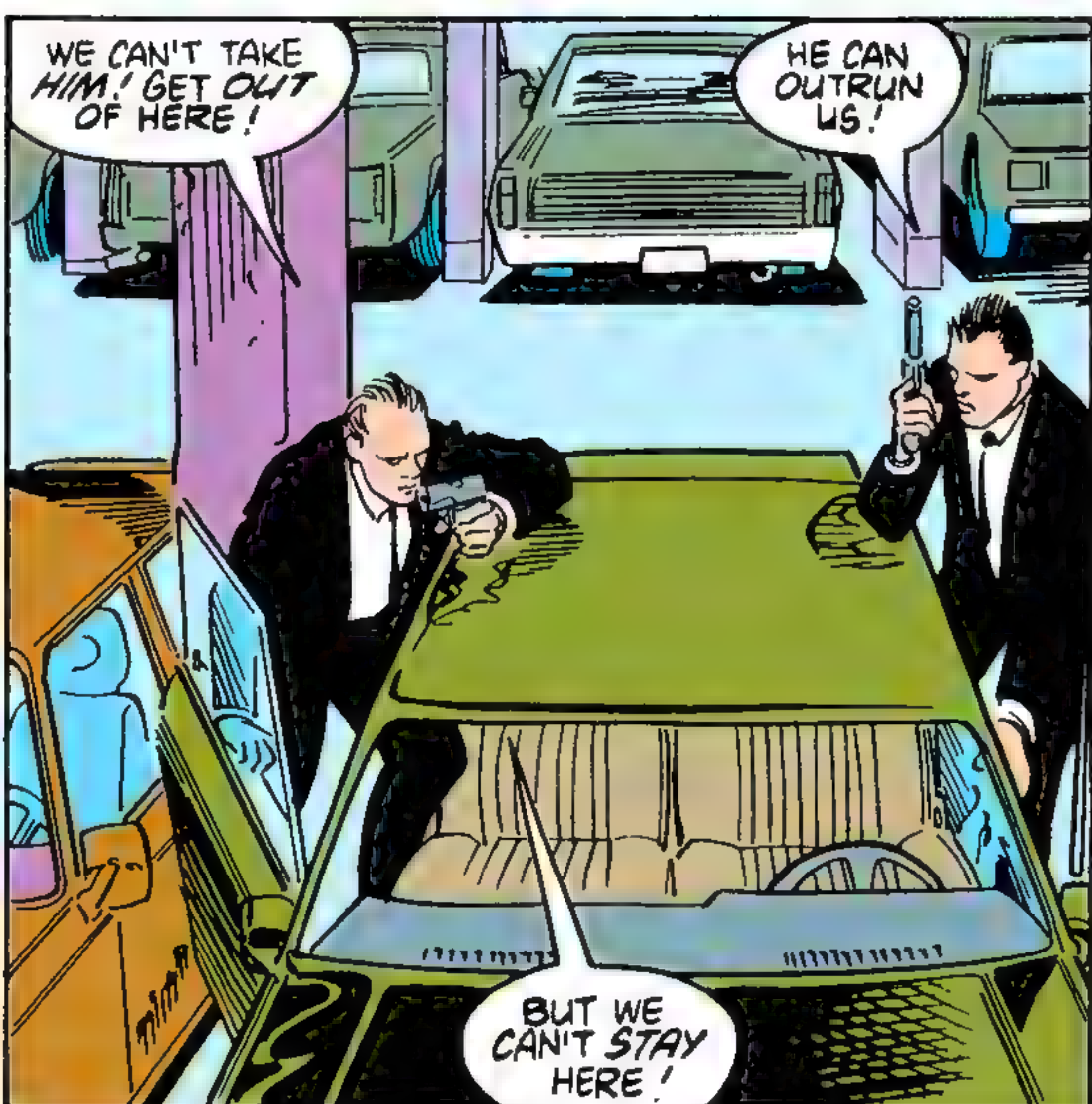
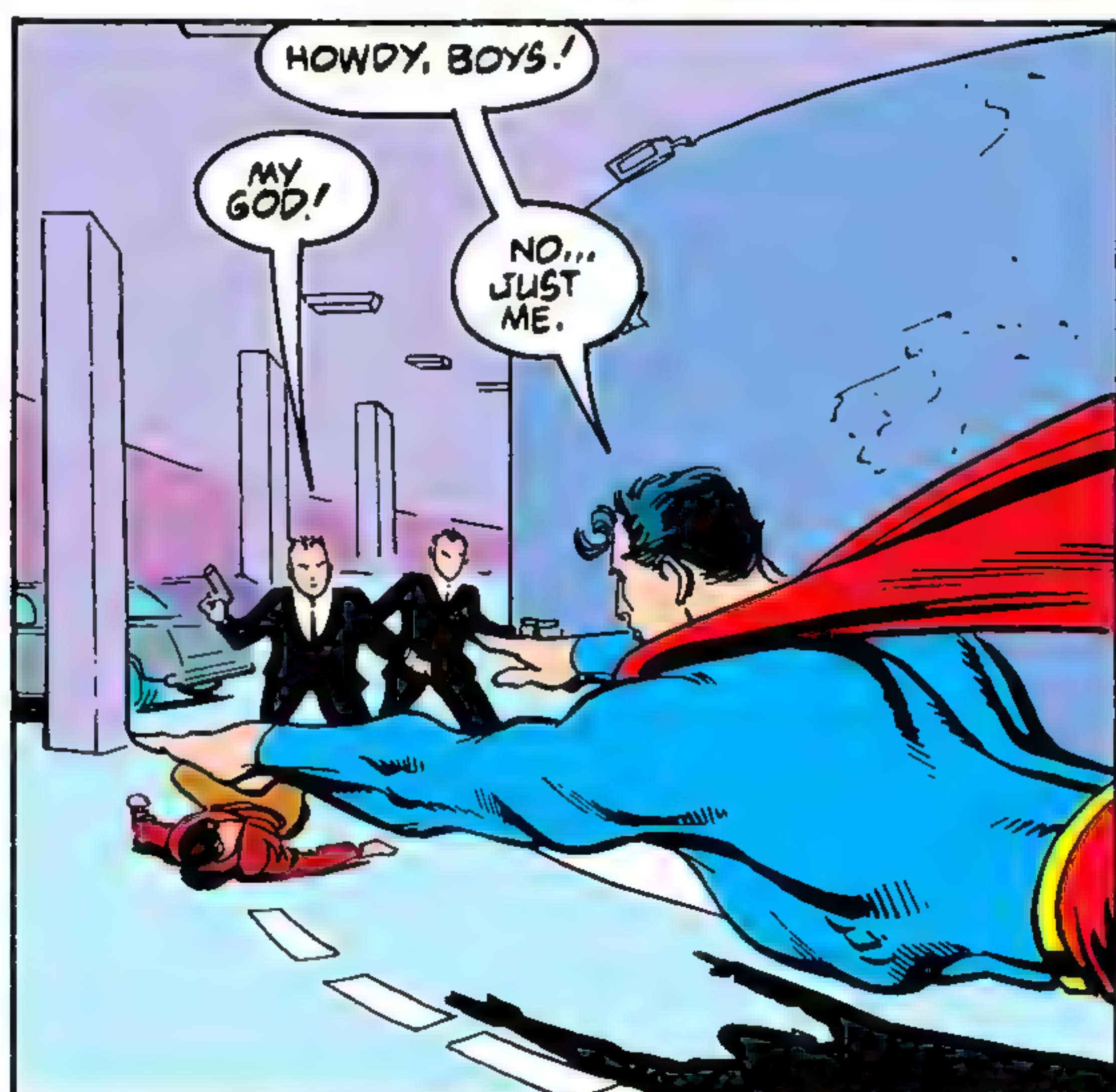
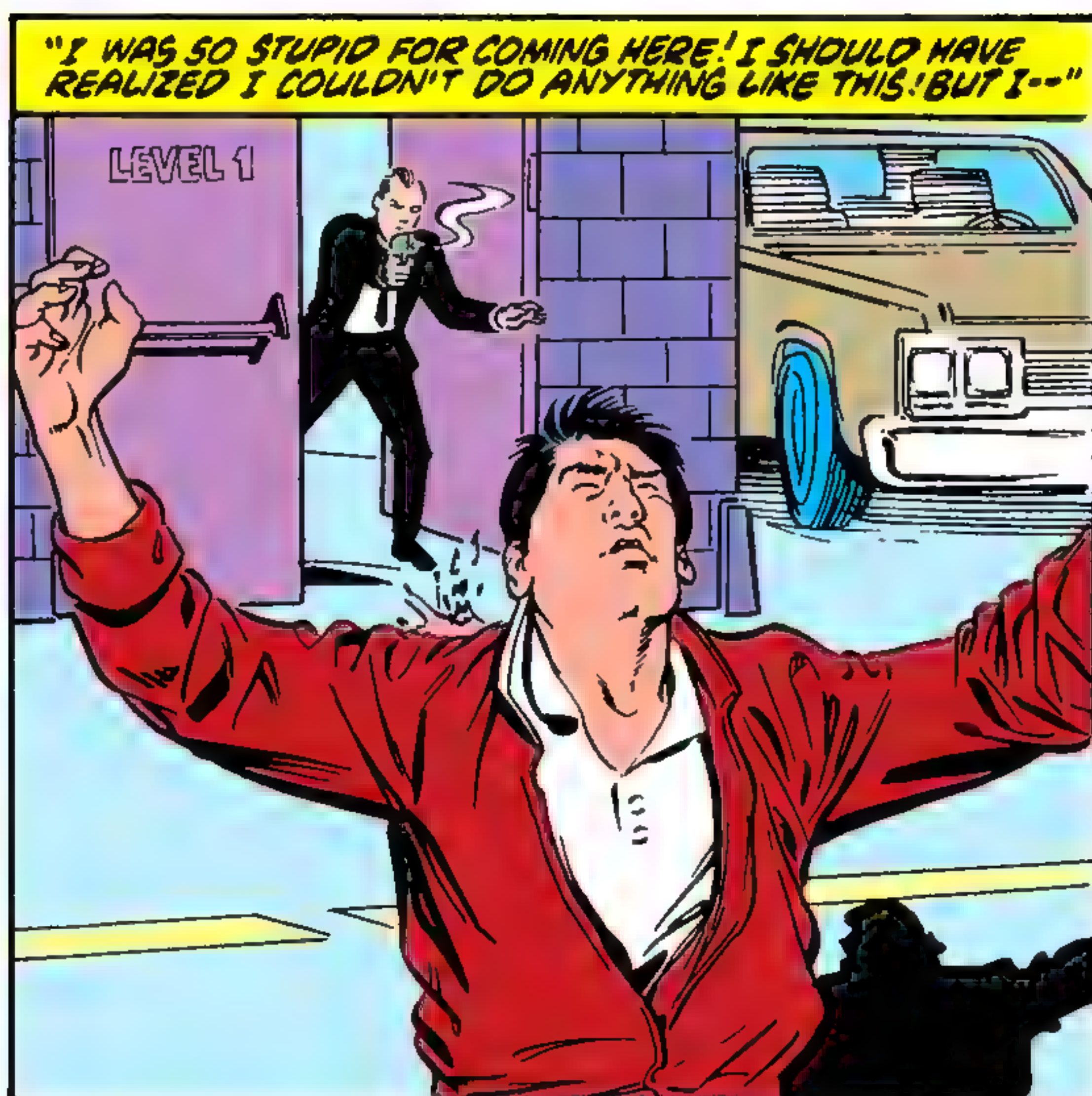


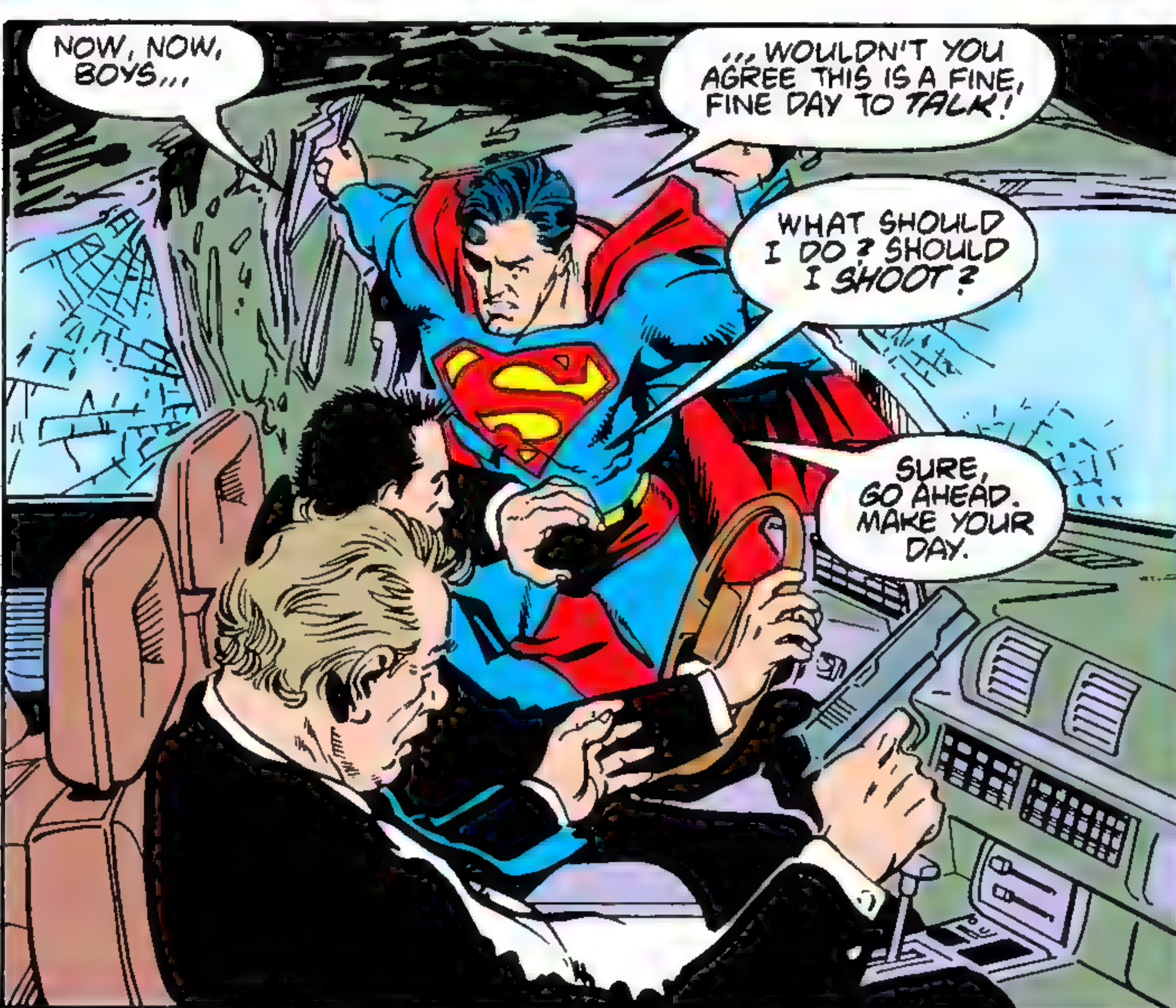
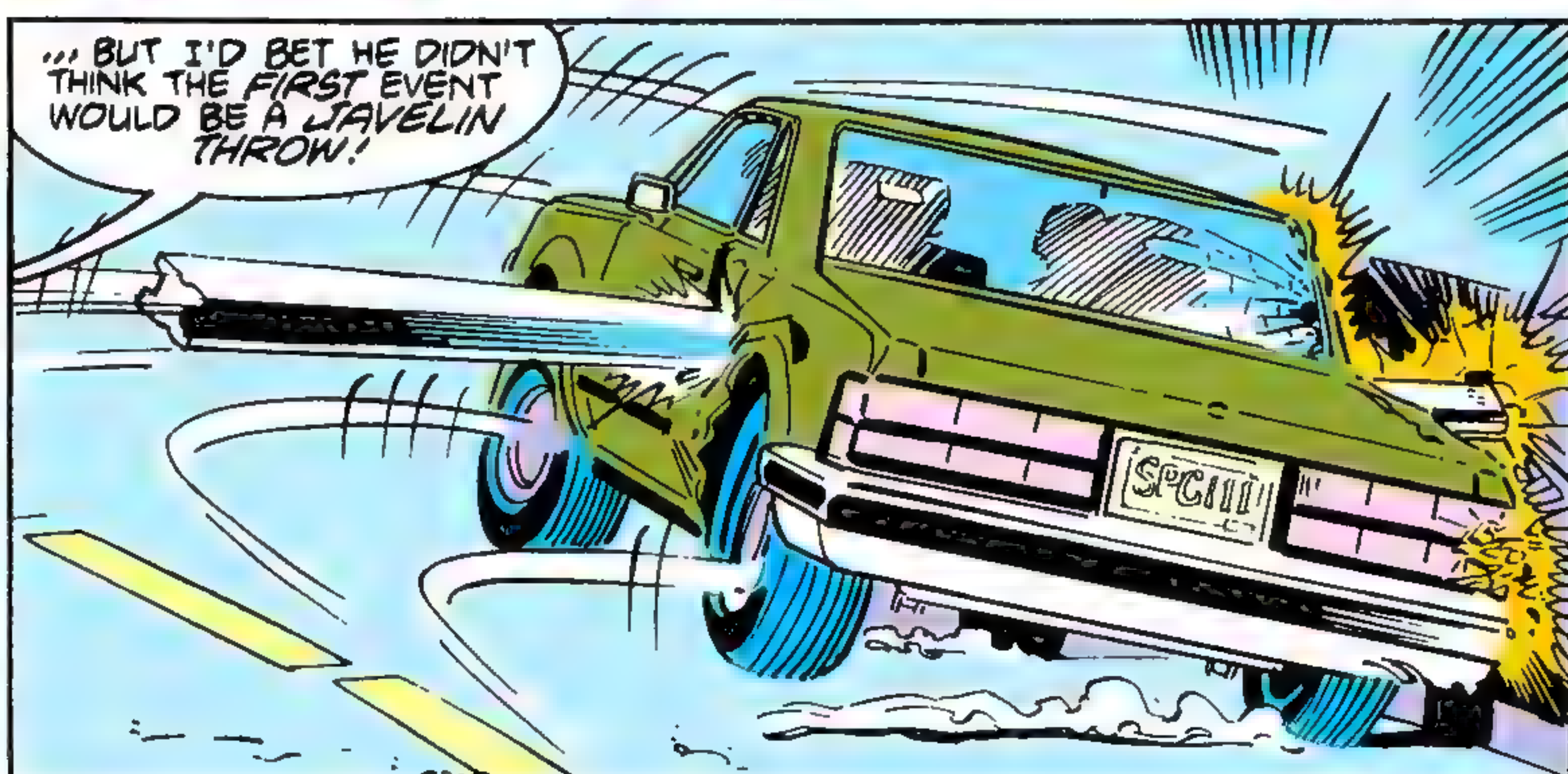
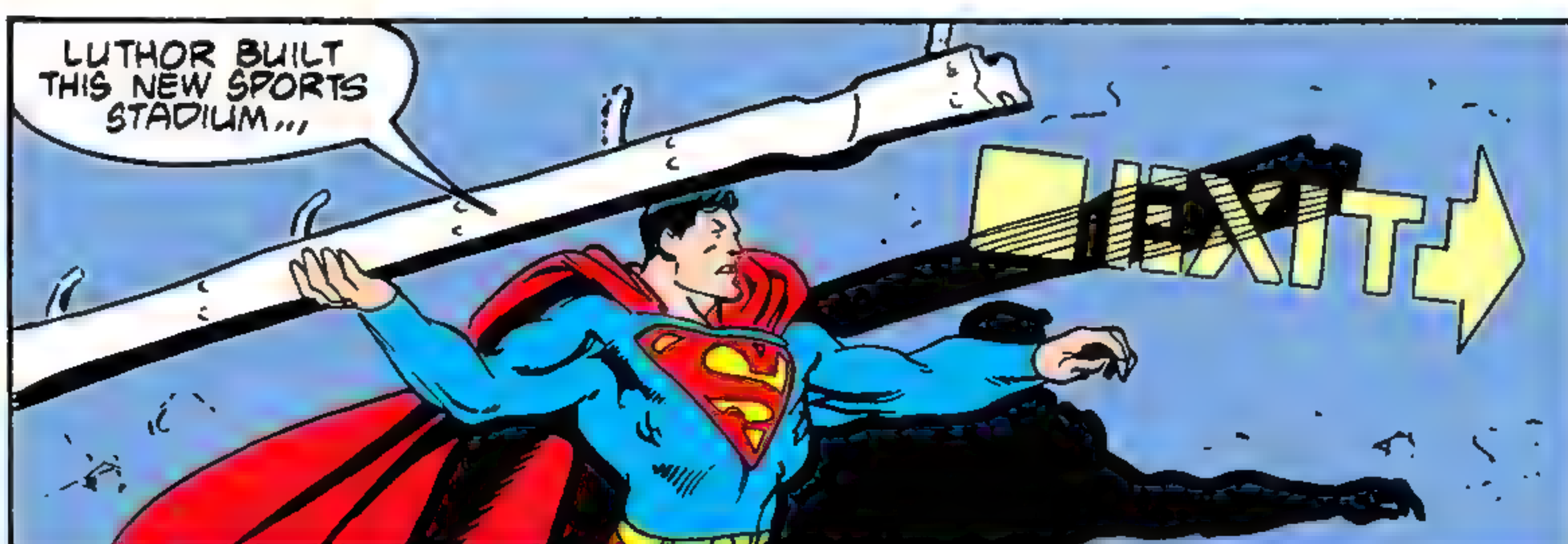
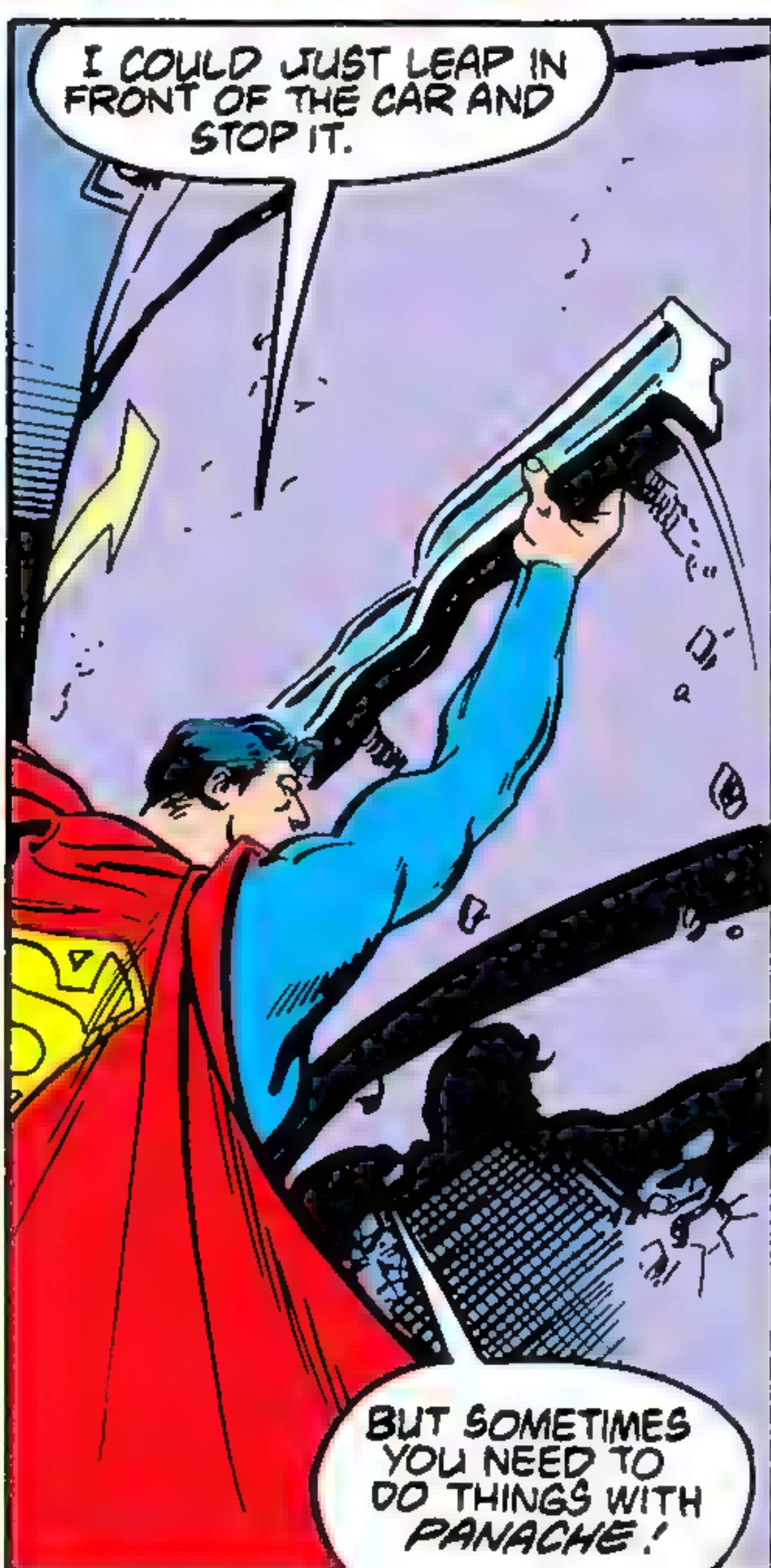
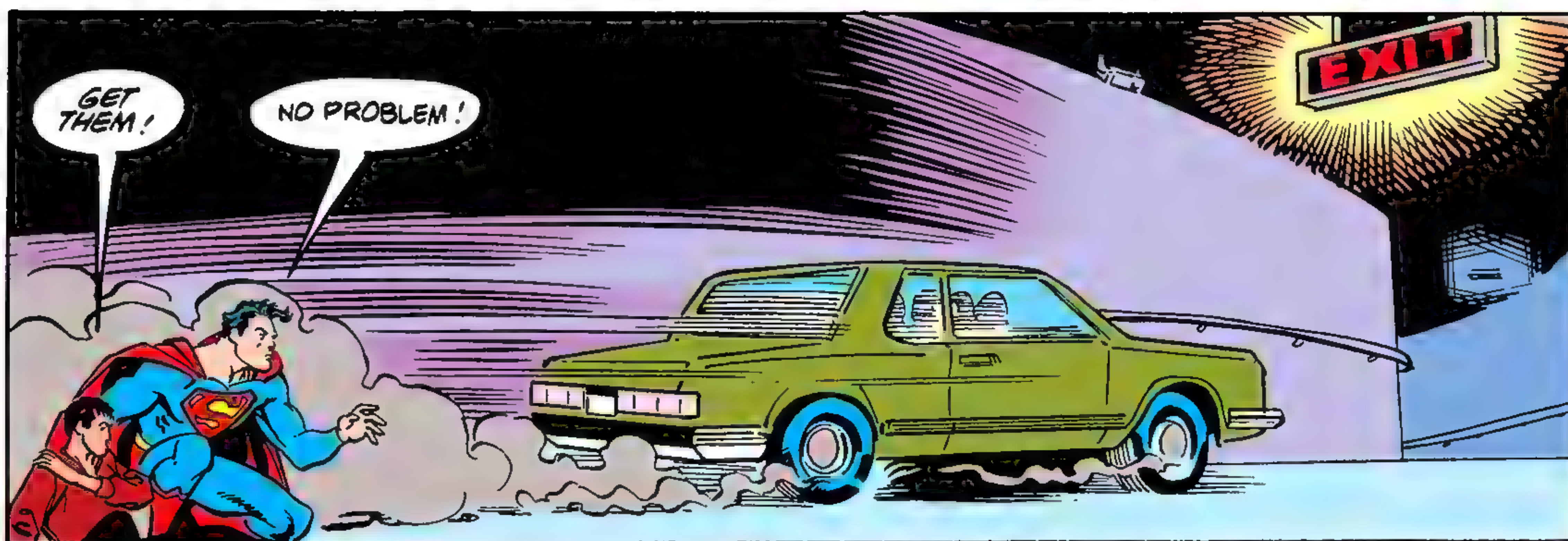


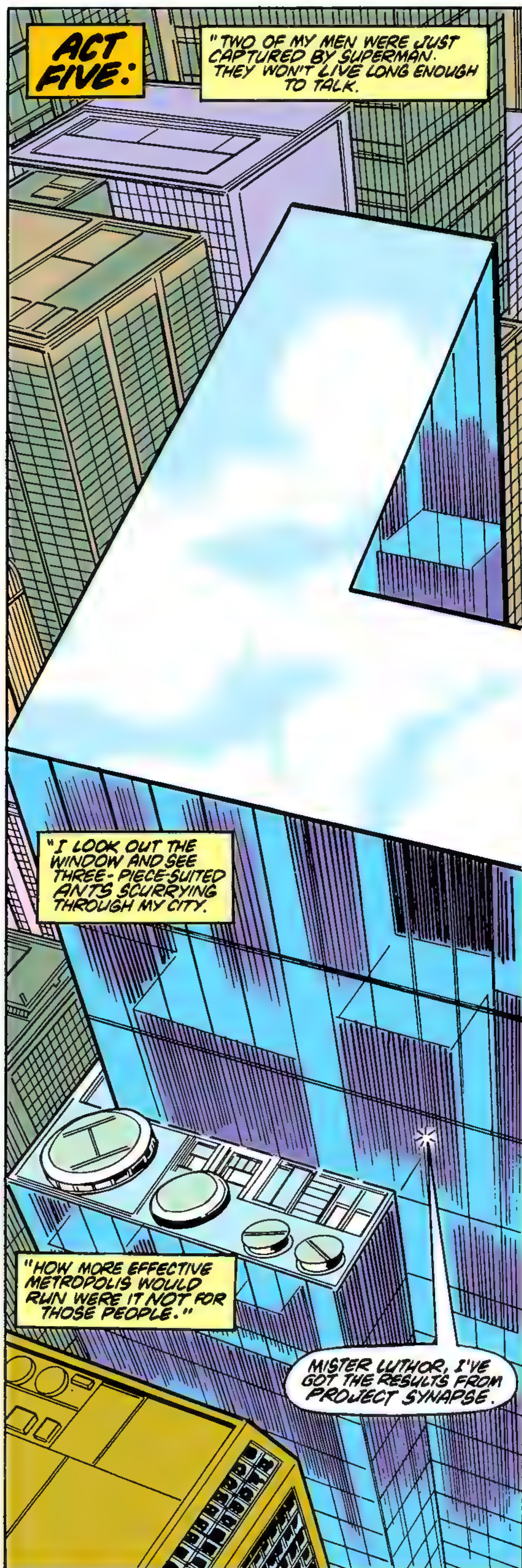












OUR COVER STORY OF HIRING TEENAGE GANG MEMBERS YIELDED ONE HUNDRED PARTICIPANTS.

Project: Synapse I

THIRTY-EIGHT WERE TAKEN FORCEFULLY.

SIXTY-TWO ACTUALLY VOLUNTEERED.

ALL WERE SECRETLY GIVEN ADRENAL STIMULI ALONG WITH THEIR STANDARD HEIGHTENED ANTISOCIAL BEHAVIOR.

Category	Percentage
NO EFFECT	10%
ABNORMAL BEHAVIOR	32%
FATAL	
SUPER STRENGTH	2%

THIRTY-TWO. IMPRESSIVE.

SEVERAL OF THESE THIRTY-TWO ARE ALREADY IN POLICE CUSTODY. ONE IS DAILY PLANET EDITOR PERRY WHITE'S SON.

PERRY WHITE, JR.
AKA JERRY
AGE: 18
HEIGHT 5'10"
WEIGHT 159 LBS
HAIR: BROWN
EYES: BROWN

NAME
PERRY WHITE, JR.
AKA JERRY
AGE: 18
HEIGHT 5'10"
WEIGHT 159 LBS
HAIR: BROWN
EYES: BROWN

I'M AWARE OF THAT.

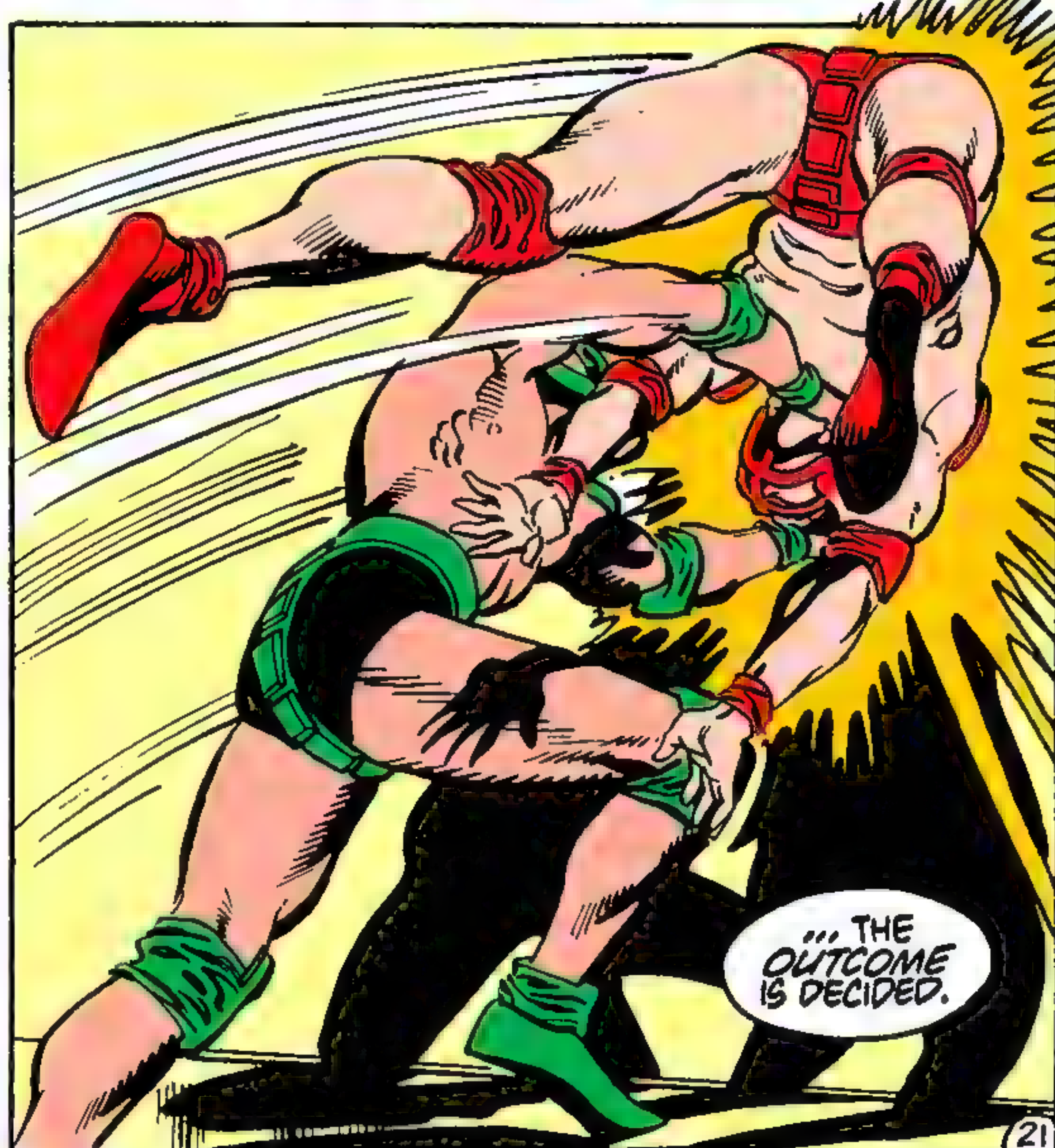
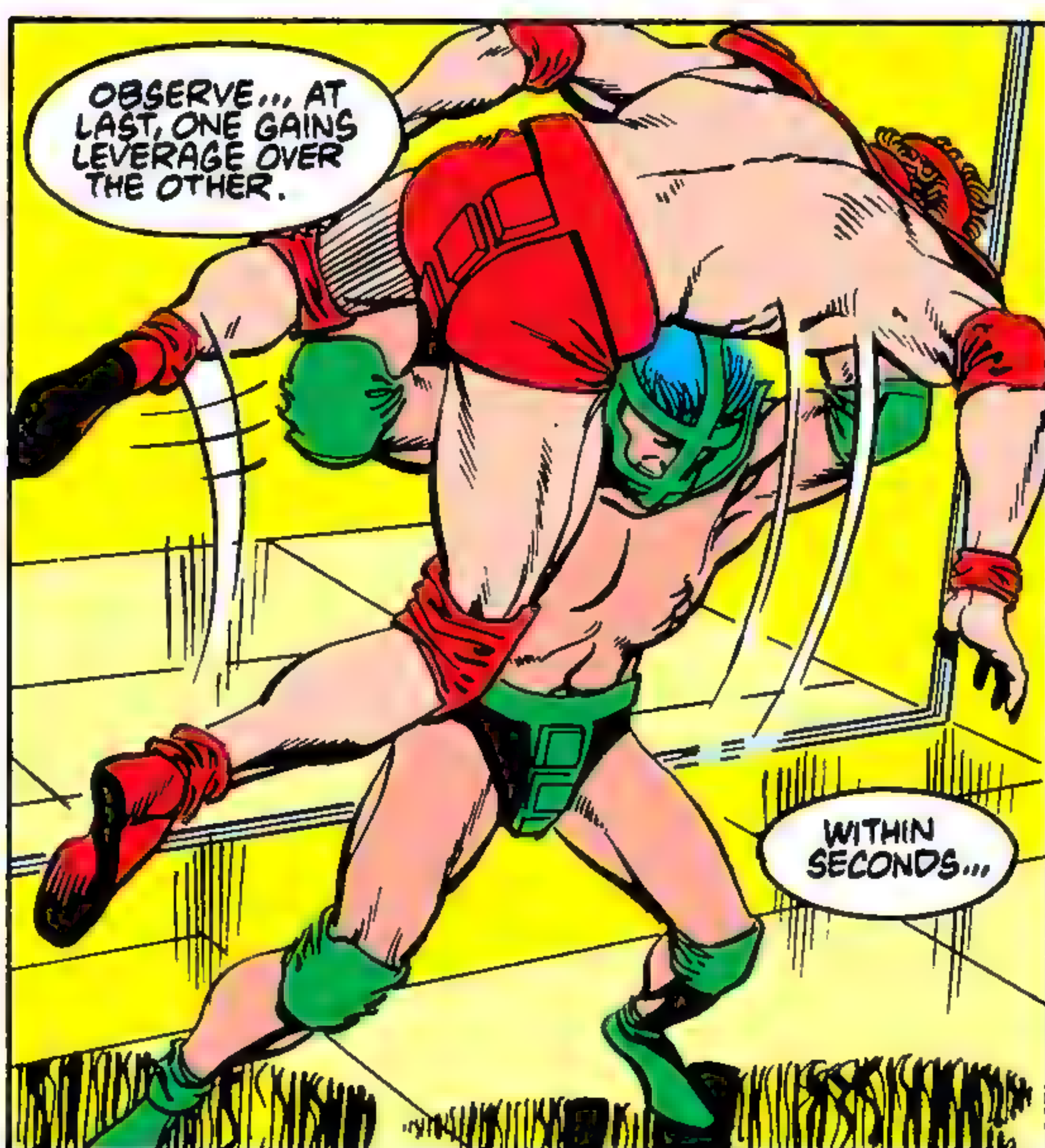
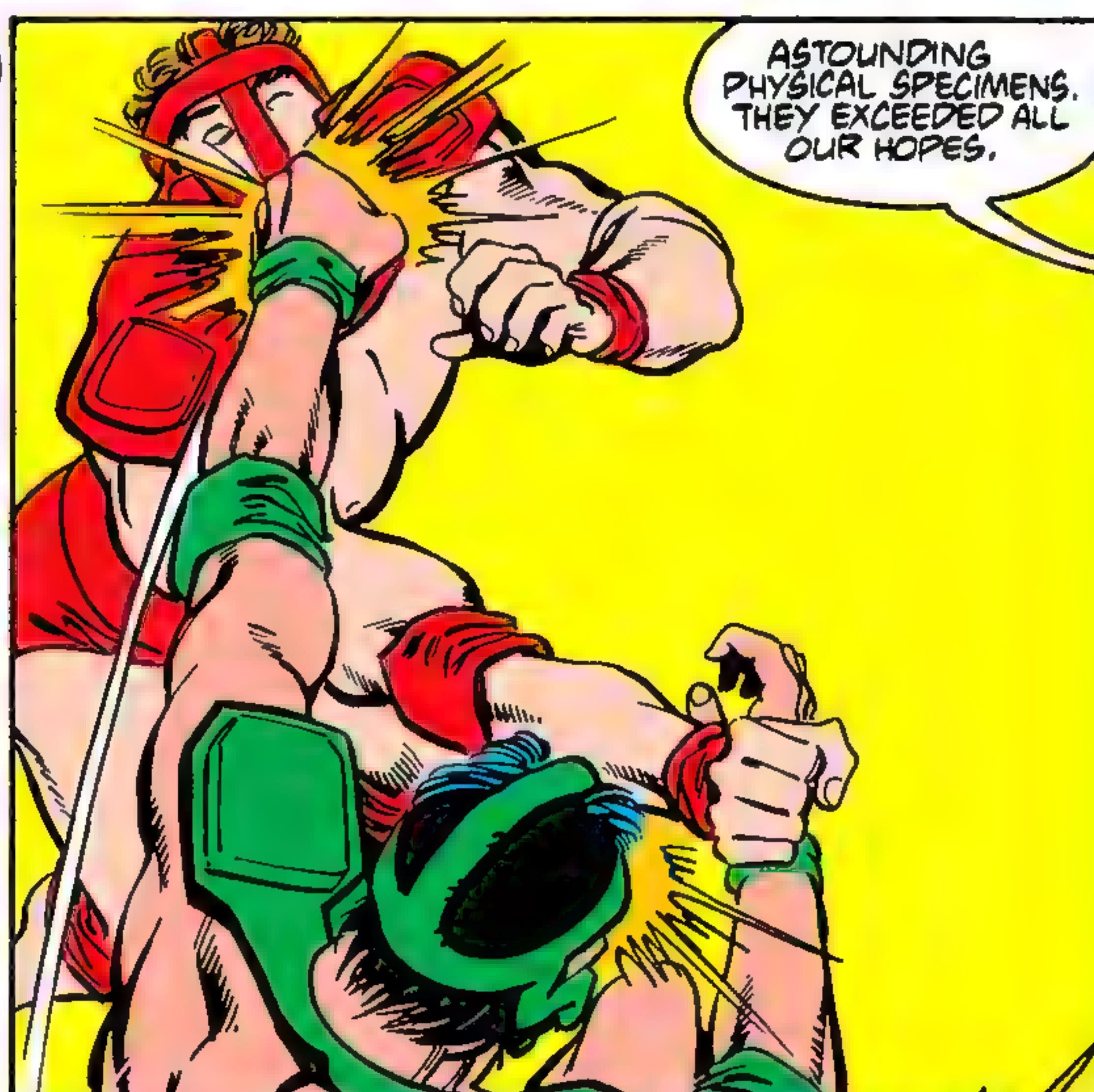
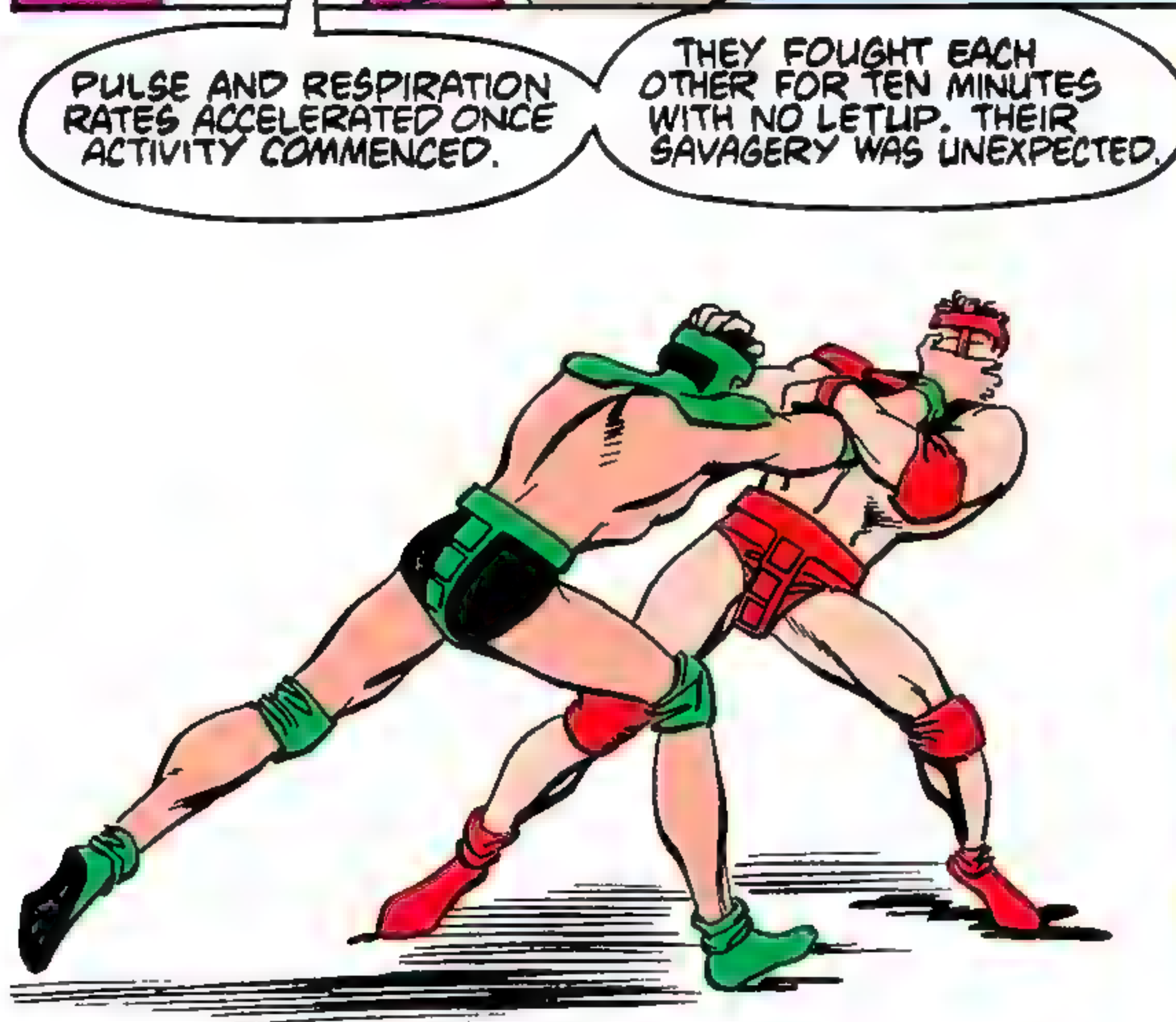
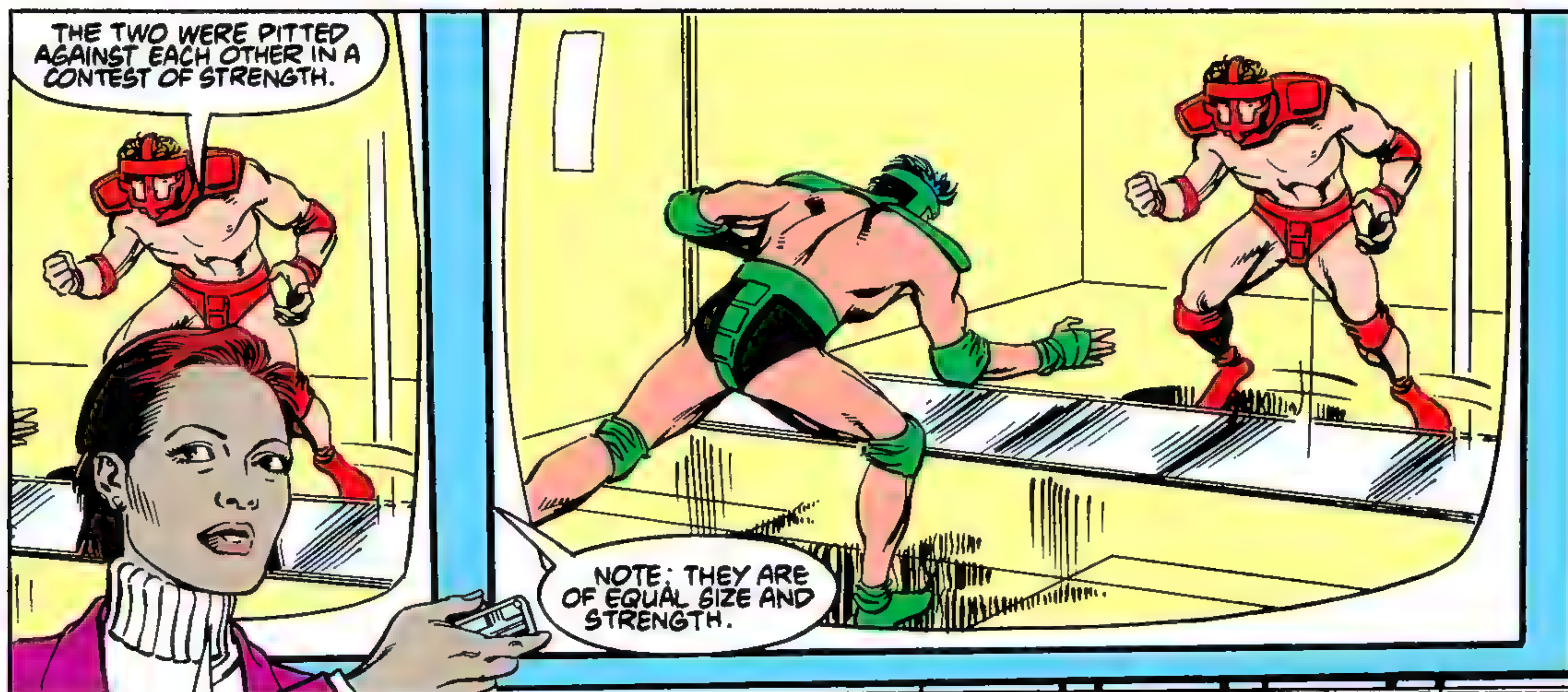
WE USED YOUNG WHITE TO GET US INSIDE INFORMATION. DIRECT ACCESS TO PERRY WHITE MIGHT PROVE USEFUL.

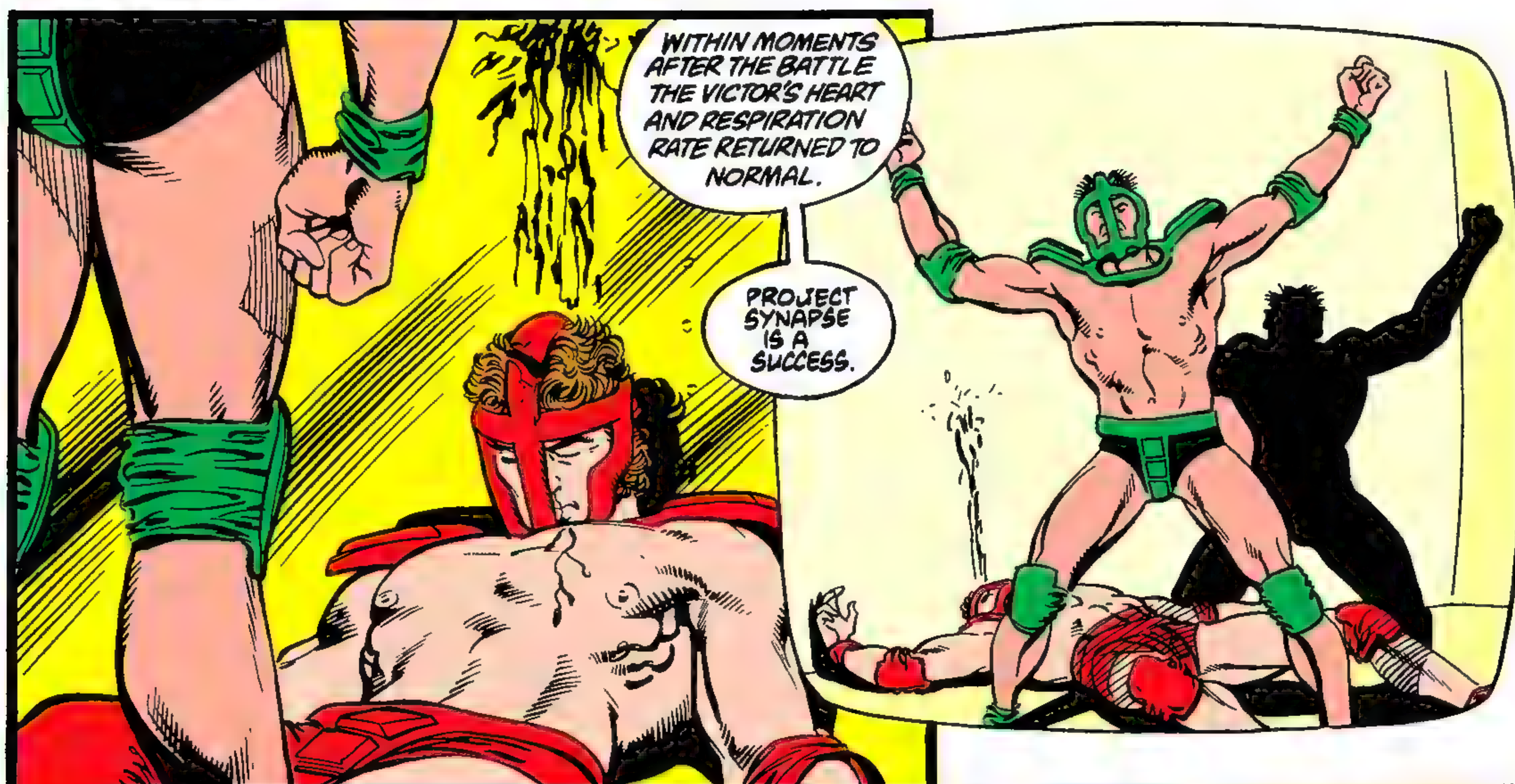
NOW, WHAT OF THE OTHER FIFTY-EIGHT?

FIFTY-SIX SHOWED INCREASED ABILITIES, BUT ALL DIED WITHIN FOUR MINUTES ONCE THEY EXERTED PEAK EFFICIENCY.

AND THE OTHER TWO HARDY SURVIVORS?

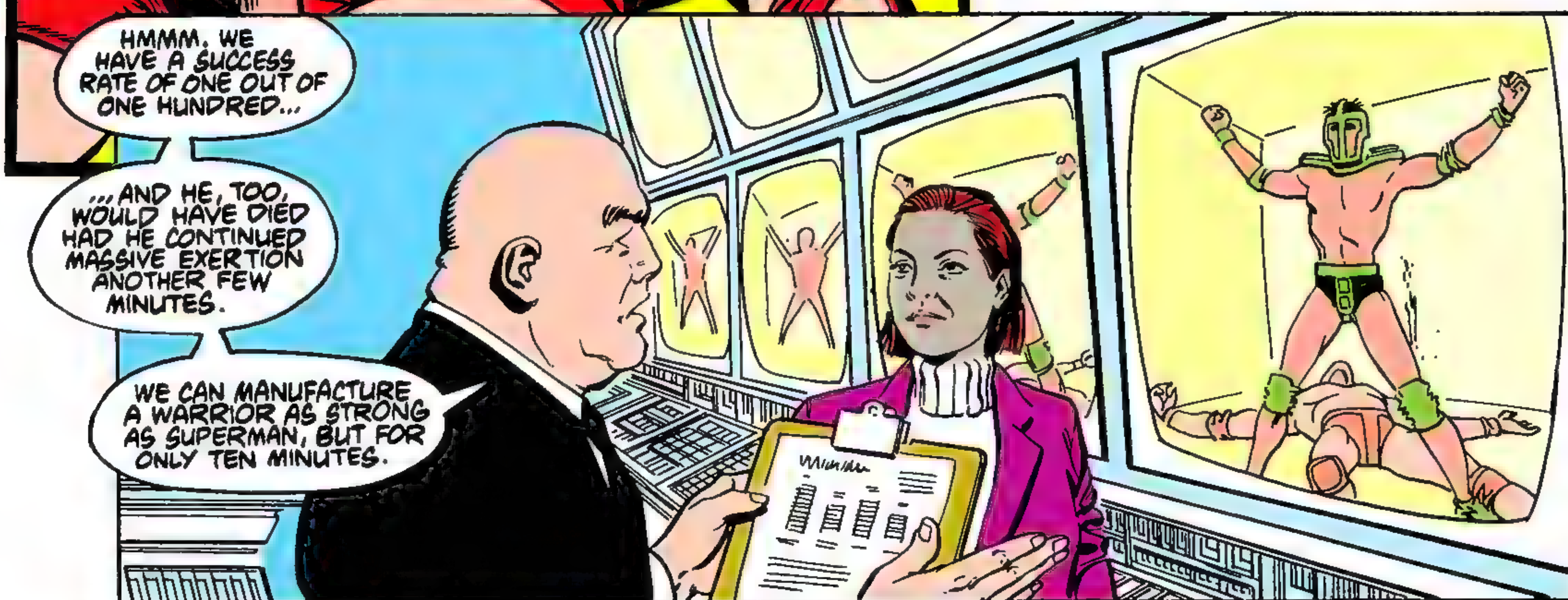
20





WITHIN MOMENTS
AFTER THE BATTLE
THE VICTOR'S HEART
AND RESPIRATION
RATE RETURNED TO
NORMAL.

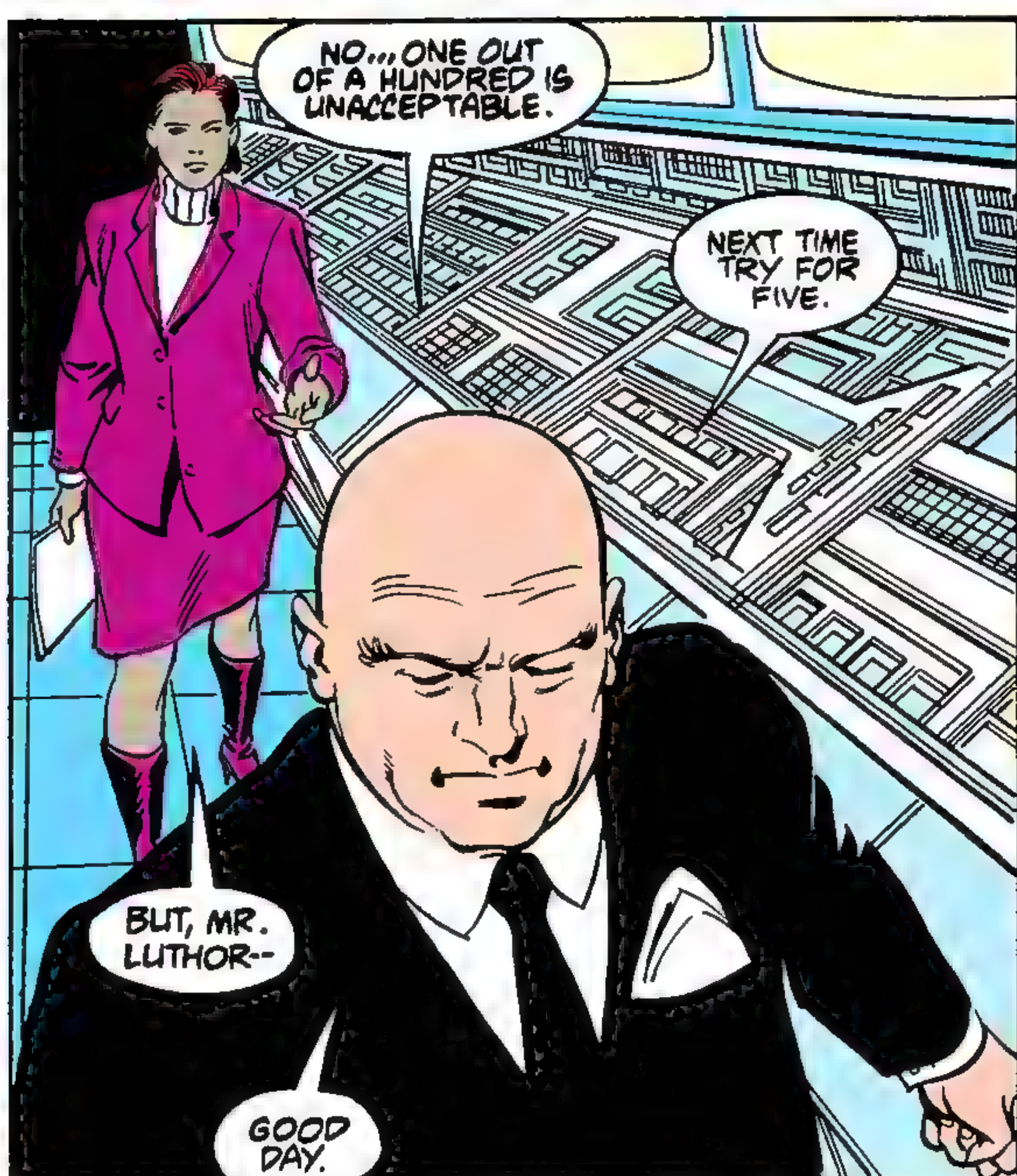
PROJECT
SYNAPSE
IS A
SUCCESS.



HMMM. WE
HAVE A SUCCESS
RATE OF ONE OUT OF
ONE HUNDRED...

...AND HE, TOO,
WOULD HAVE DIED
HAD HE CONTINUED
MASSIVE EXERTION
ANOTHER FEW
MINUTES.

WE CAN MANUFACTURE
A WARRIOR AS STRONG
AS SUPERMAN, BUT FOR
ONLY TEN MINUTES.



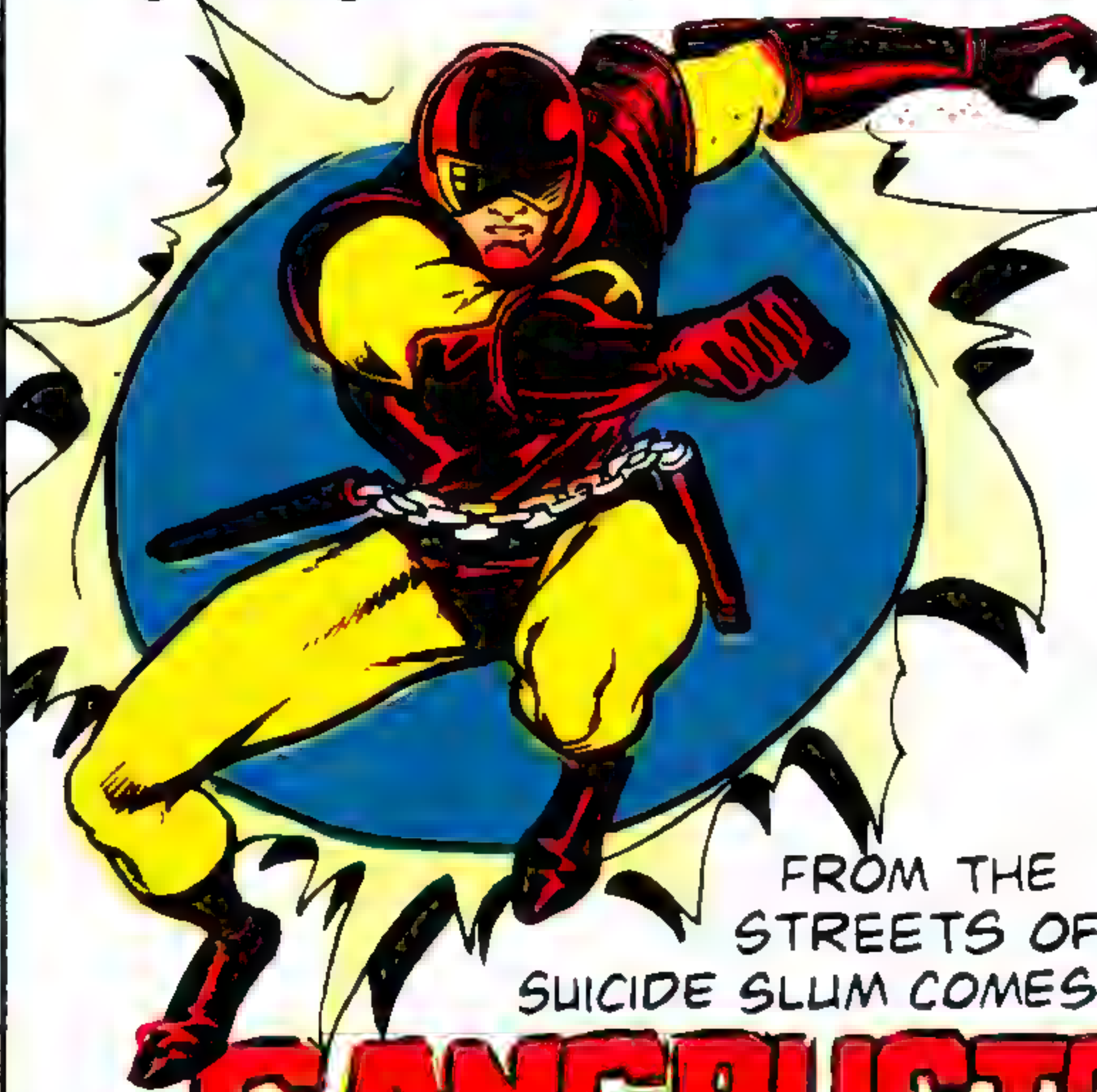
NO... ONE OUT
OF A HUNDRED IS
UNACCEPTABLE.

NEXT TIME
TRY FOR
FIVE.

BUT, MR.
LUTHOR--

GOOD
DAY.

GANG WAR
CONCLUDES NEXT ISSUE!



FROM THE
STREETS OF
SUICIDE SLUM COMES

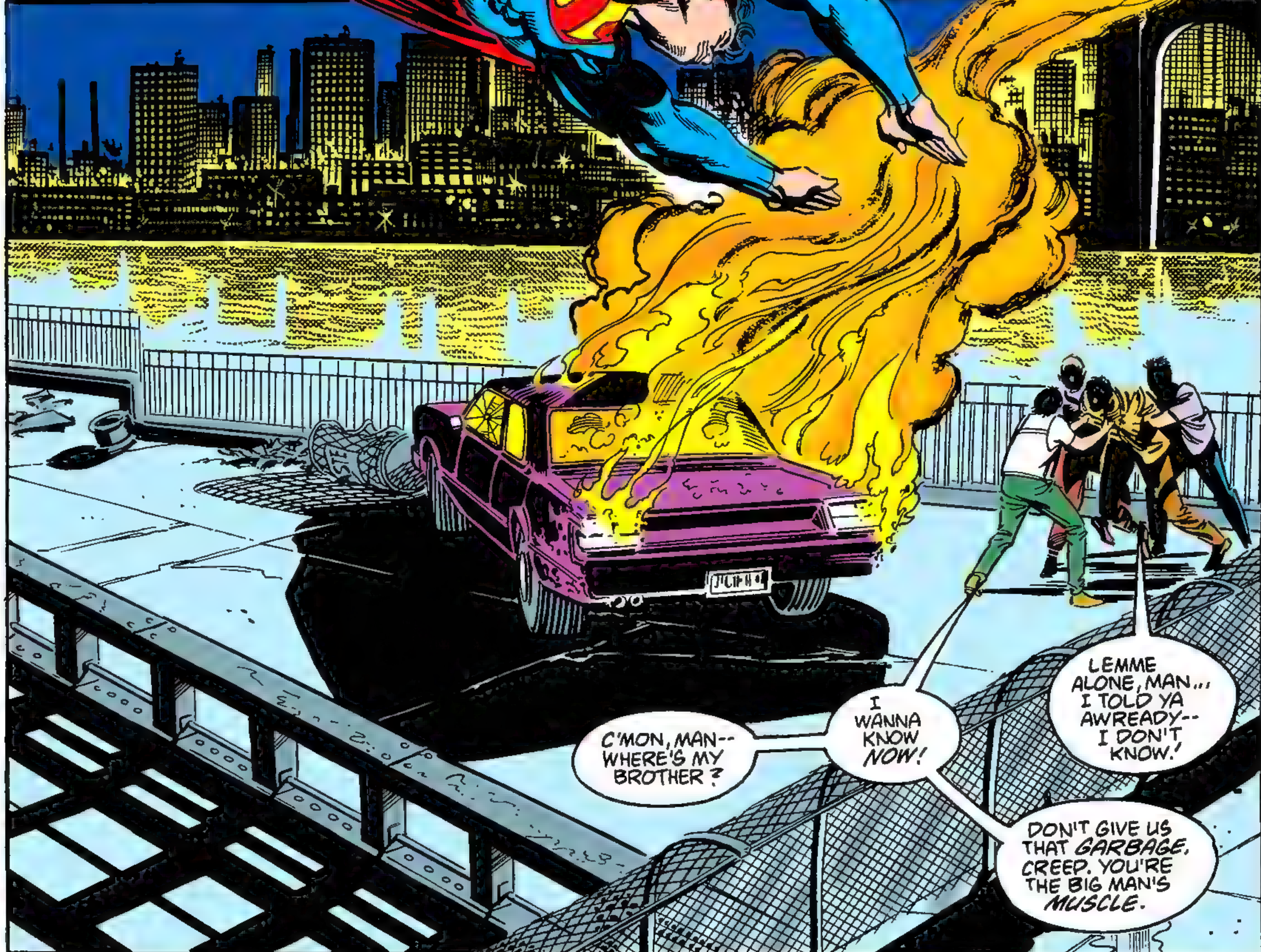
THE **GANGBUSTER**

SHAMBLES

MARV WOLFMAN • JERRY ORDWAY & JOSÉ F. MARZAN
WRITER ARTISTS
ALBERT DEGUZMAN • ANTHONY TOLLIN • MIKE CARLIN
LETTERER COLORIST EDITOR

THE ADVENTURES OF
SUPERMAN

Created by
JERRY SIEGEL &
JOE SHUSTER



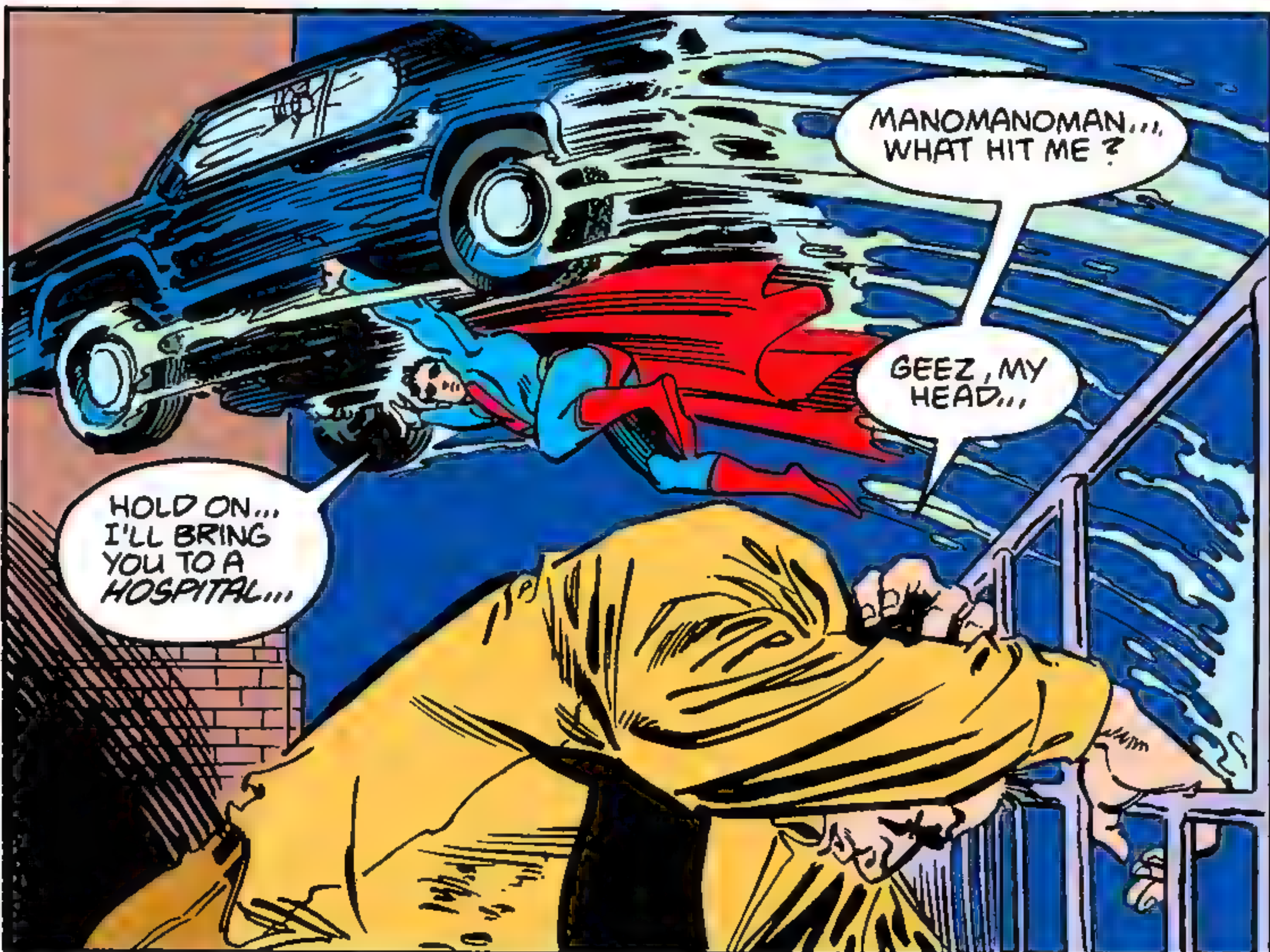
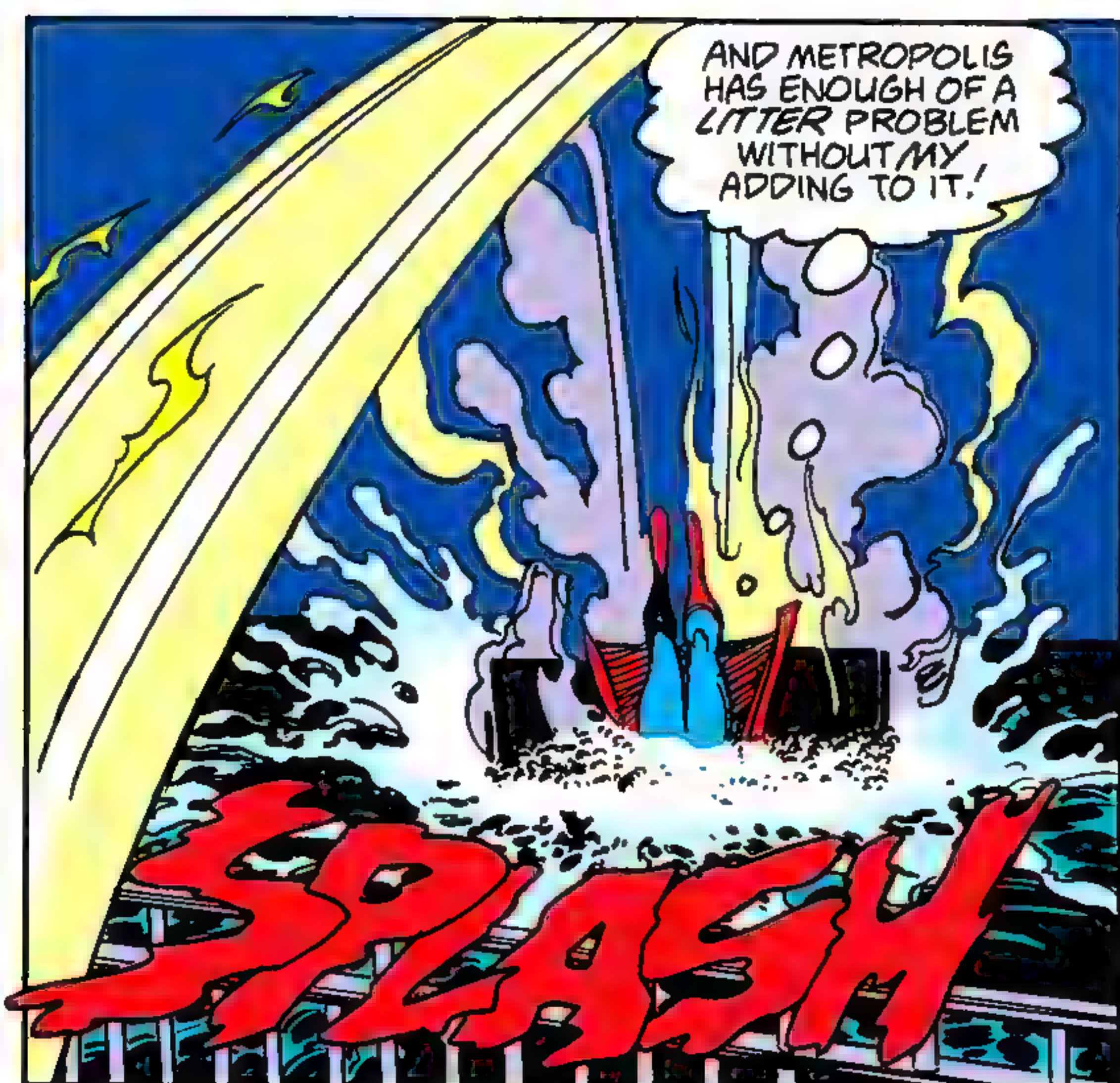
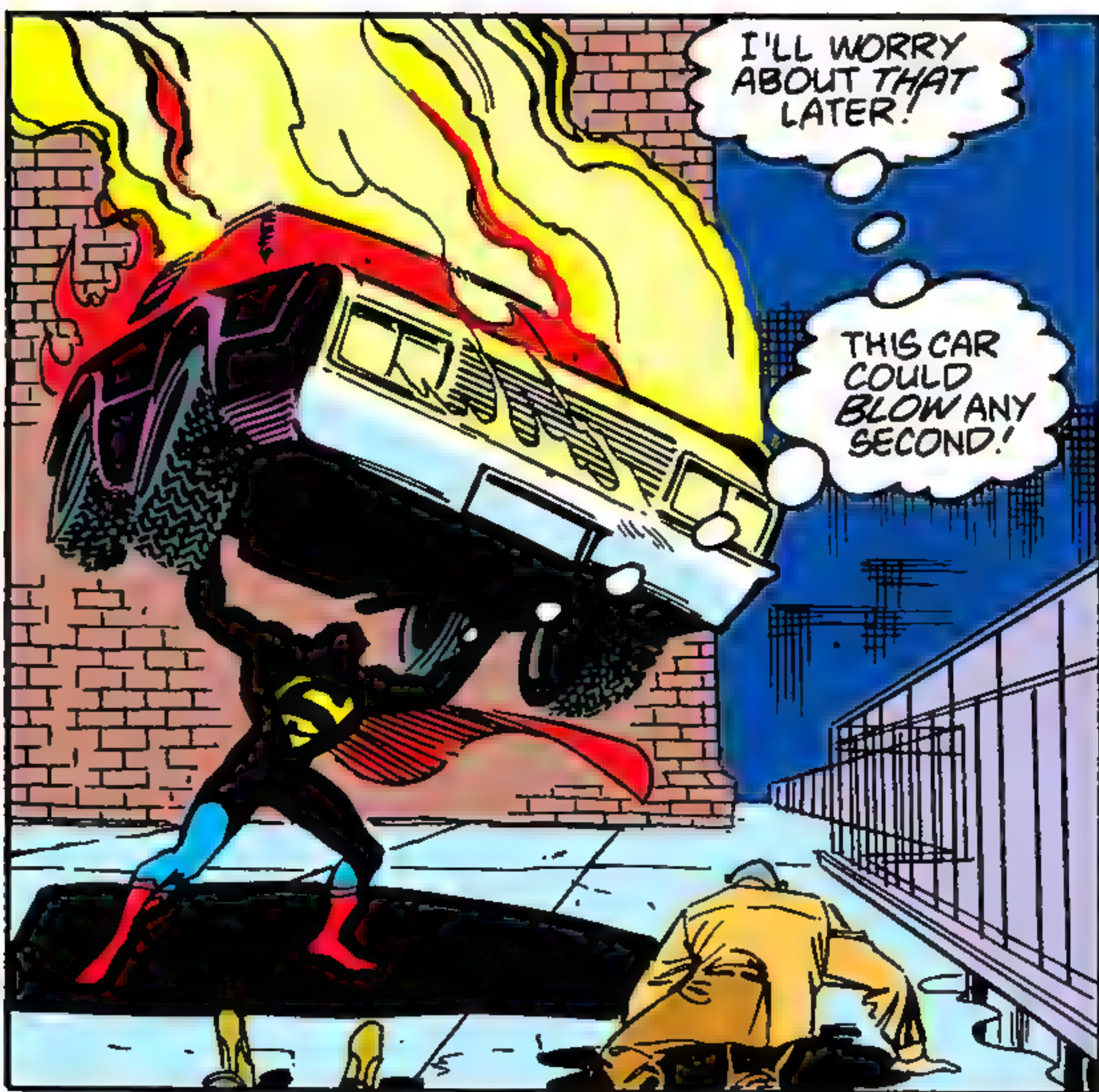
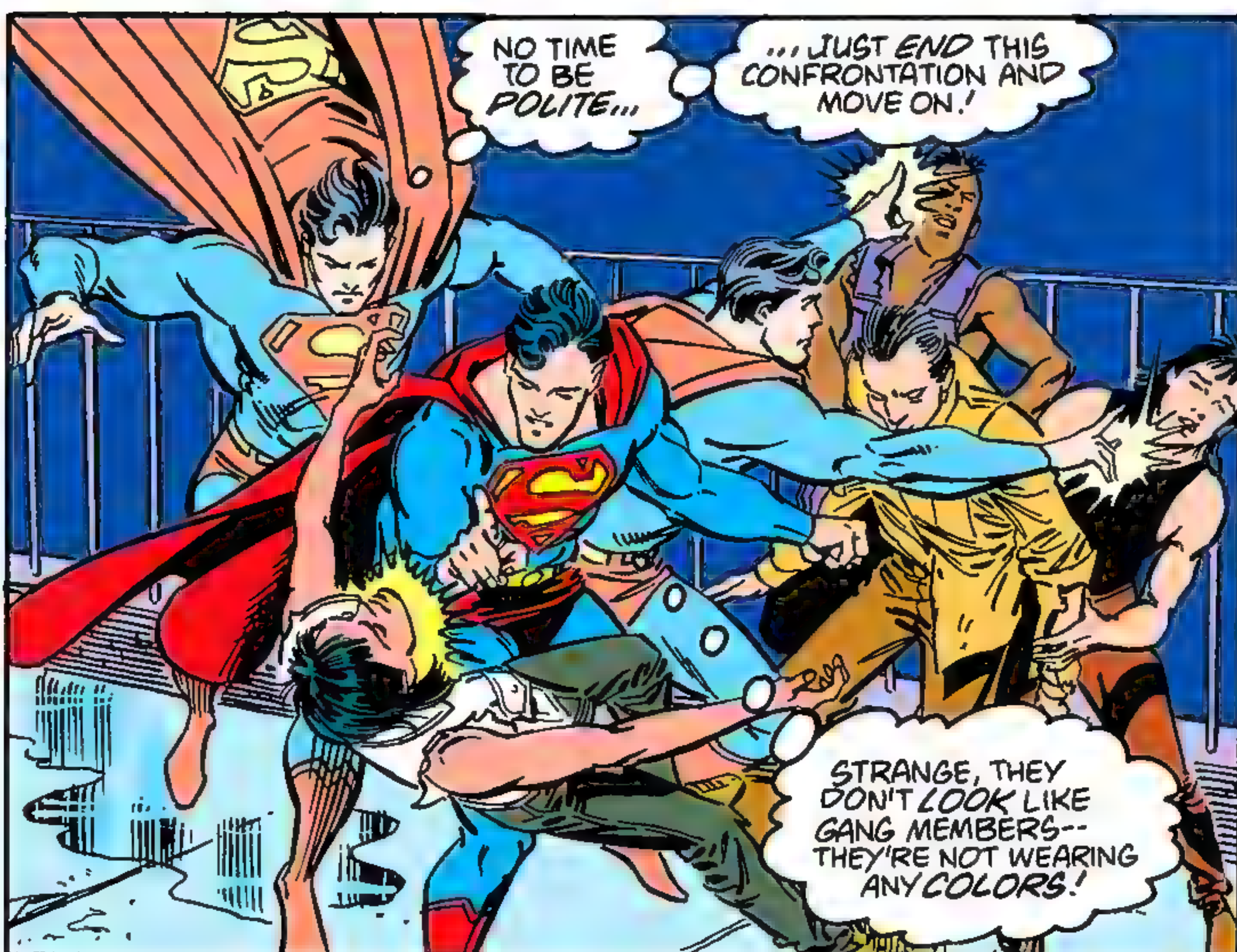
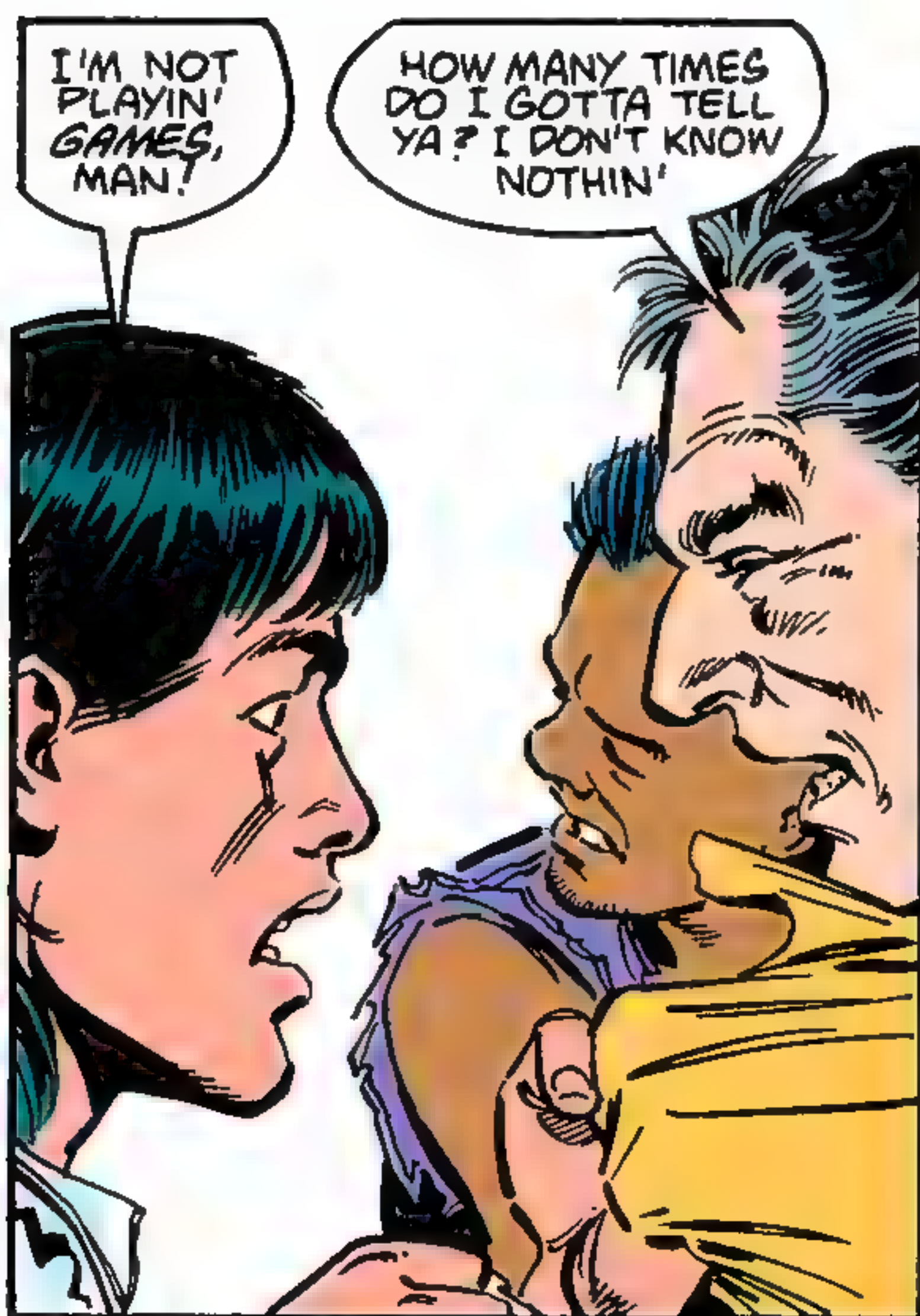
C'MON, MAN--
WHERE'S MY
BROTHER?

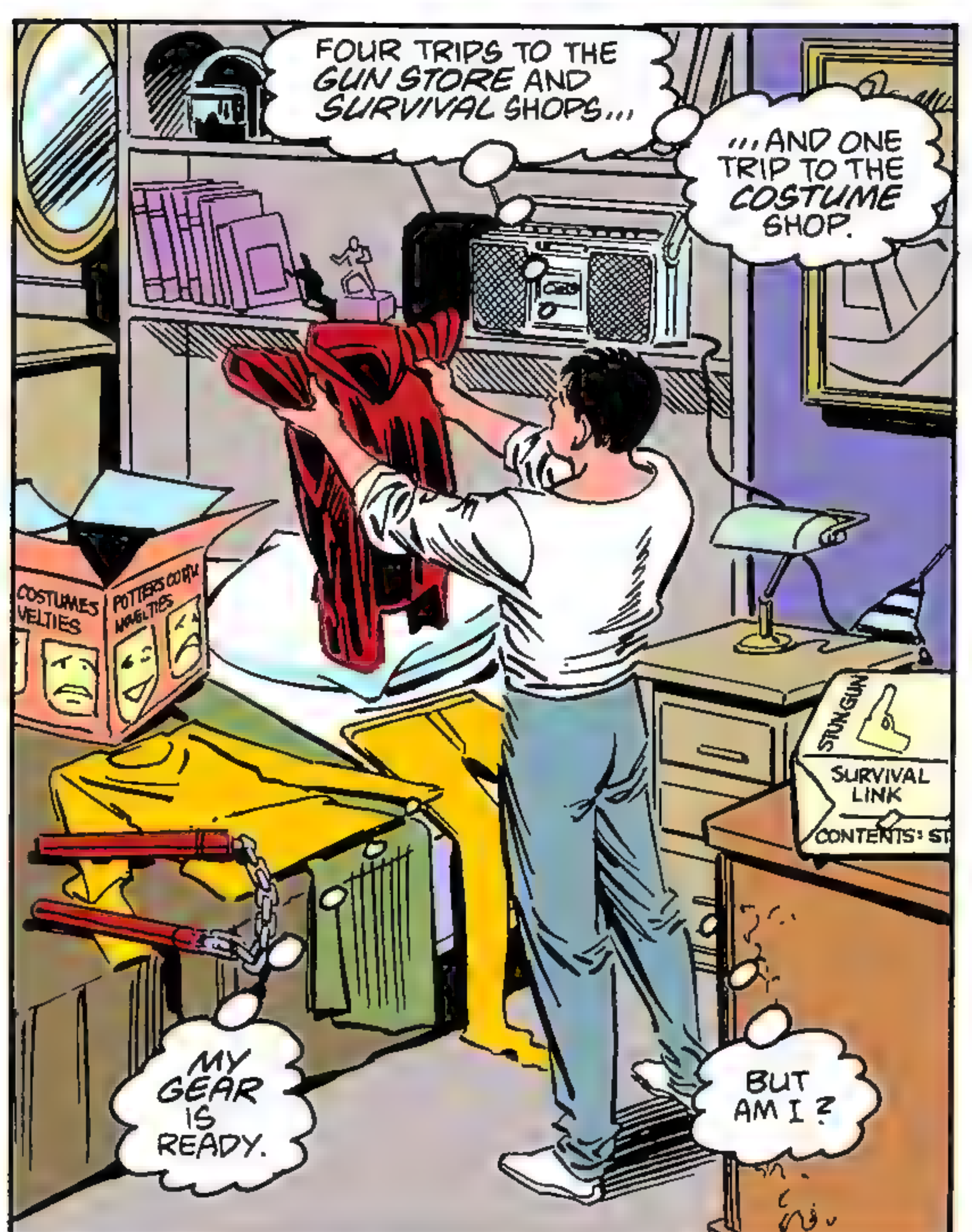
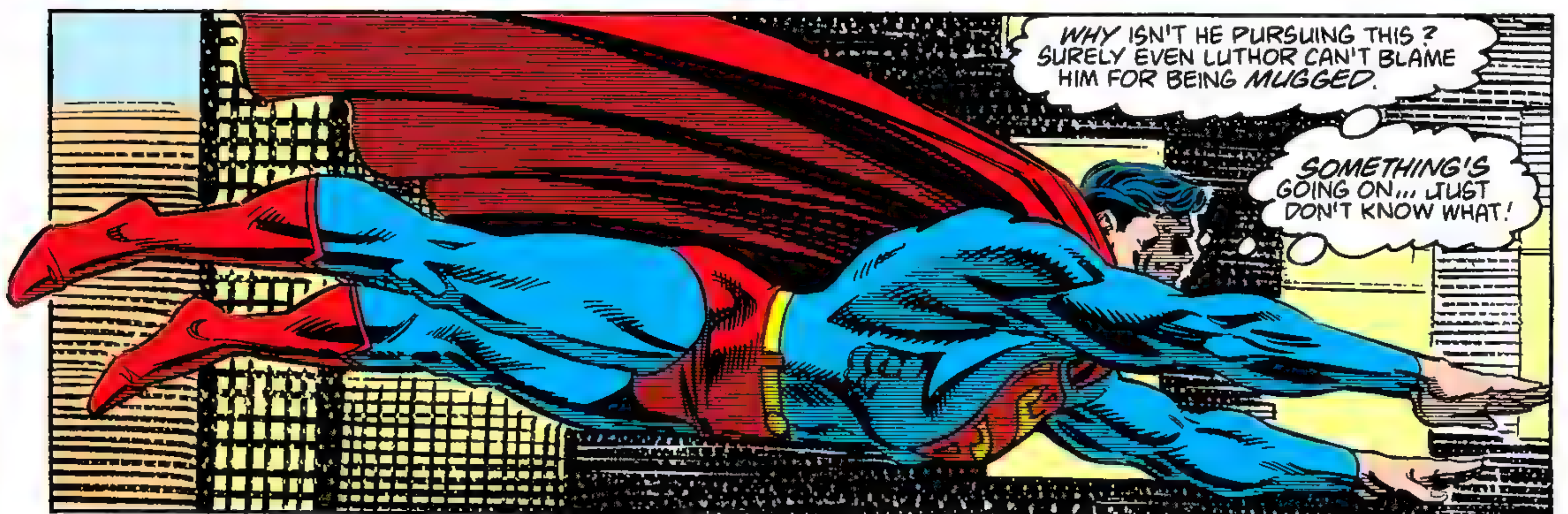
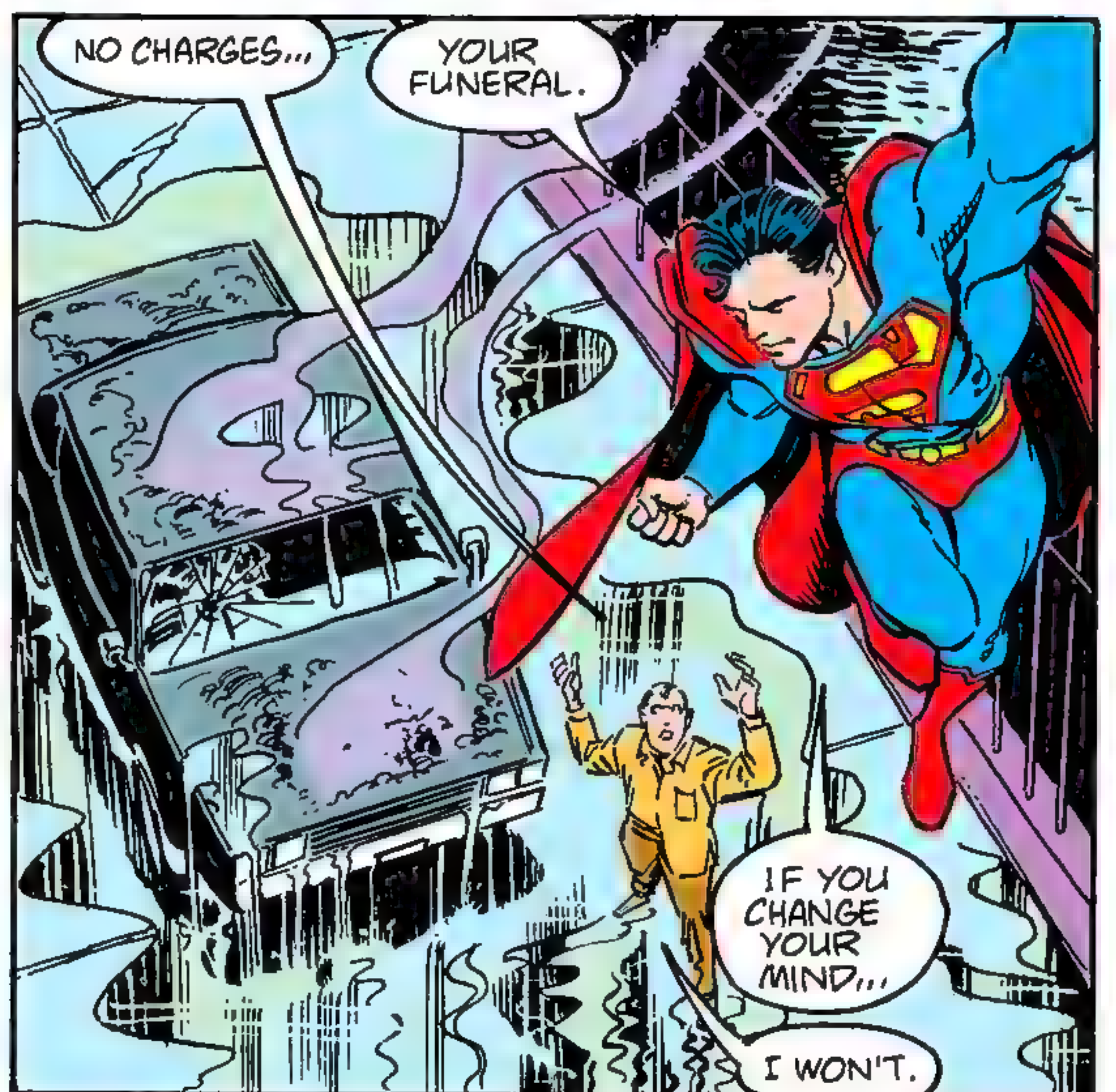
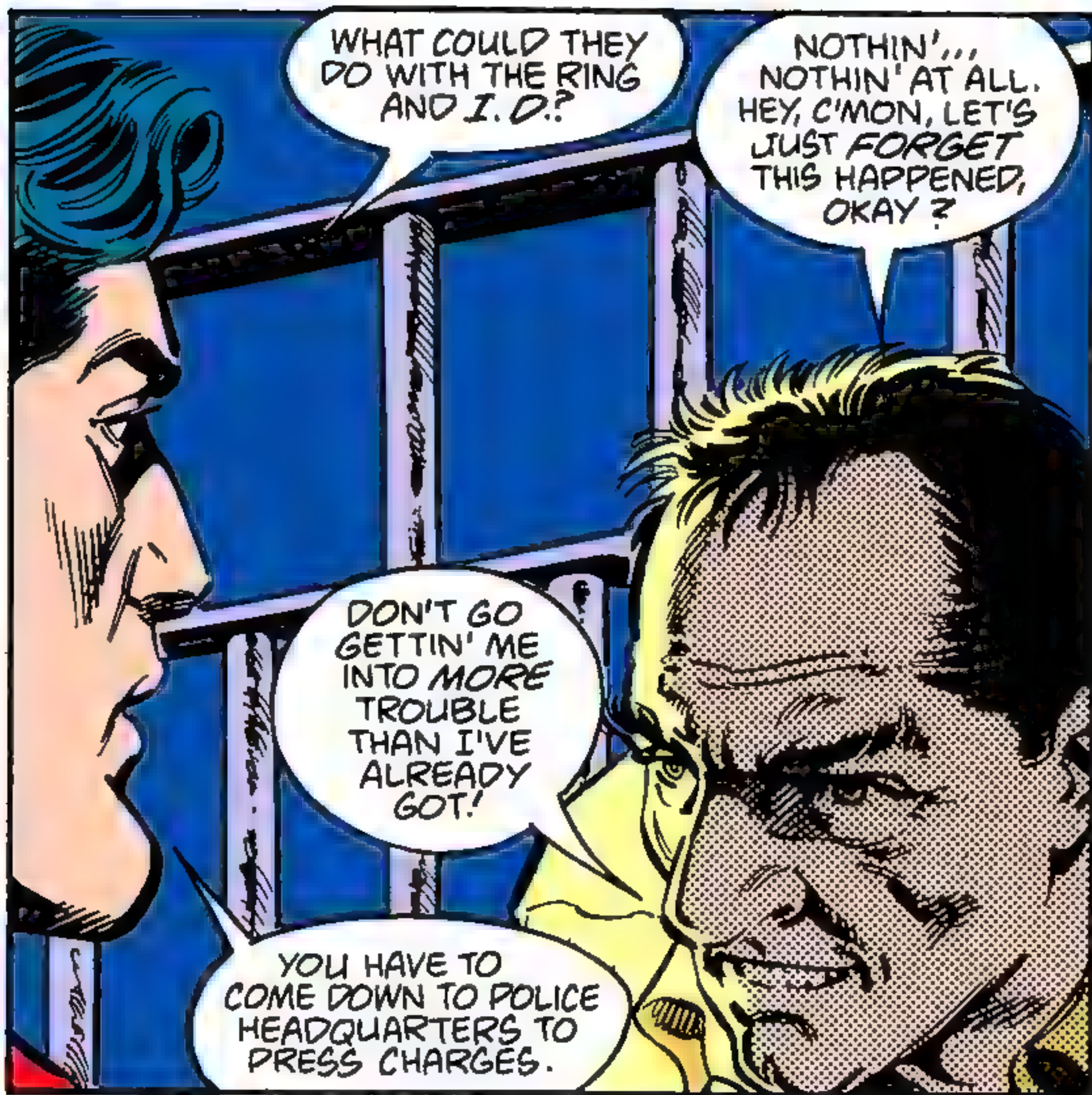
I
WANNA
KNOW
NOW!

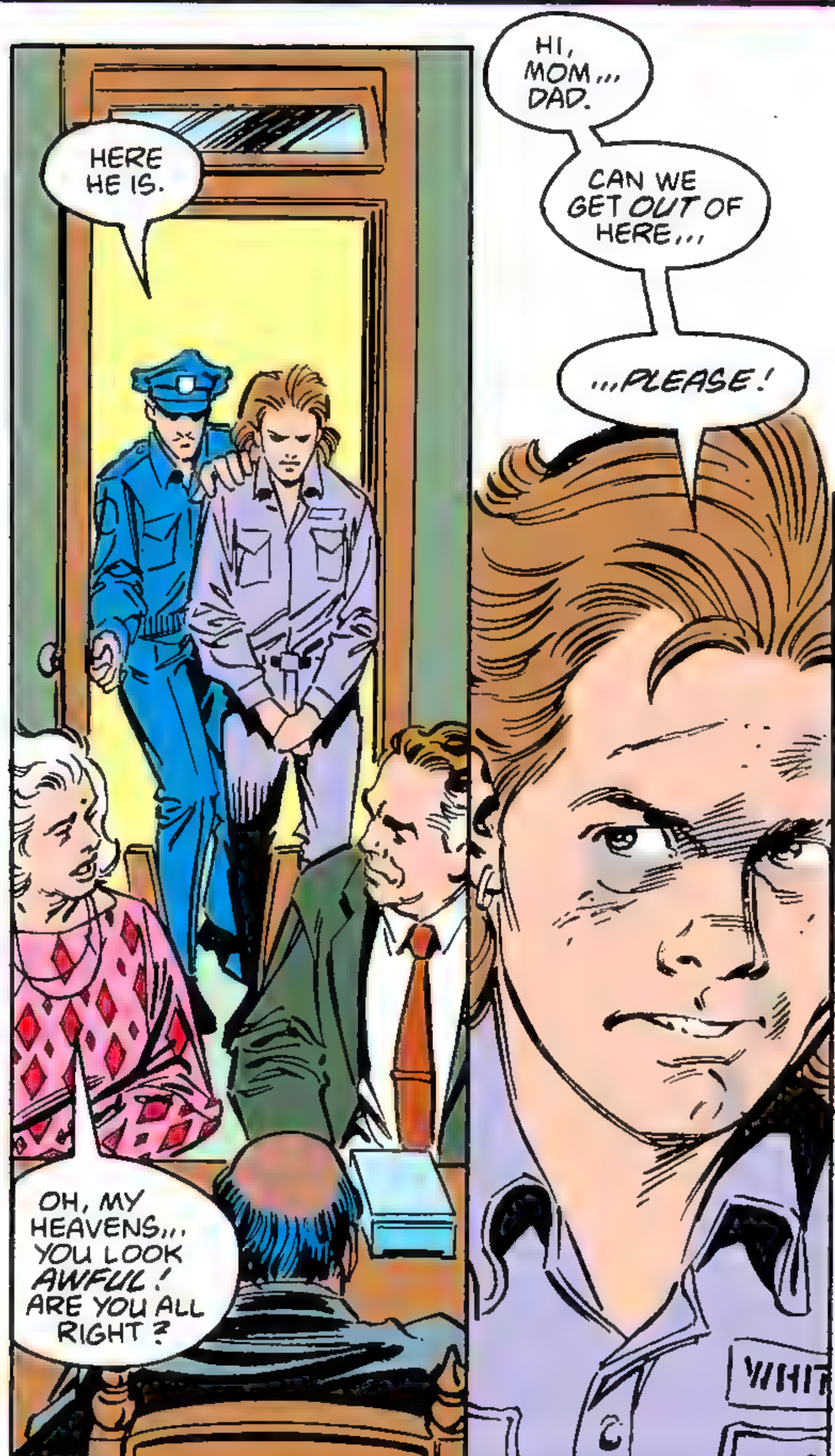
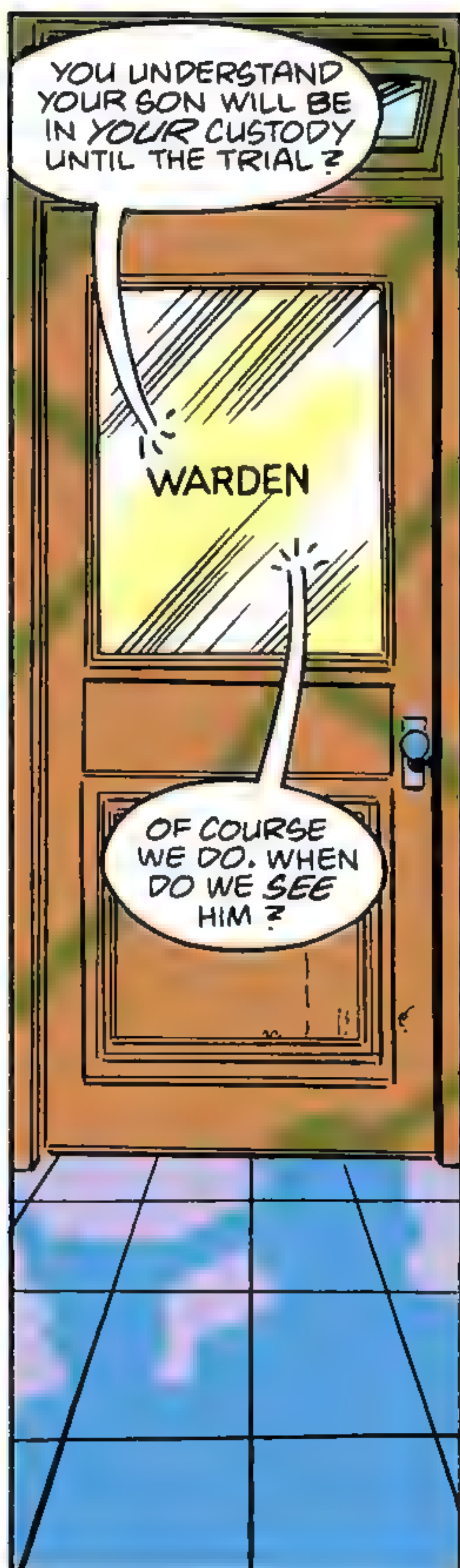
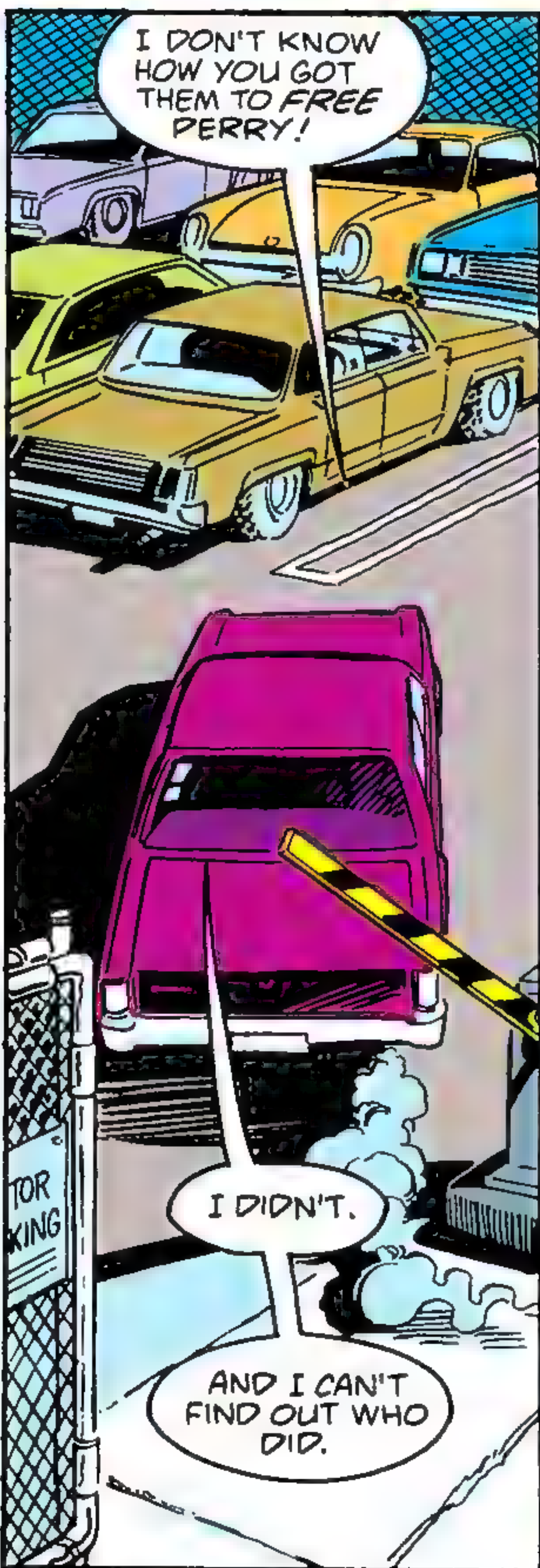
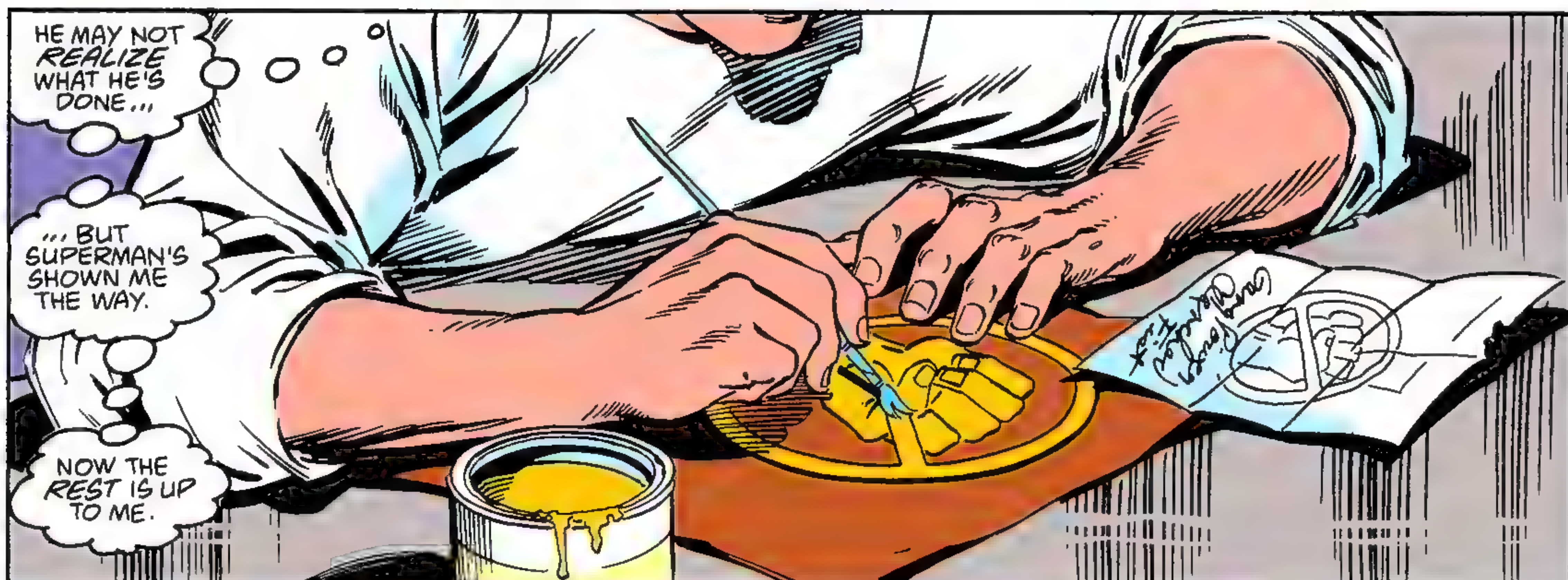
LEMME
ALONE, MAN...
I TOLD YA
AWREADY--
I DON'T
KNOW!

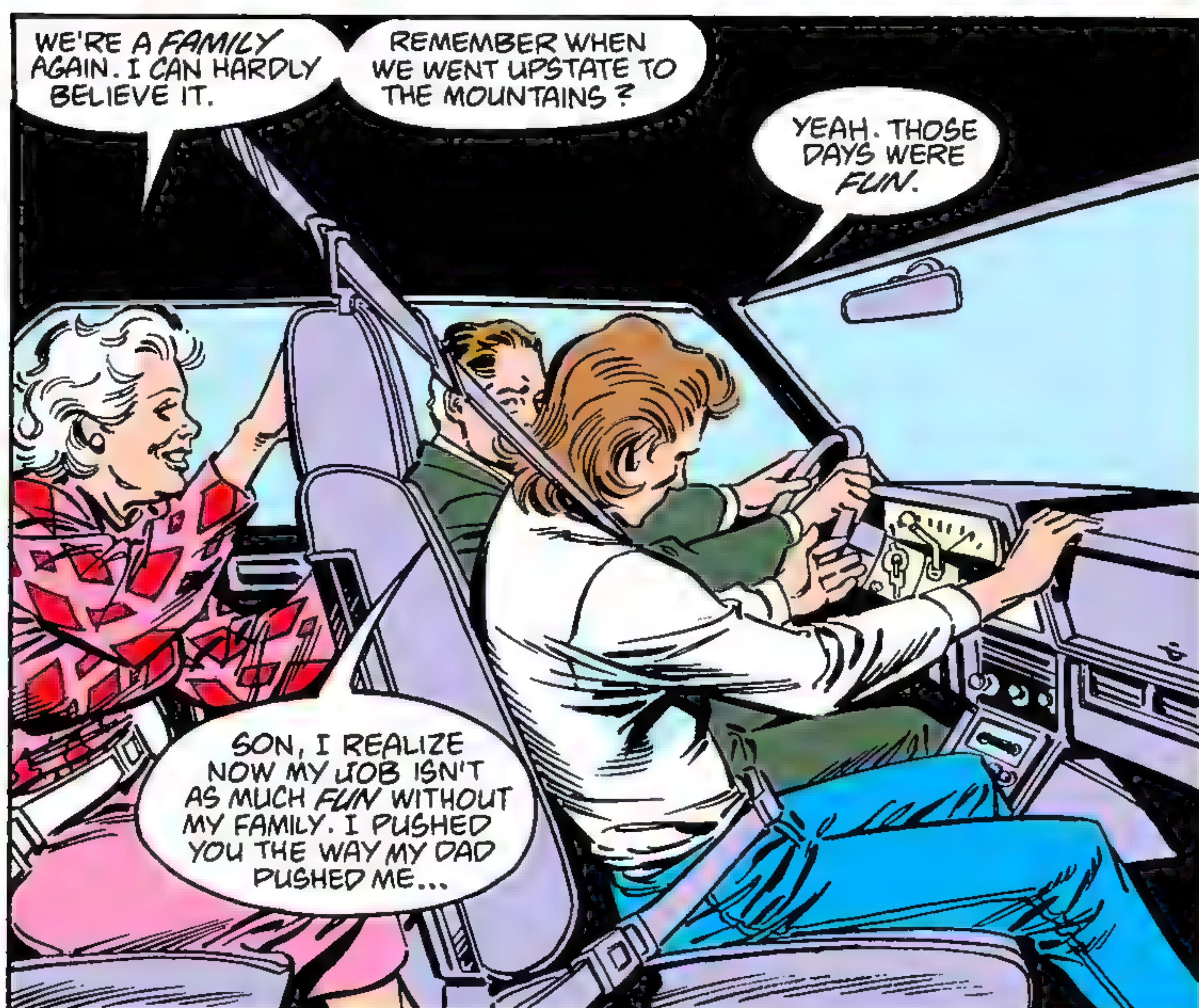
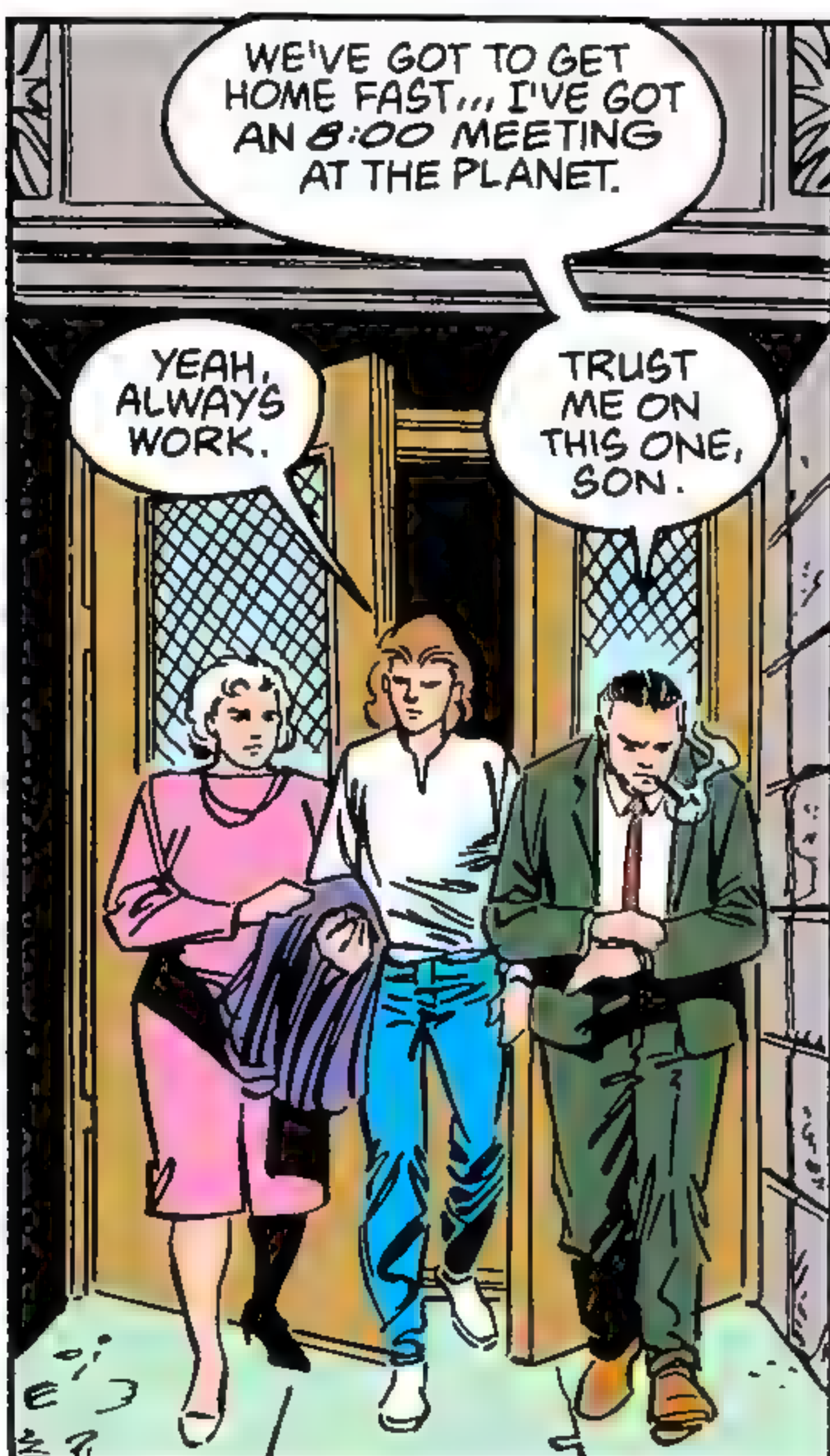
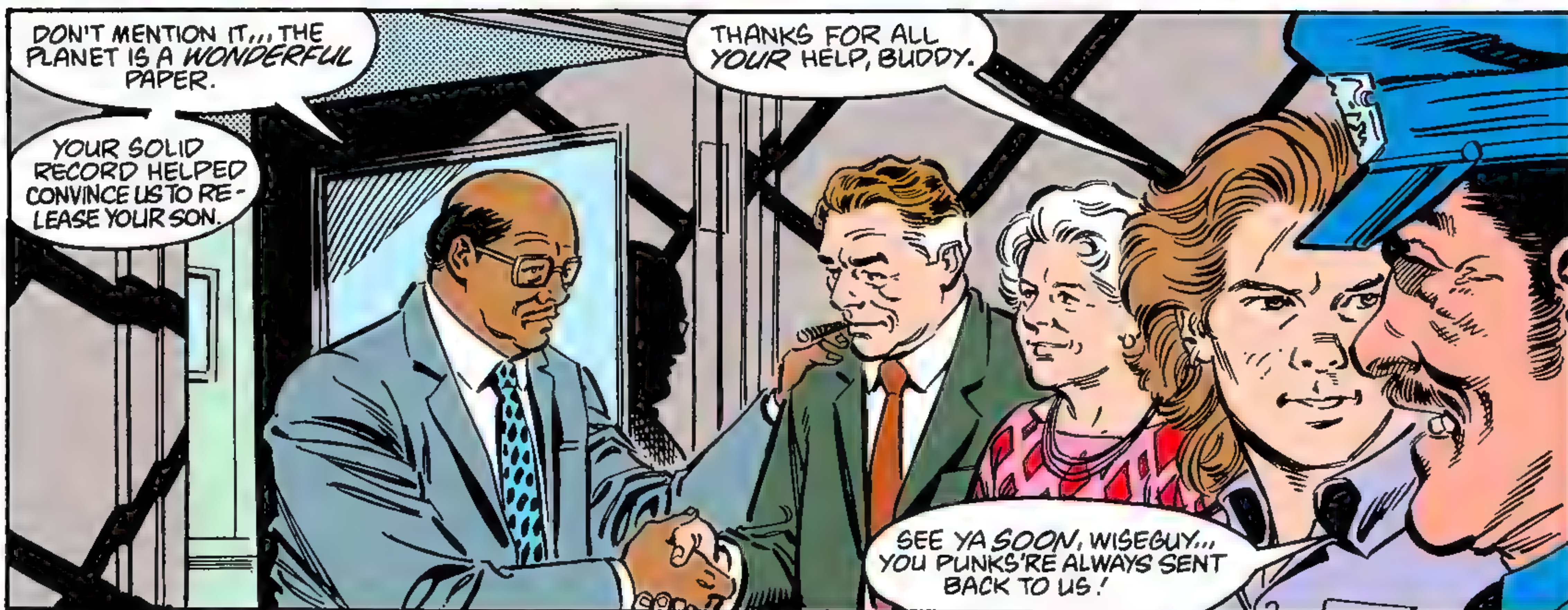
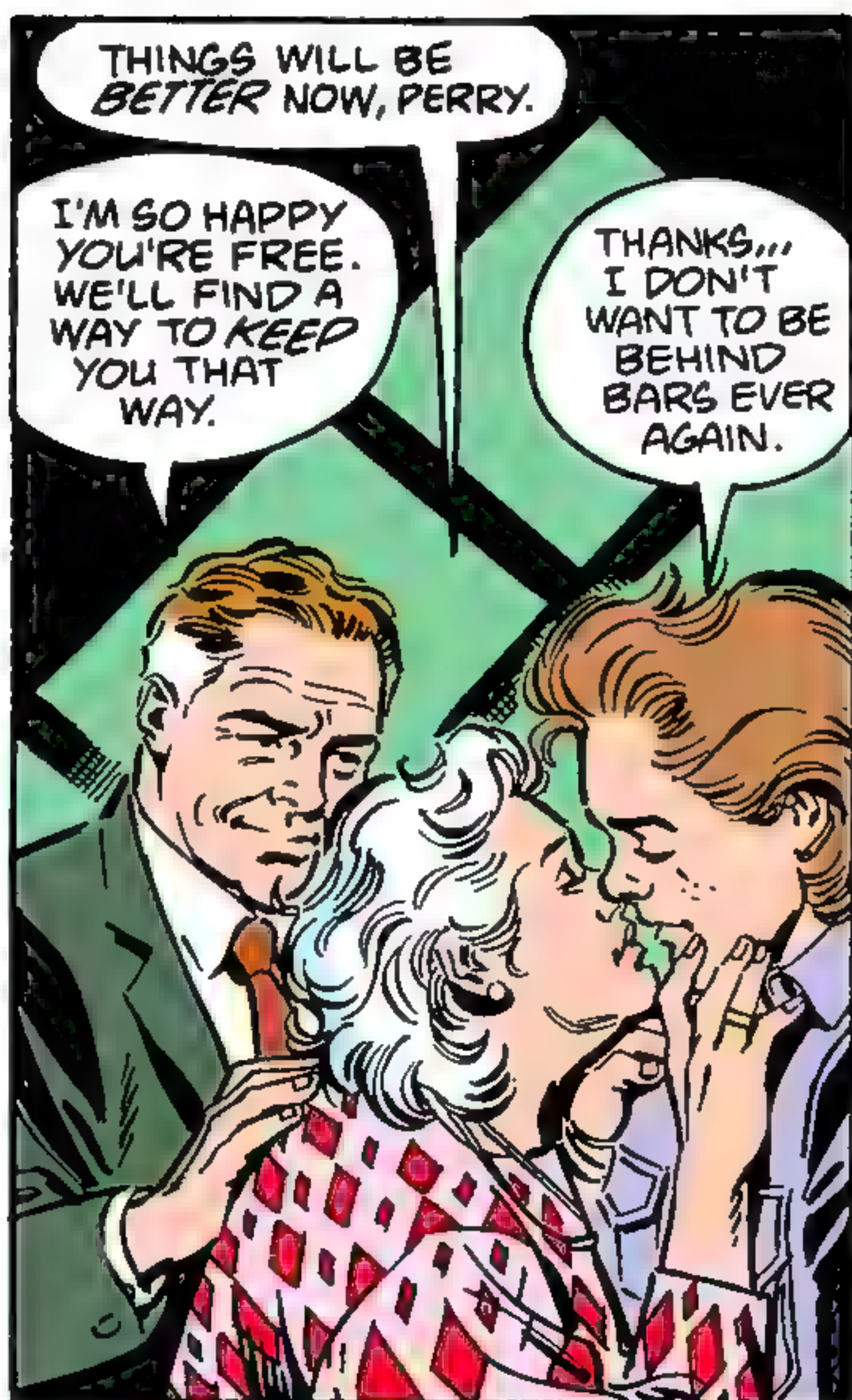
DON'T GIVE US
THAT GARBAGE,
CREEP. YOU'RE
THE BIG MAN'S
MUSCLE.

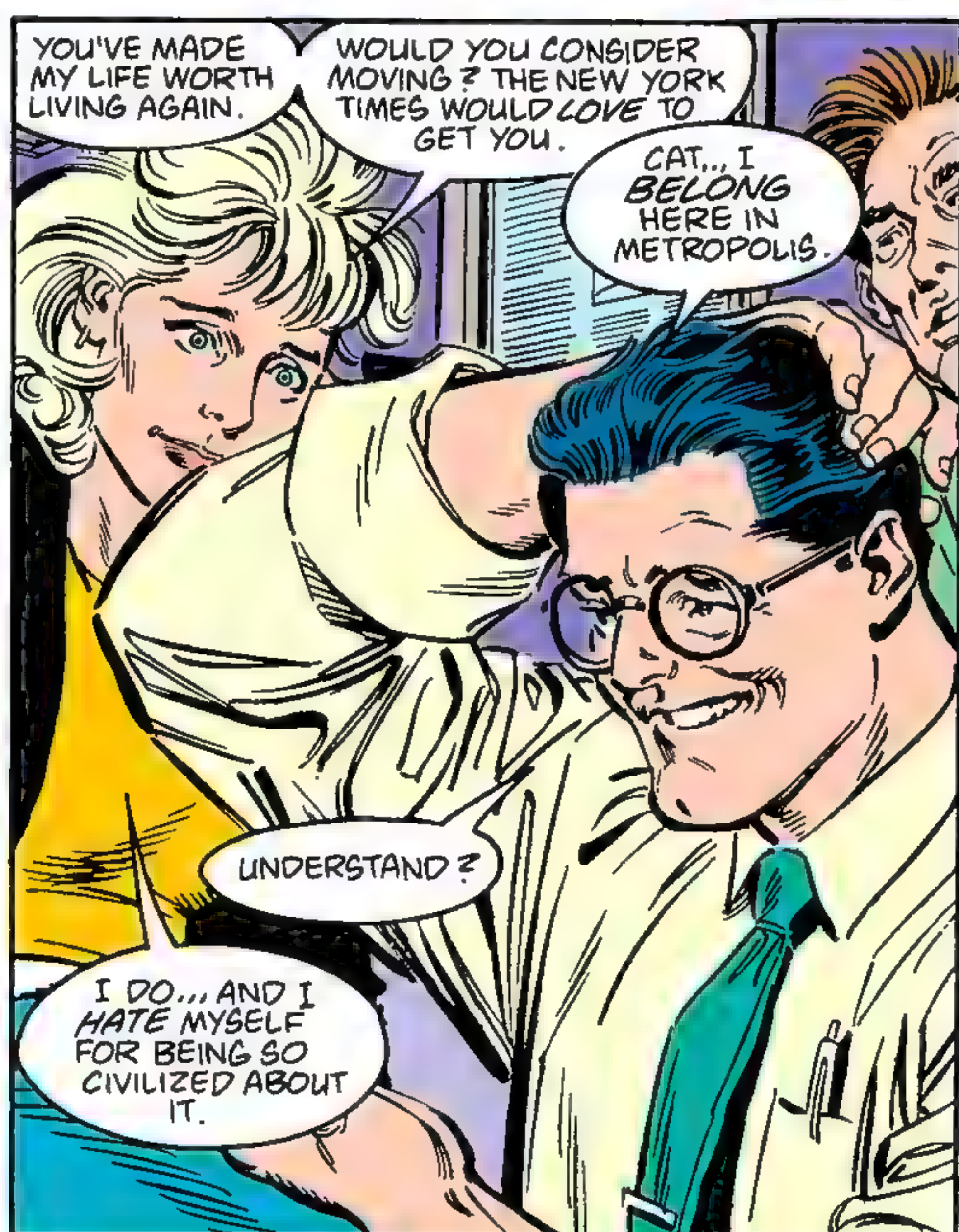
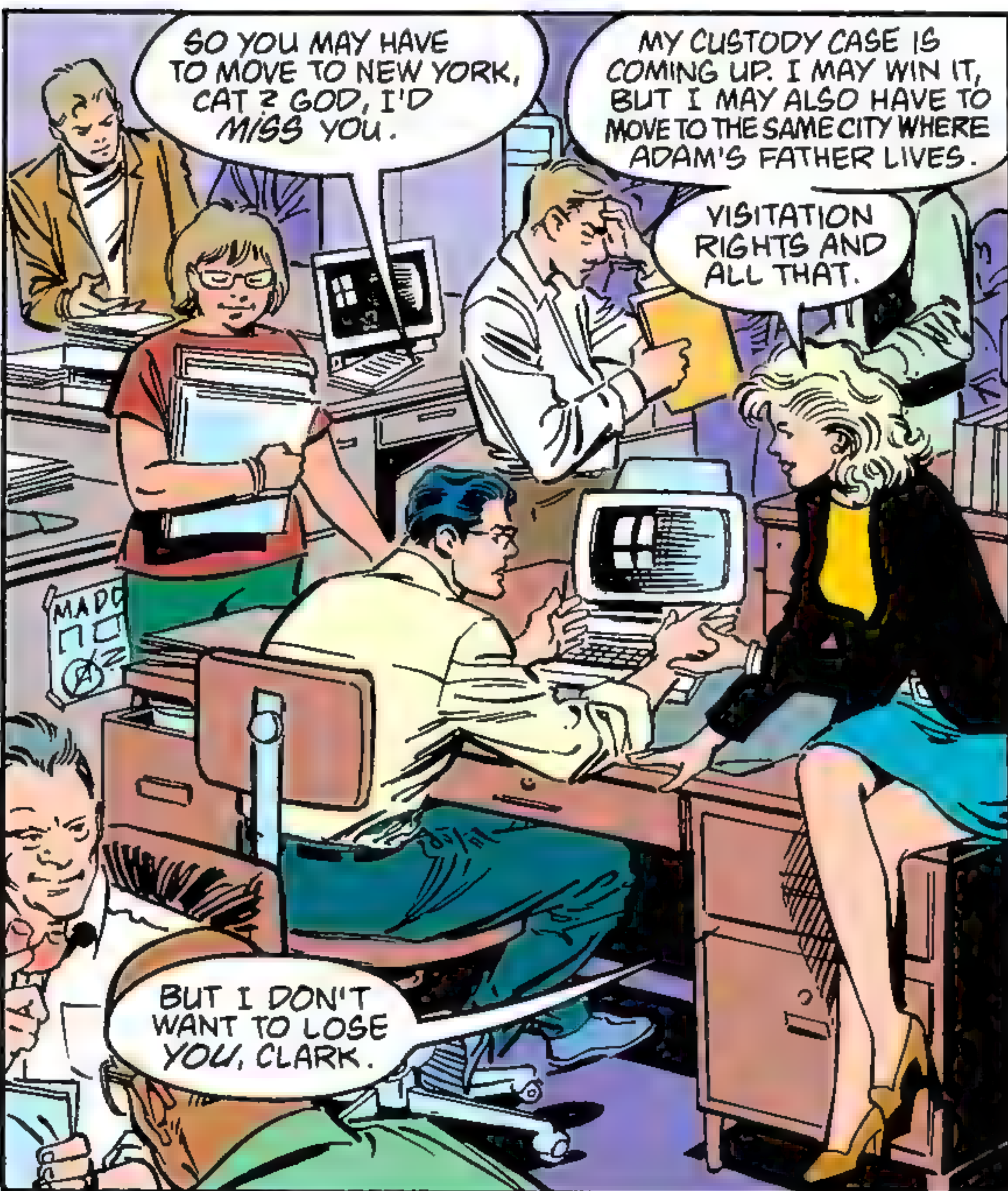
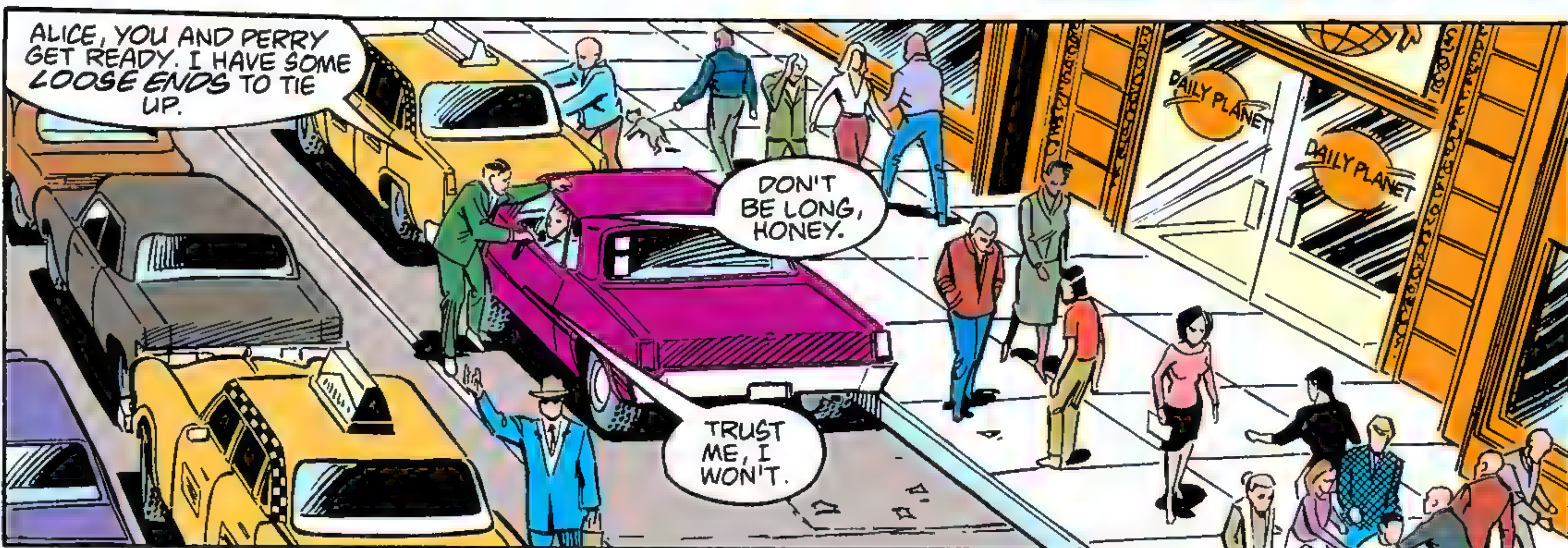
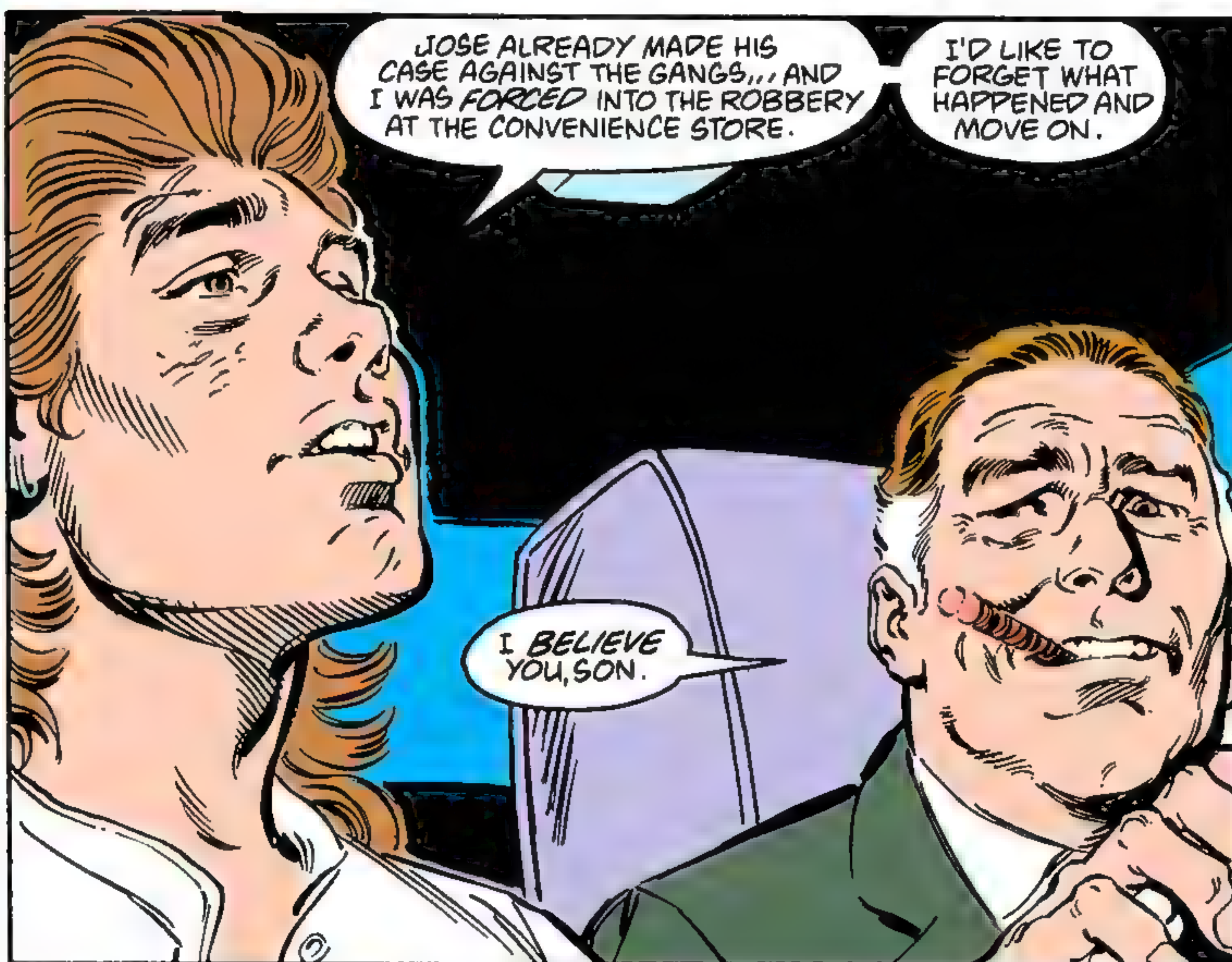
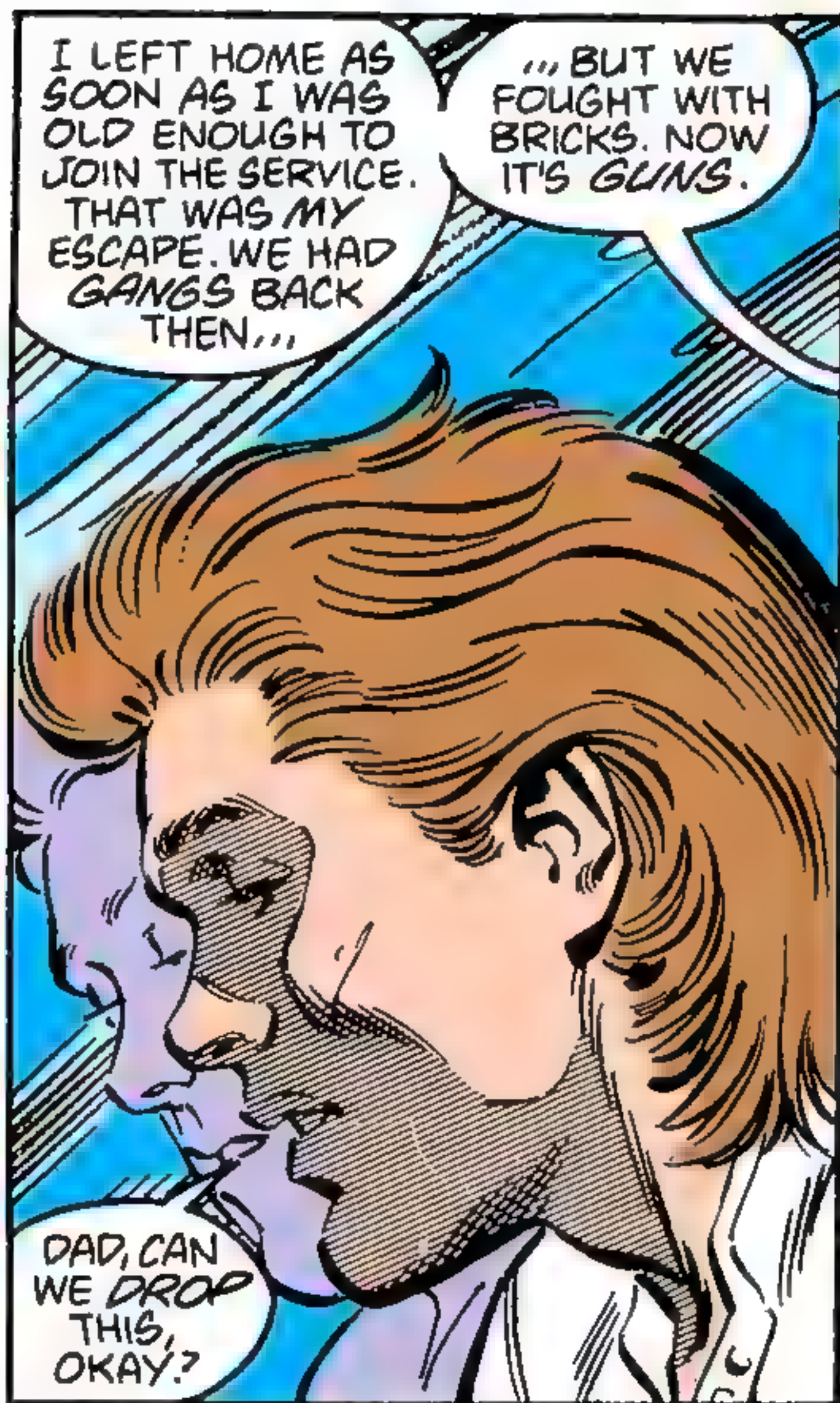
ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN 434 (USPS 529-340). Published monthly by DC Comics Inc., 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10103. Second class postage paid at New York, NY and at additional mailing offices. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN, DC Comics Inc., Subscription Dept., P.O. Box 1981, New York, NY 10185. Annual subscription rate \$9.00. Outside U.S.A. \$11.00 in U.S. funds. Copyright © 1987 DC Comics Inc. All rights Reserved. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof are trademarks of DC Comics Inc. Advertising Representative: Print Advertising Representatives Inc., 355 Lexington Avenue, New York, NY 10017. (212) 391-1400. Printed in U.S.A. DC Comics Inc. A Warner Communications Company

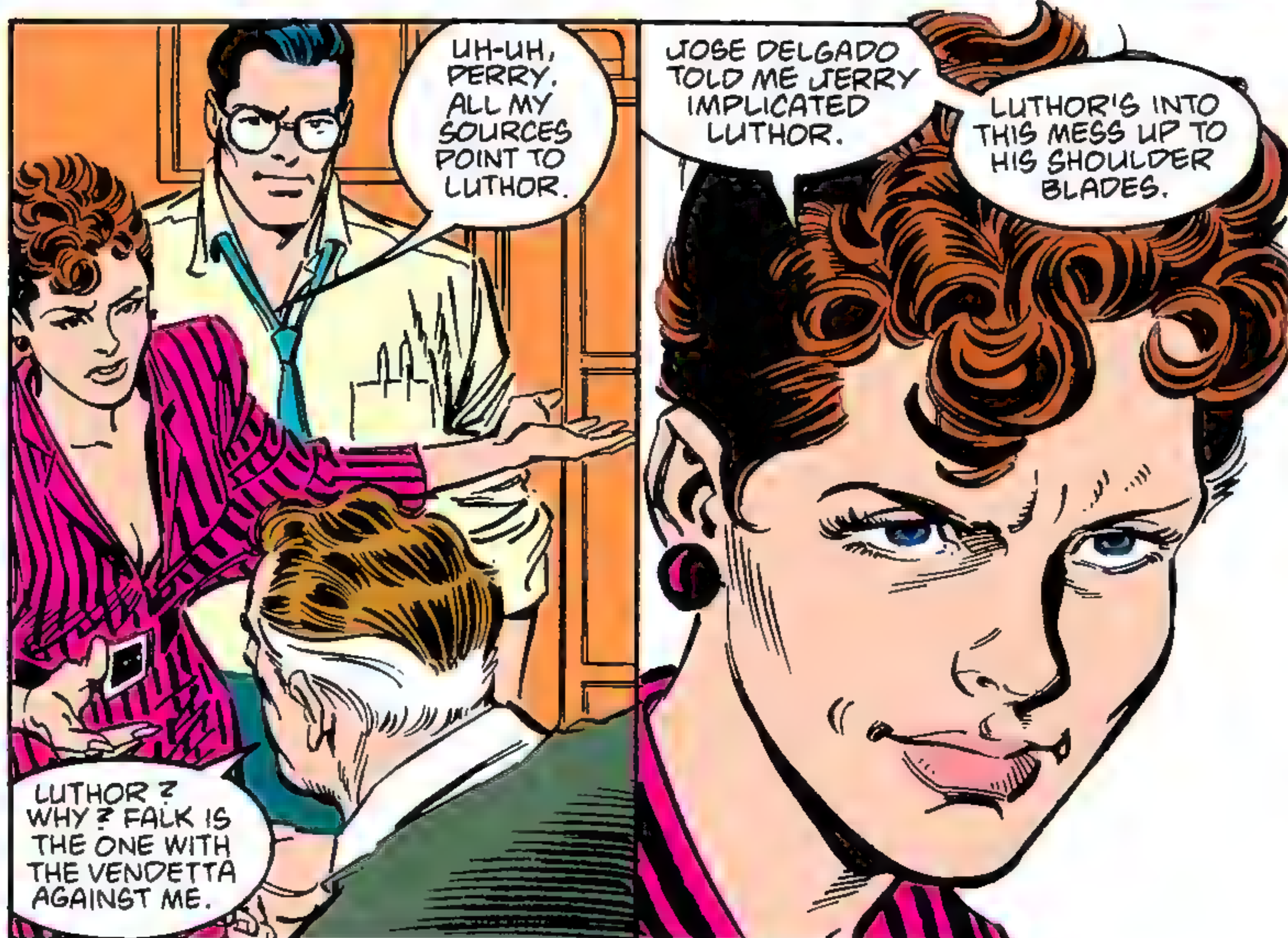
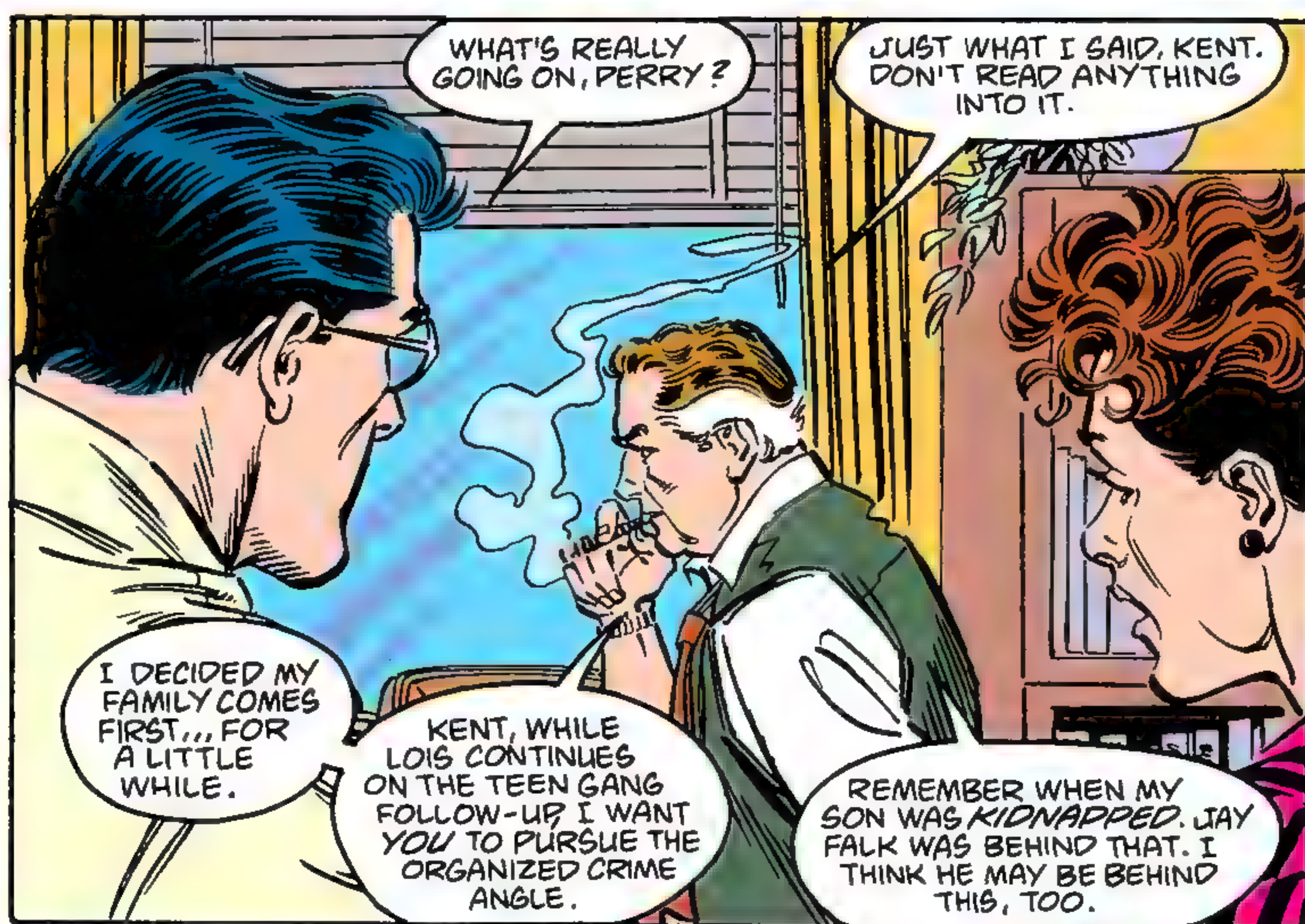
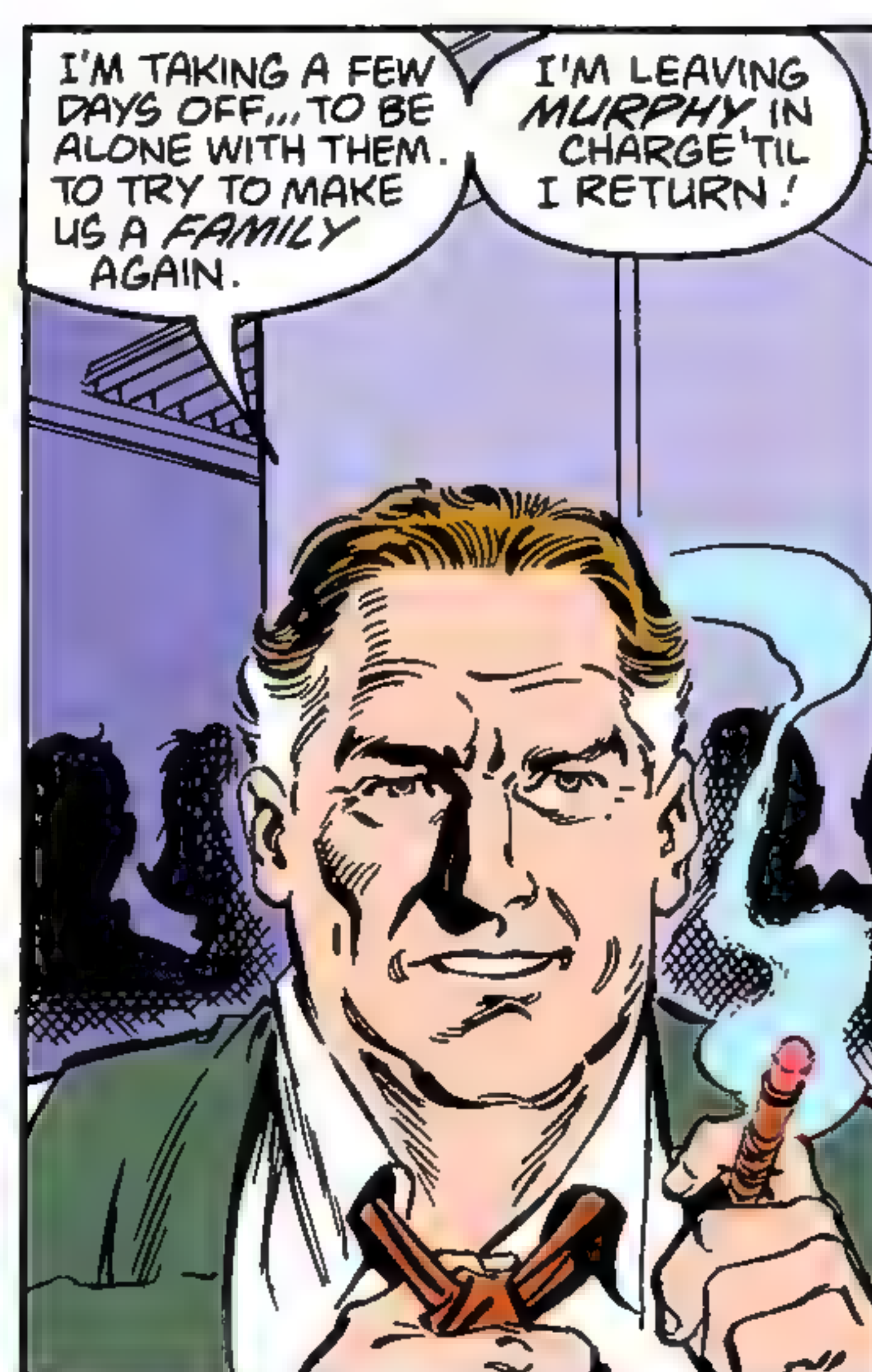
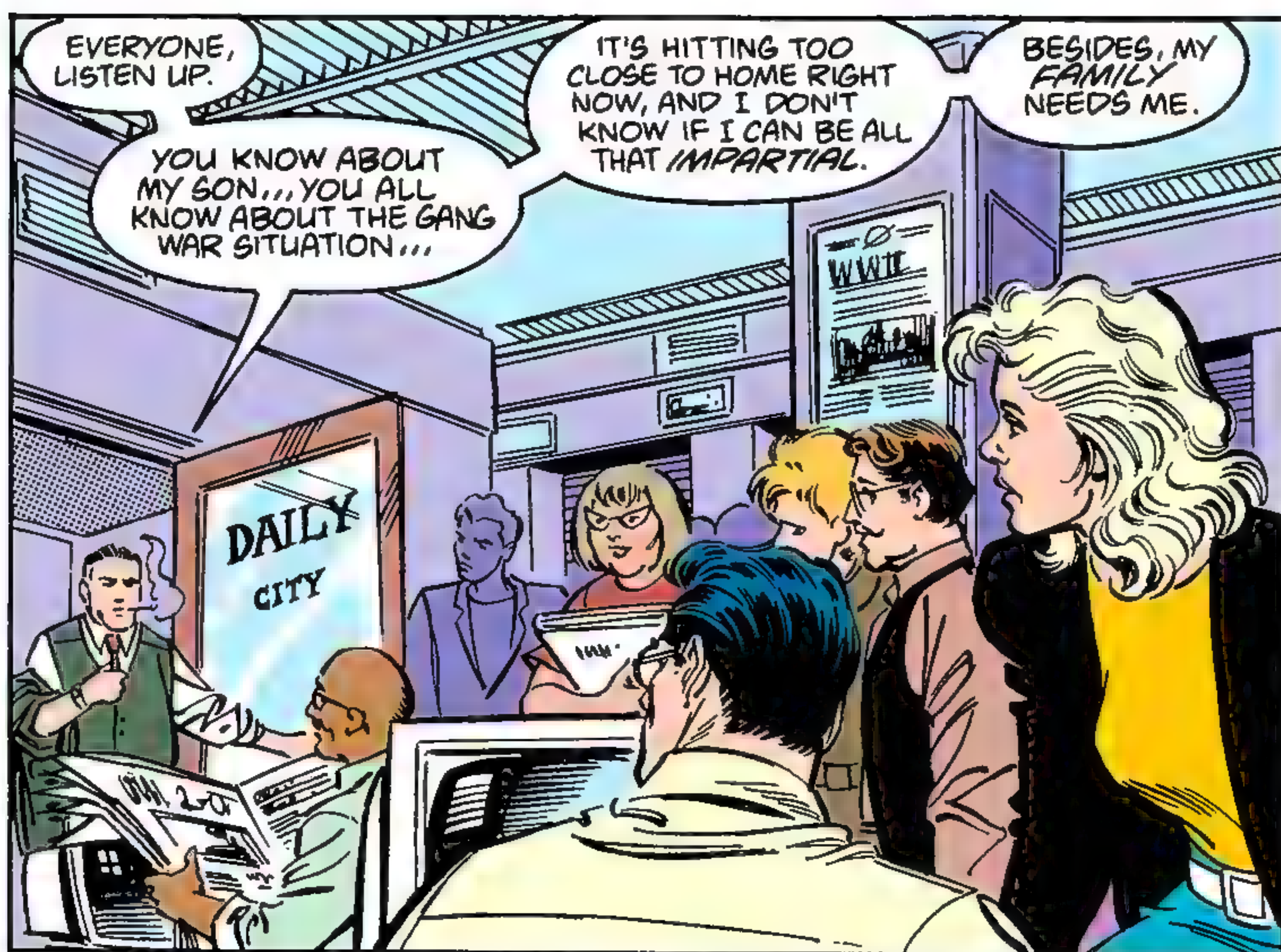


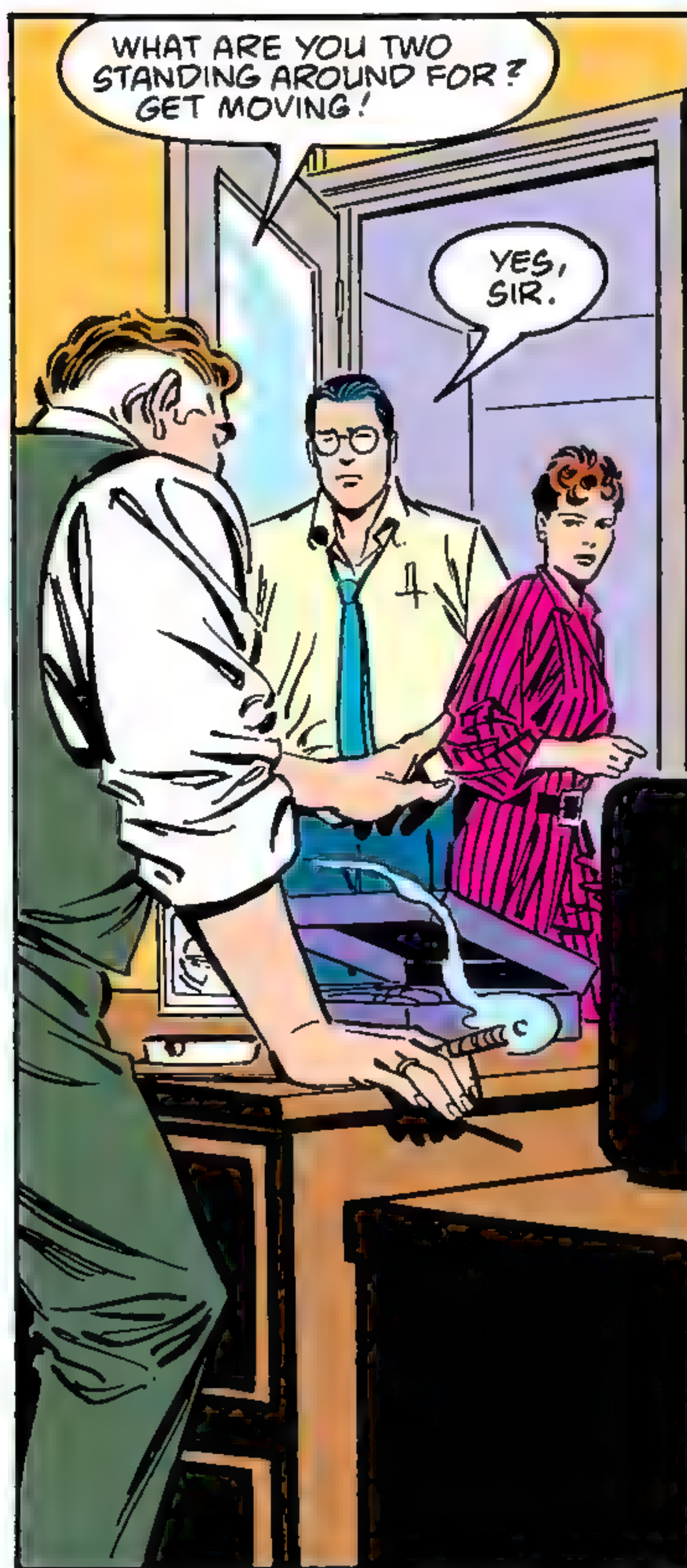


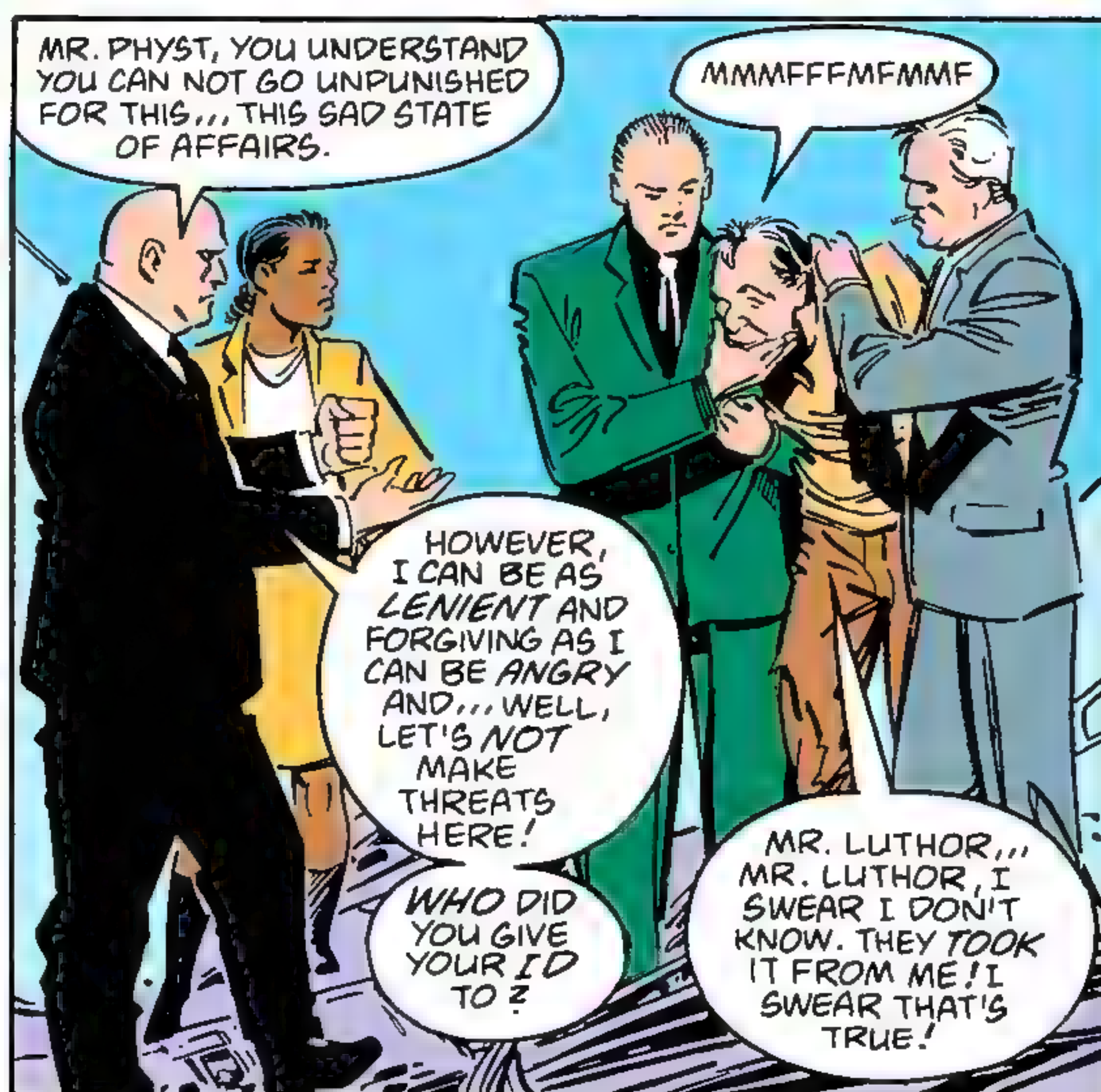
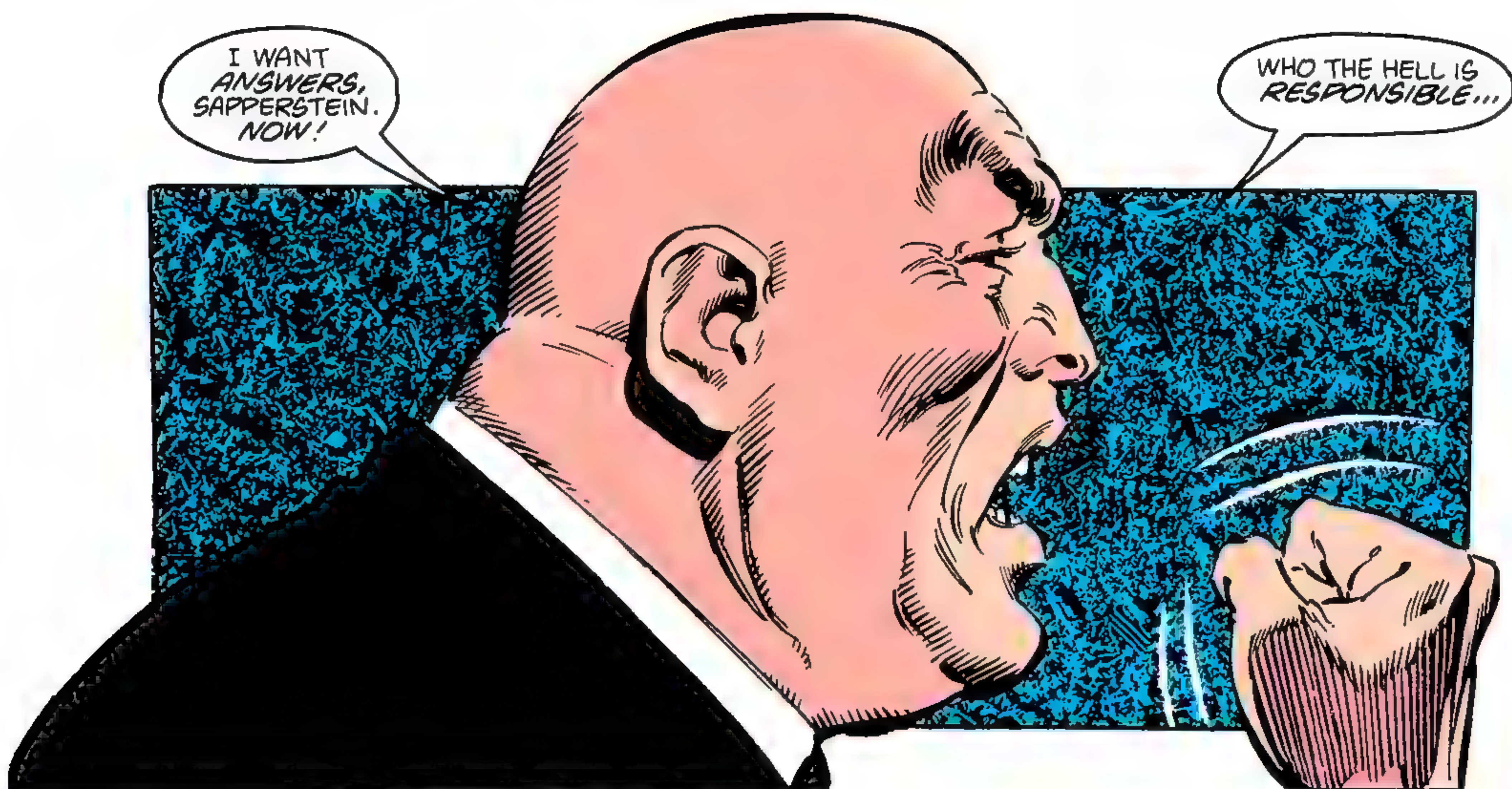


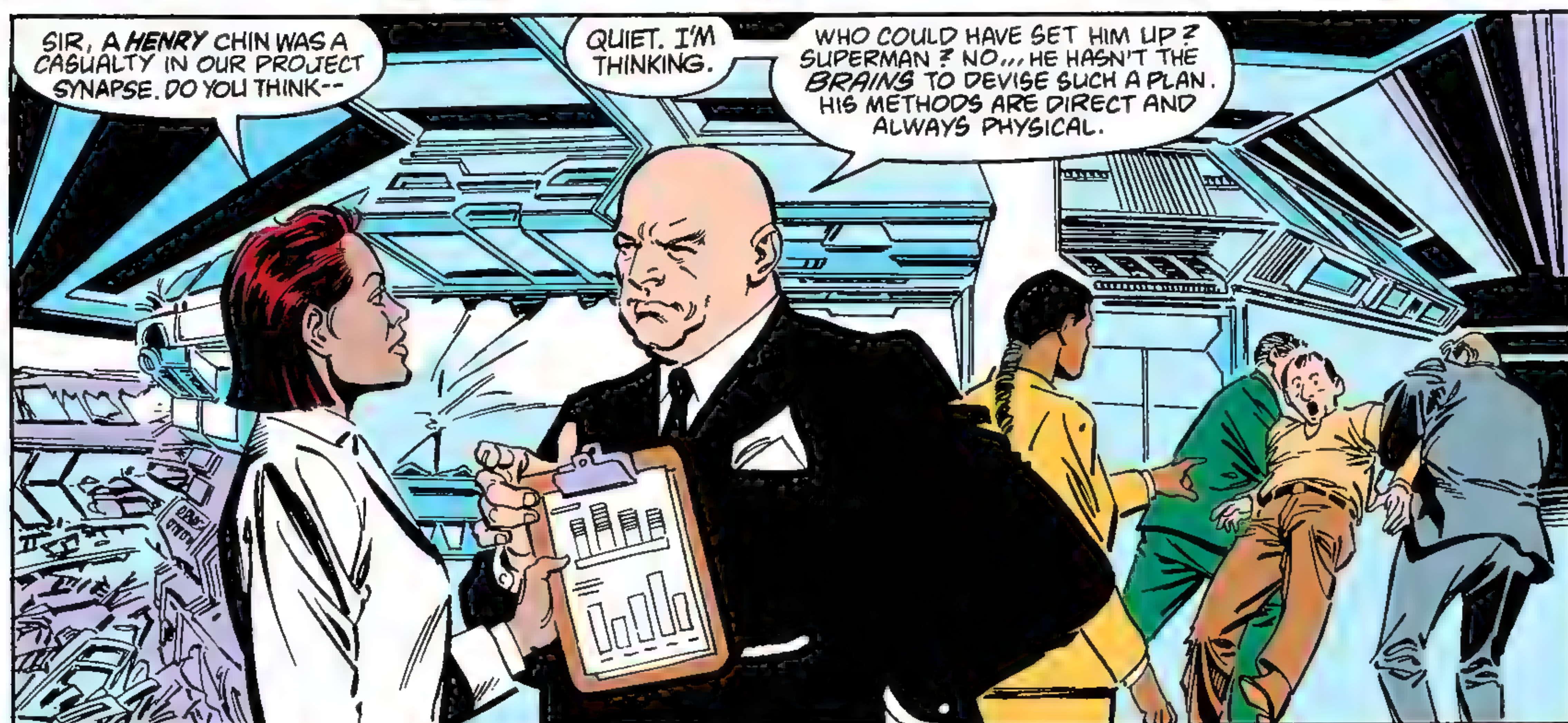
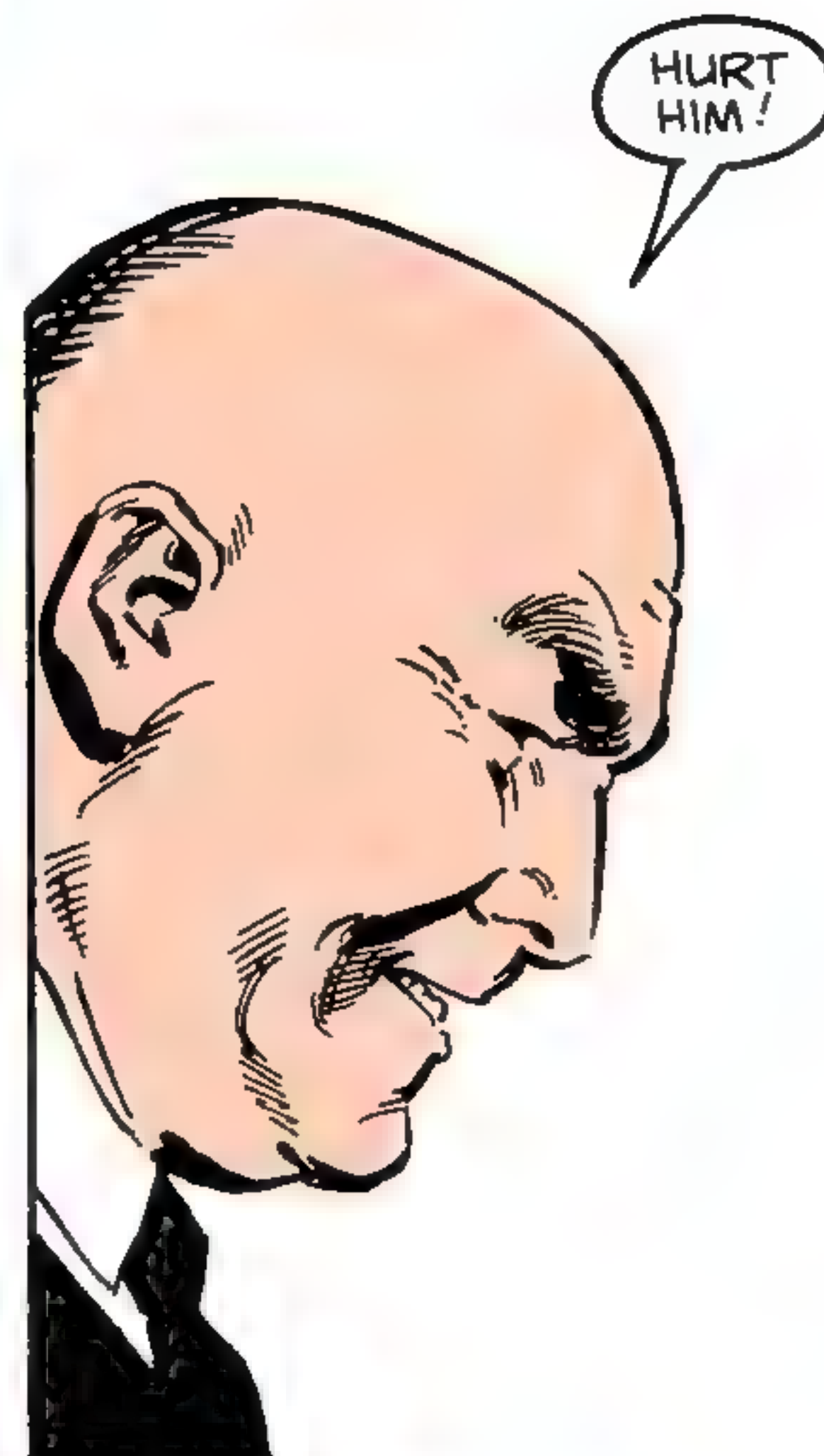




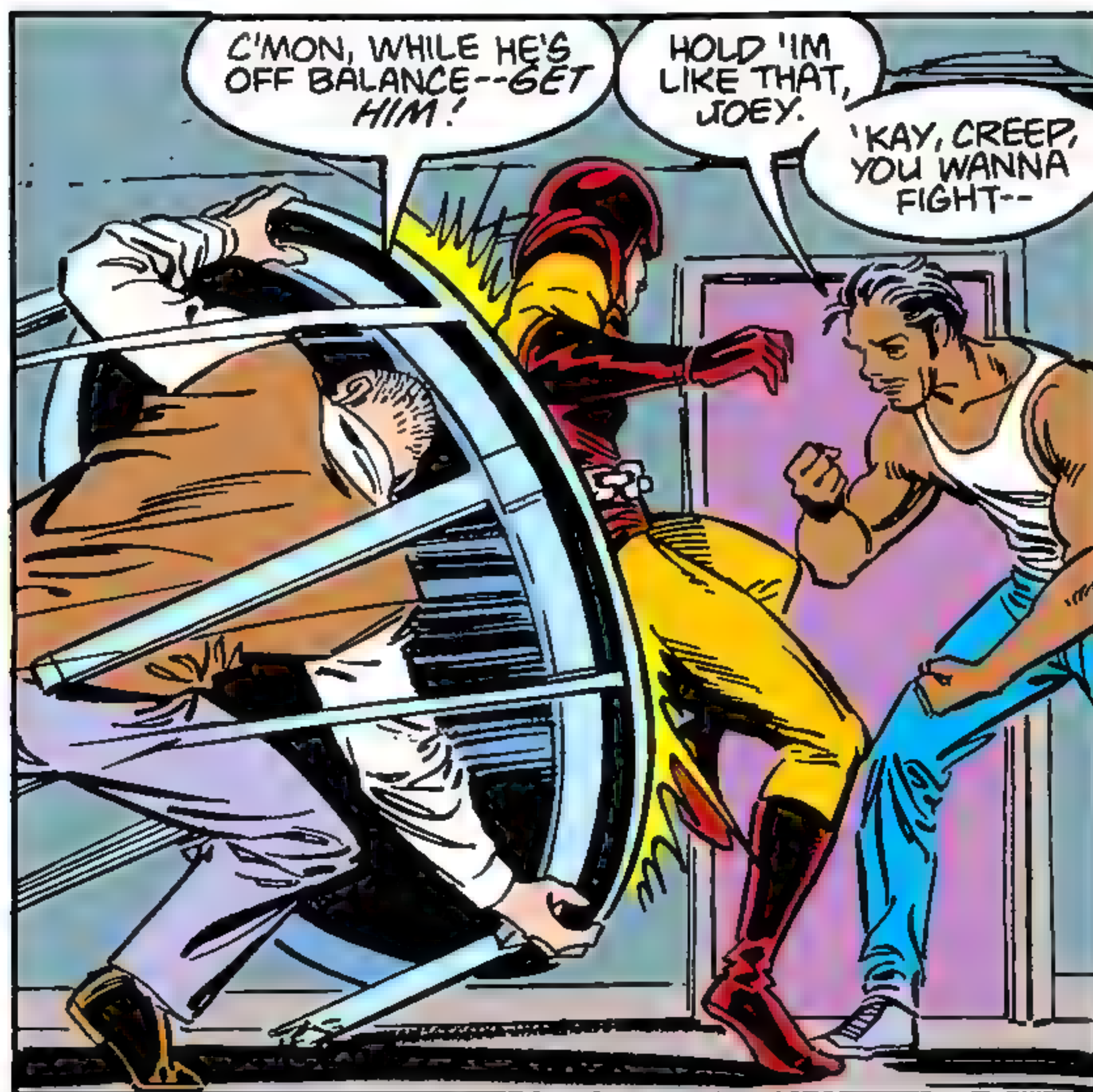


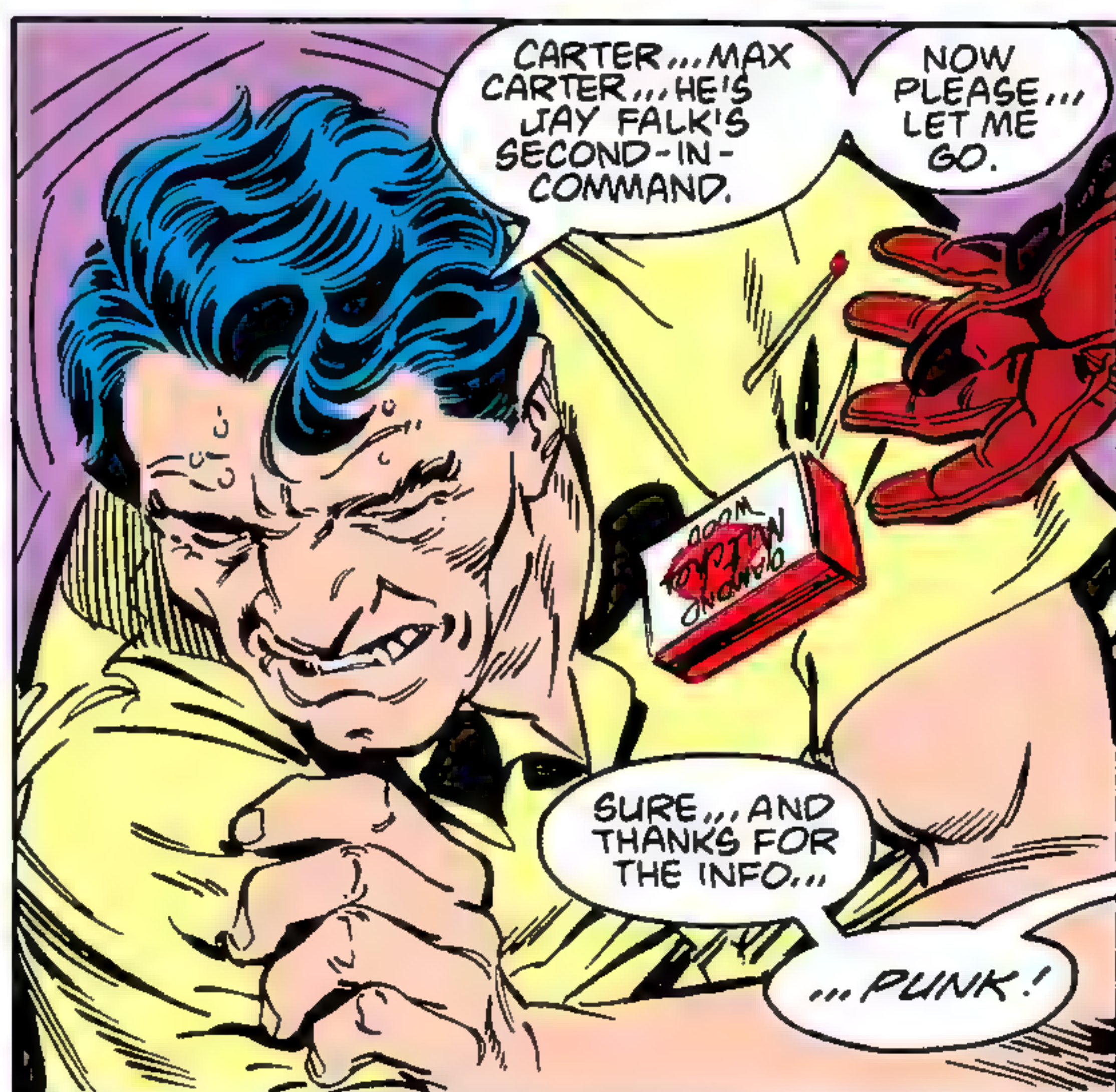
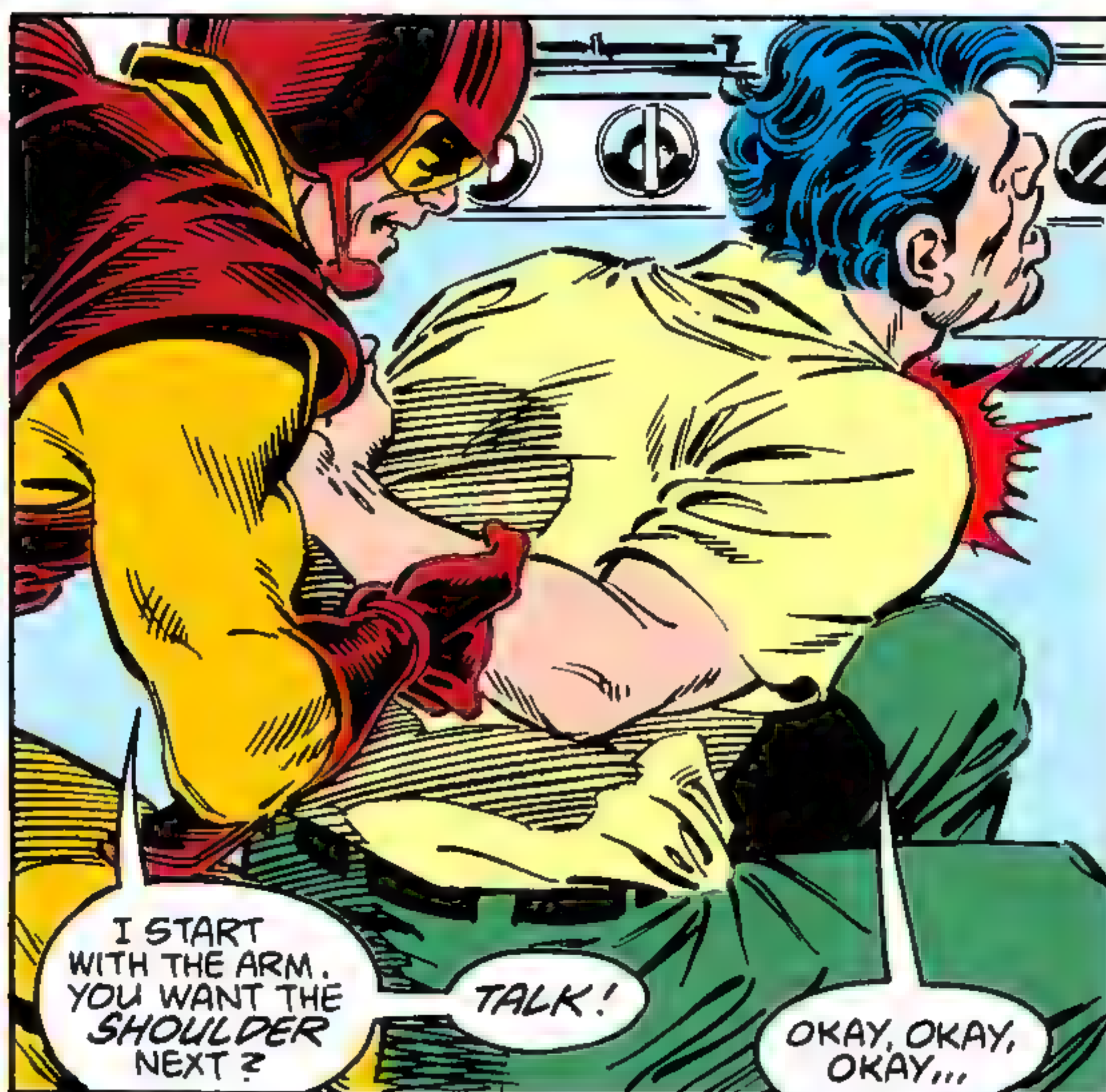








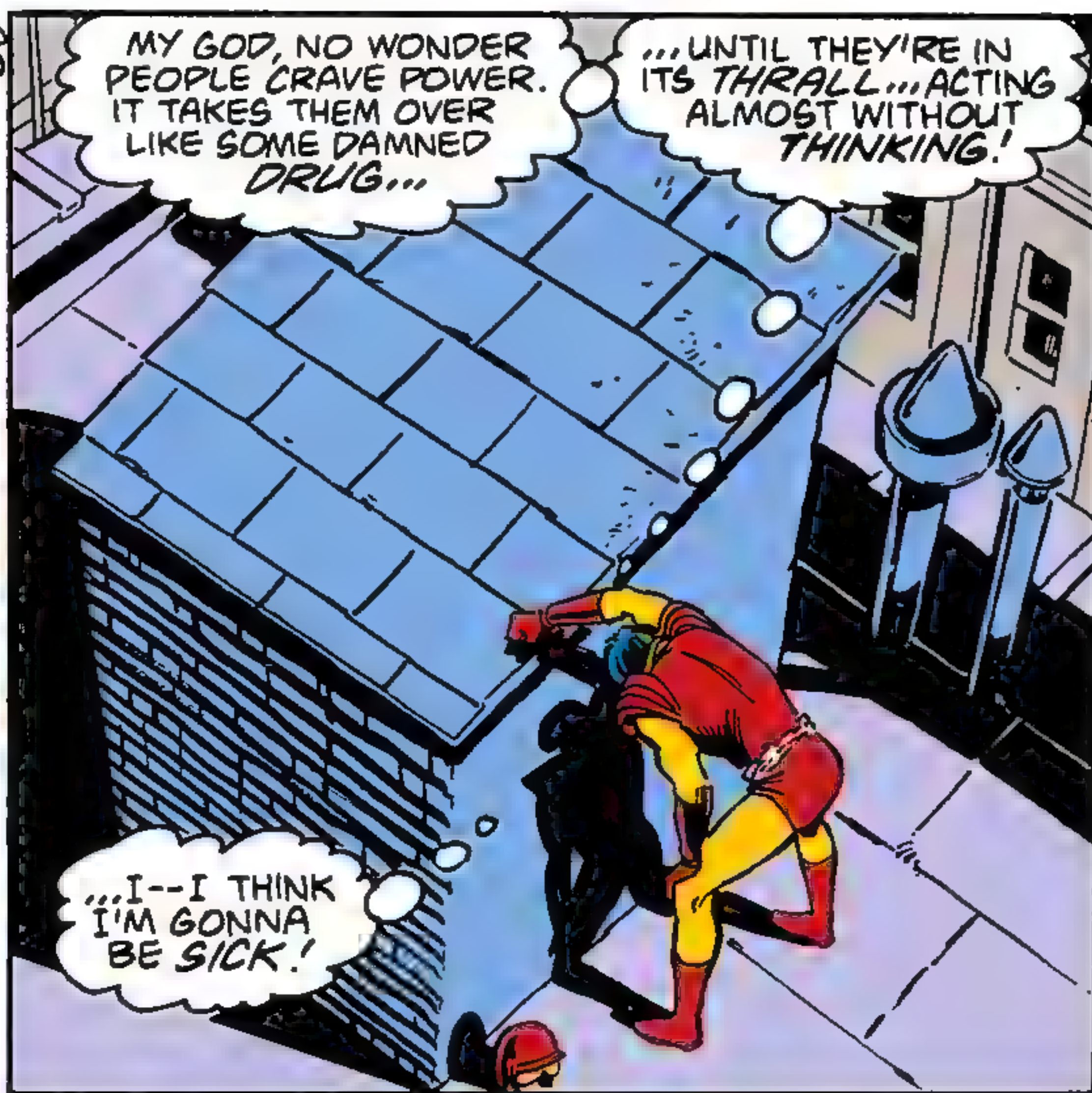






WHAT BOTHERED ME MOST WAS I WAS PUMPED FOR IT... I WANTED TO HURT HIM!

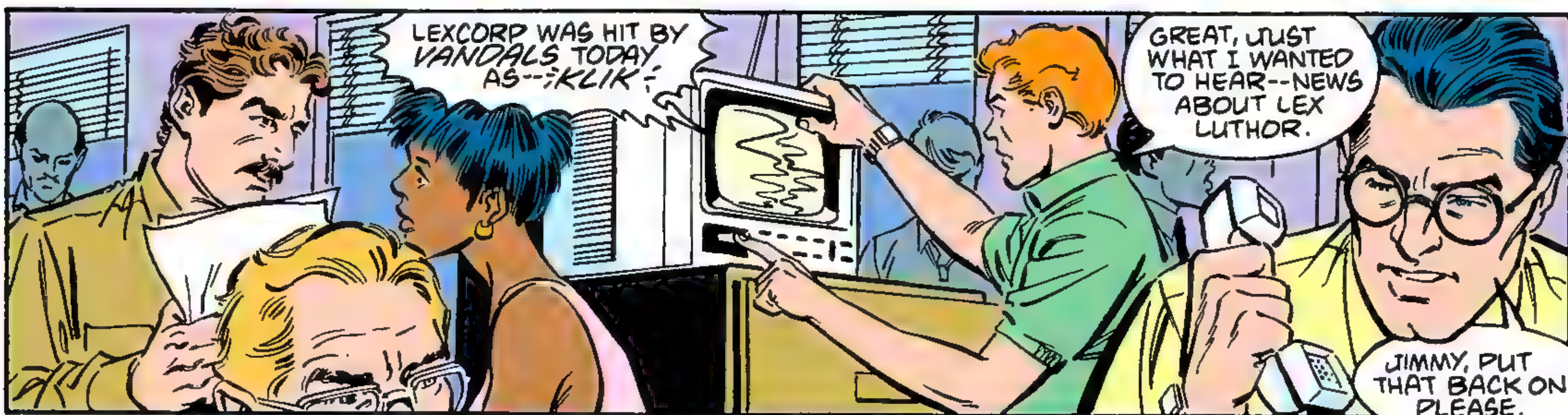
I WOULD HAVE DONE ANYTHING TO GET WHAT I WANTED.



MY GOD, NO WONDER PEOPLE CRAVE POWER. IT TAKES THEM OVER LIKE SOME DAMNED DRUG...

...UNTIL THEY'RE IN ITS THRALL... ACTING ALMOST WITHOUT THINKING!

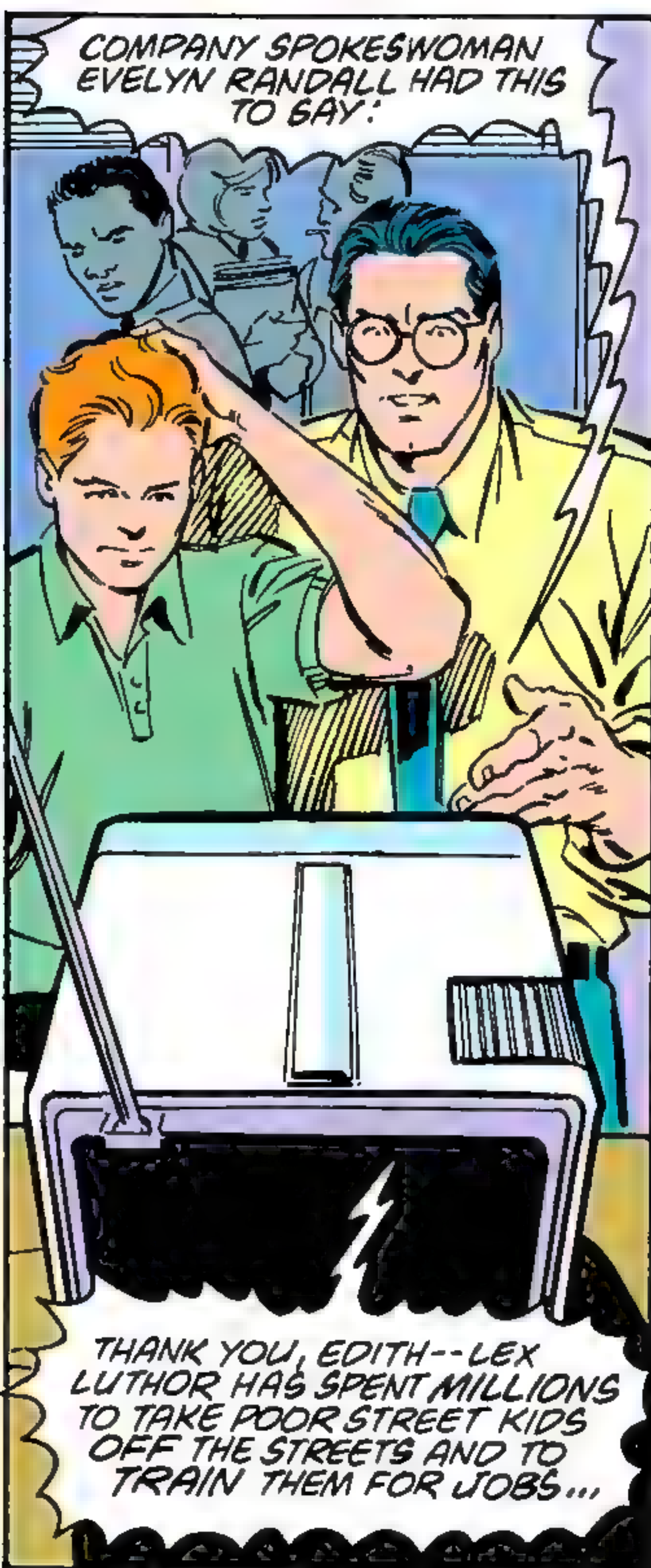
...I--I THINK I'M GONNA BE SICK!



LEXCORP WAS HIT BY VANDALS TODAY AS--KLIK--

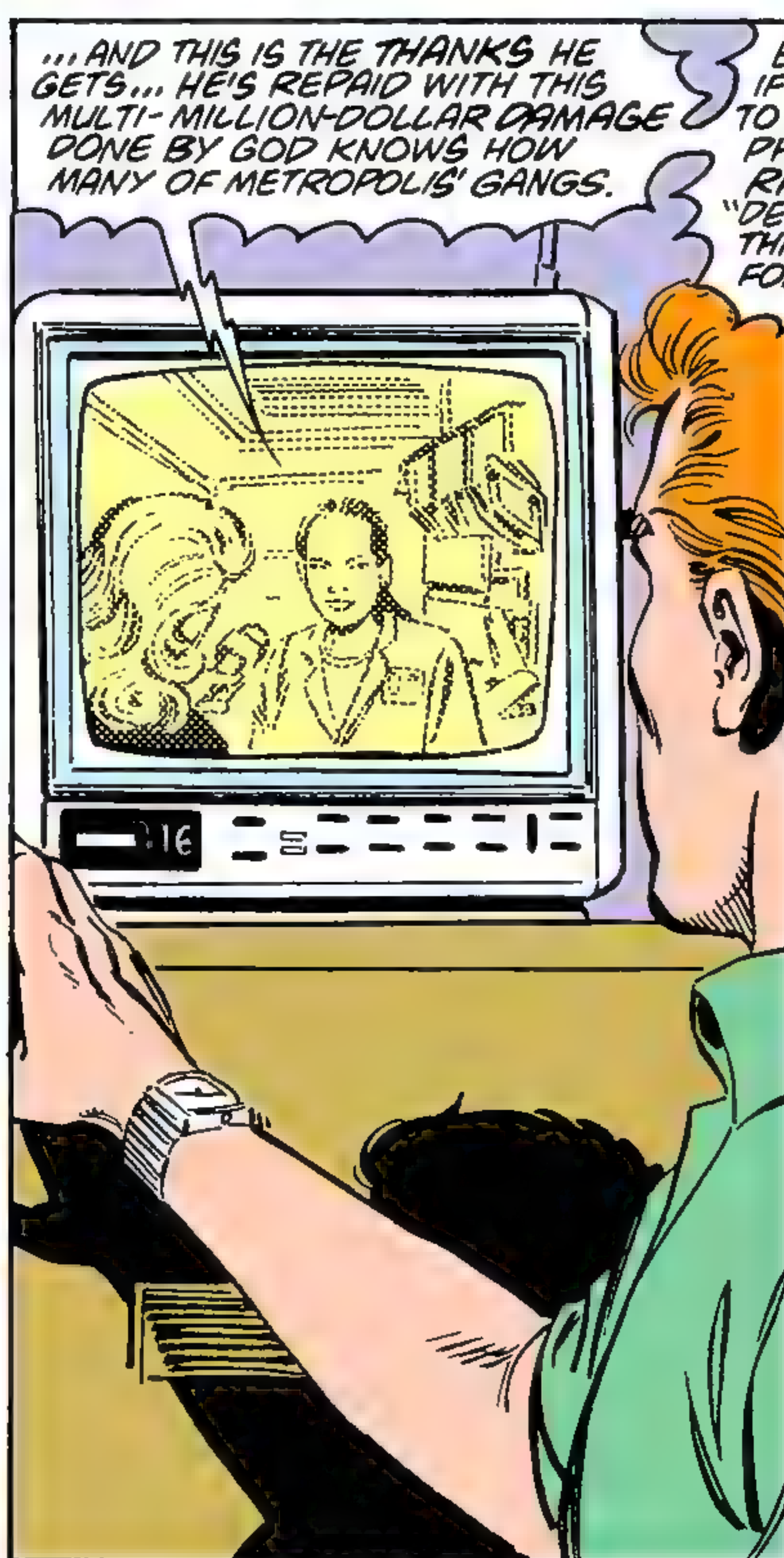
GREAT, JUST WHAT I WANTED TO HEAR--NEWS ABOUT LEX LUTHOR.

JIMMY, PUT THAT BACK ON, PLEASE.



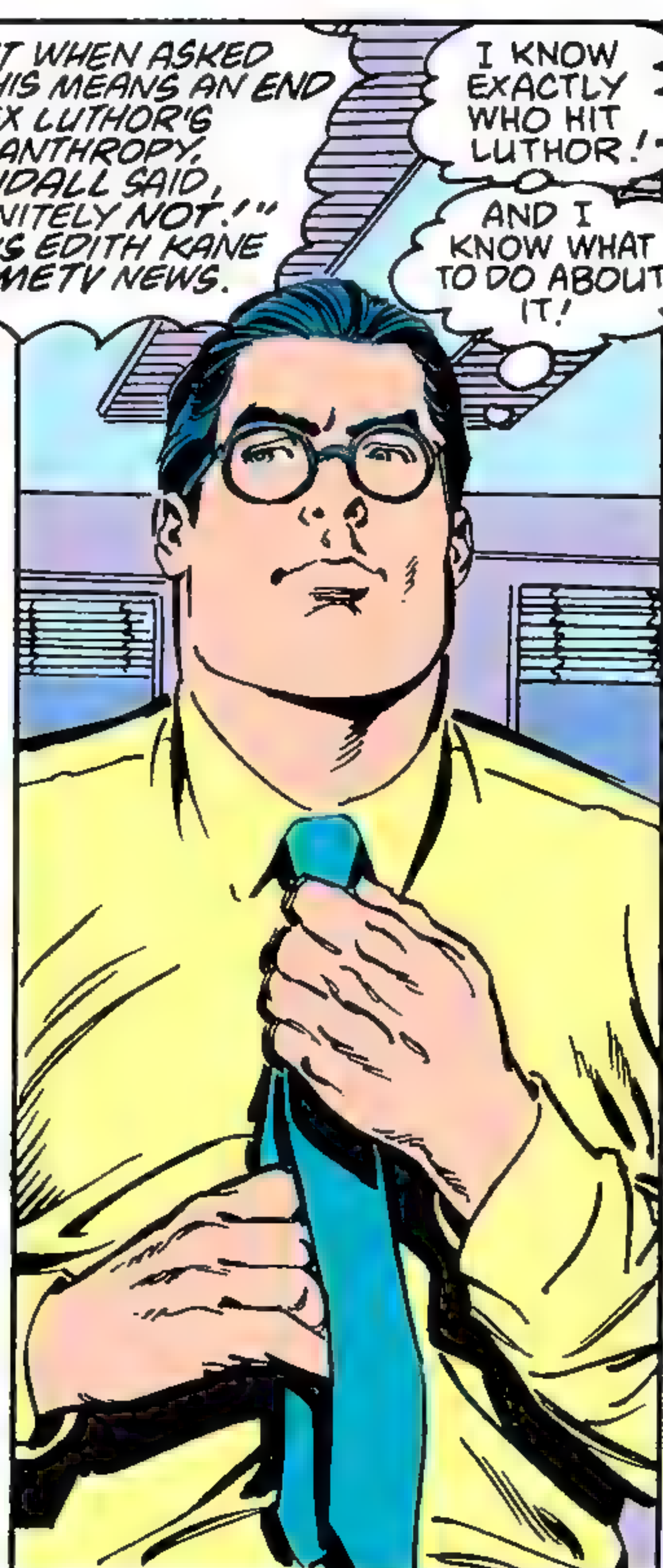
COMPANY SPOKESWOMAN EVELYN RANDALL HAD THIS TO SAY:

THANK YOU, EDITH--LEX LUTHOR HAS SPENT MILLIONS TO TAKE POOR STREET KIDS OFF THE STREETS AND TO TRAIN THEM FOR JOBS...



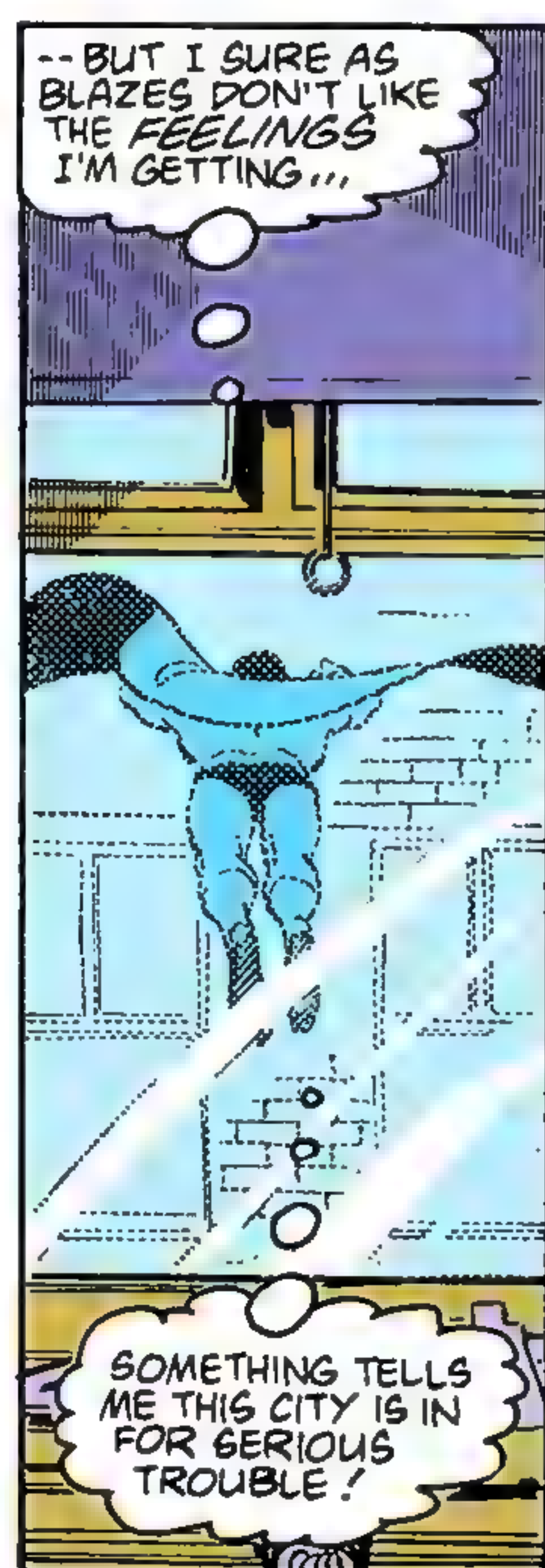
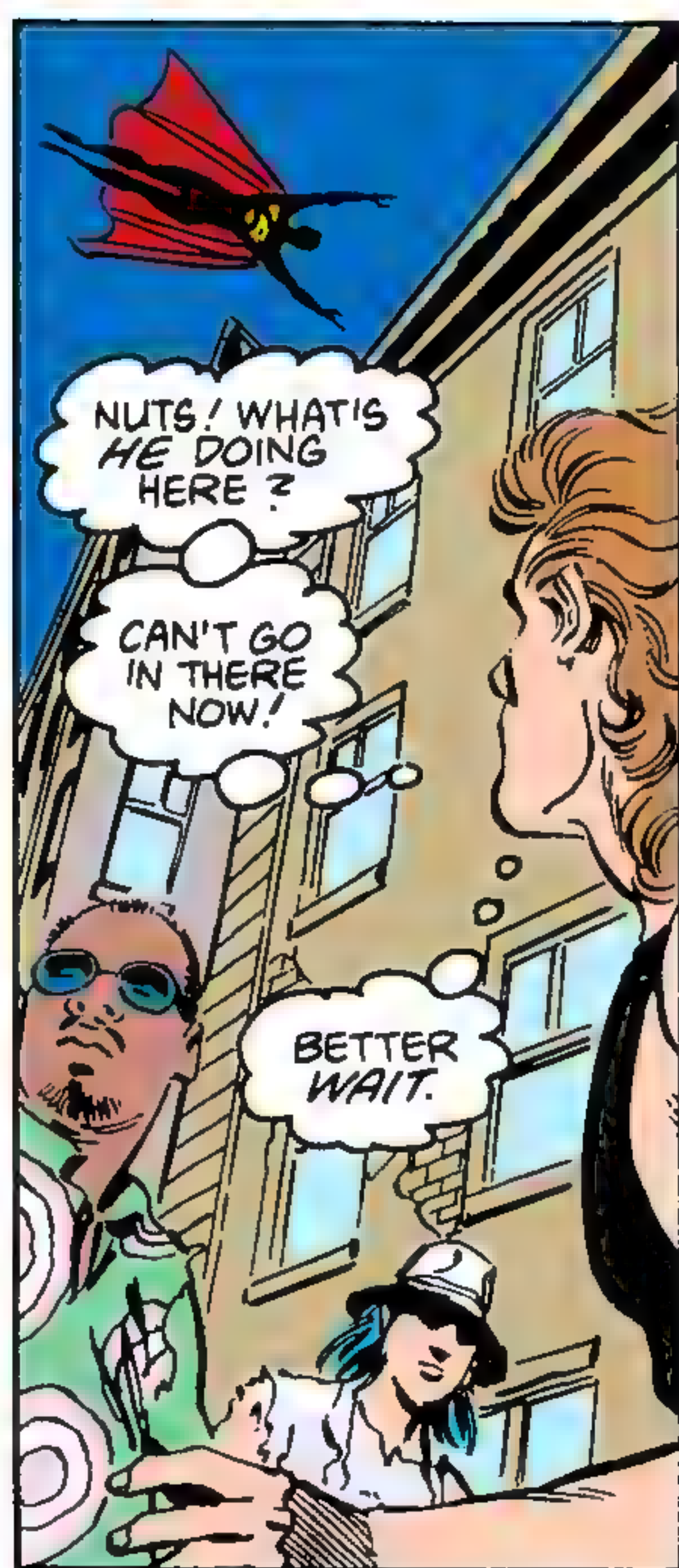
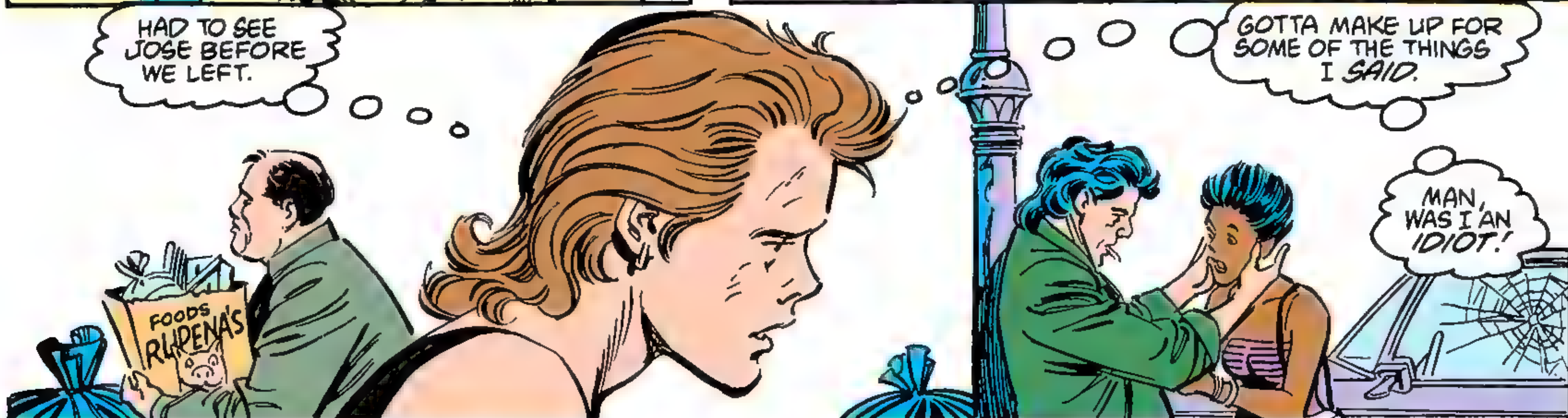
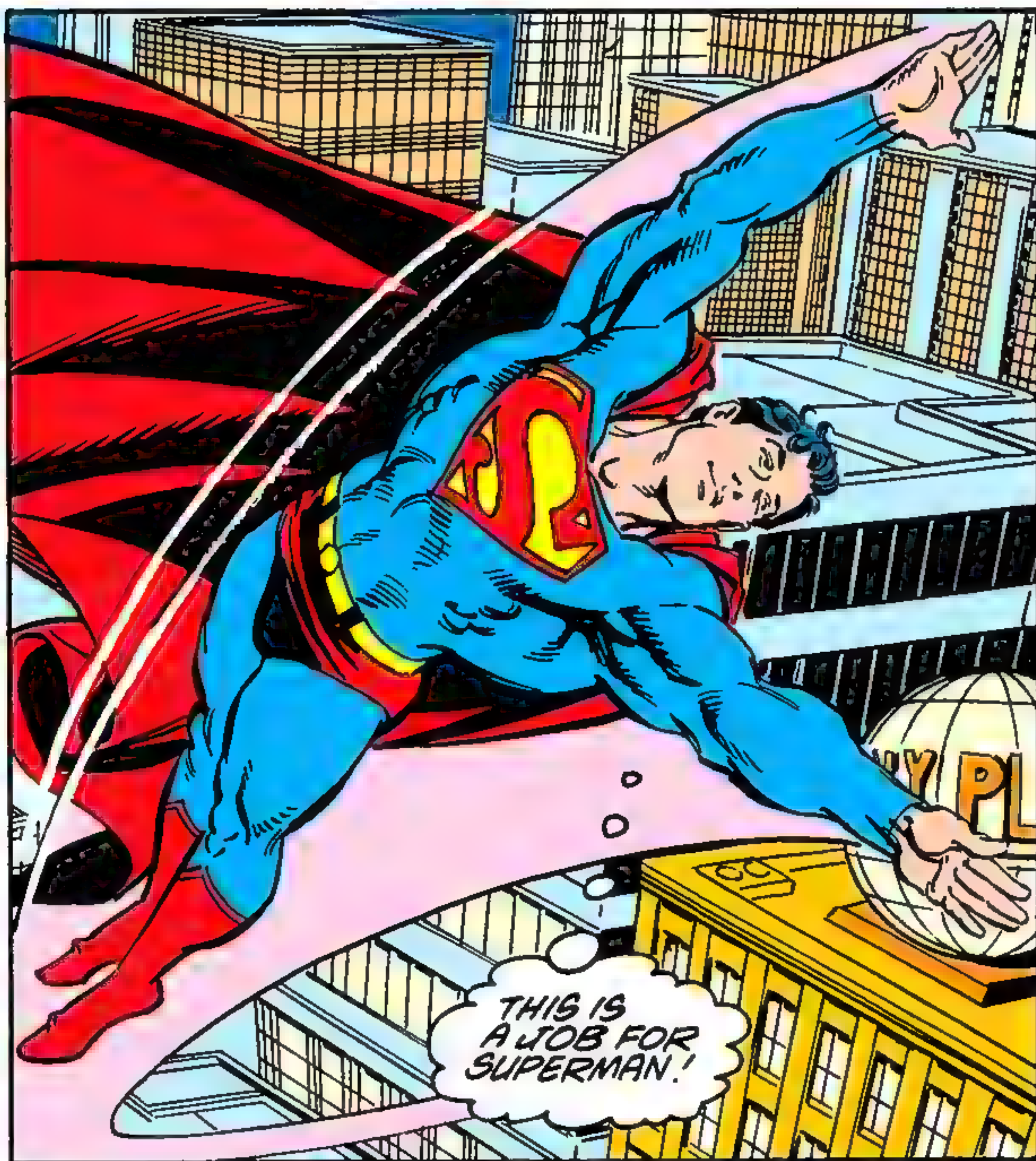
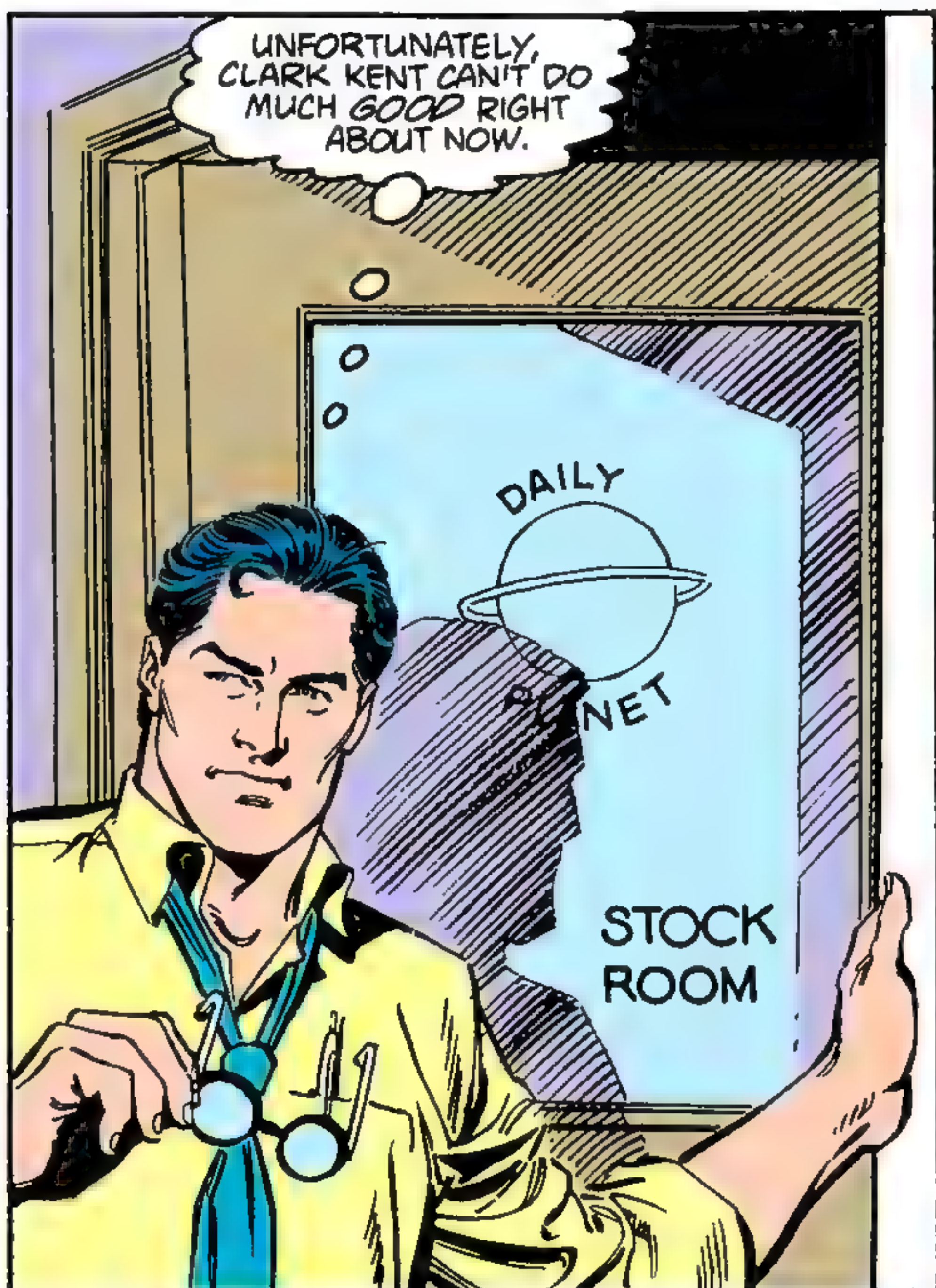
...AND THIS IS THE THANKS HE GETS... HE'S REPAID WITH THIS MULTI-MILLION-DOLLAR DAMAGE DONE BY GOD KNOWS HOW MANY OF METROPOLIS' GANGS.

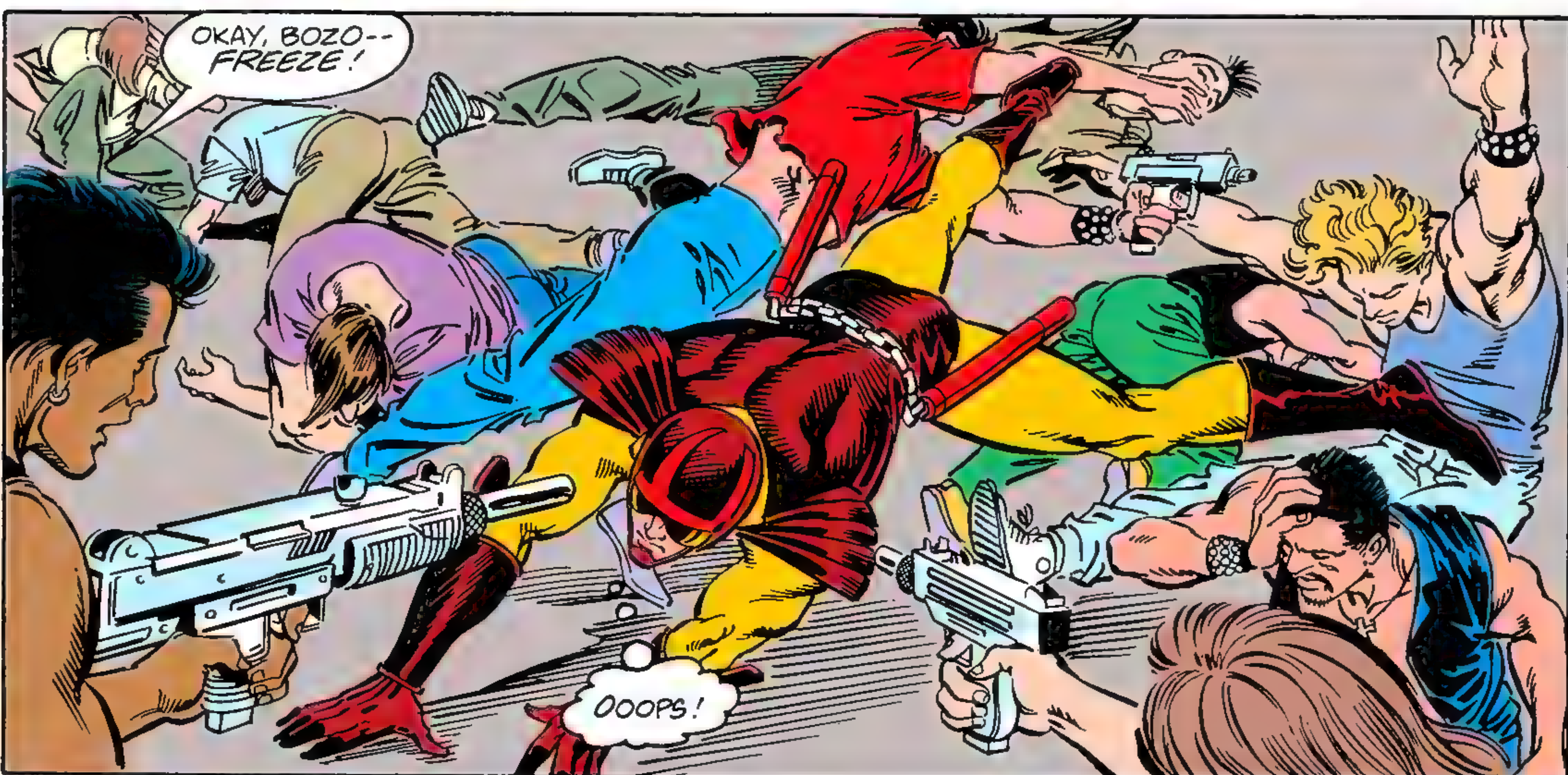
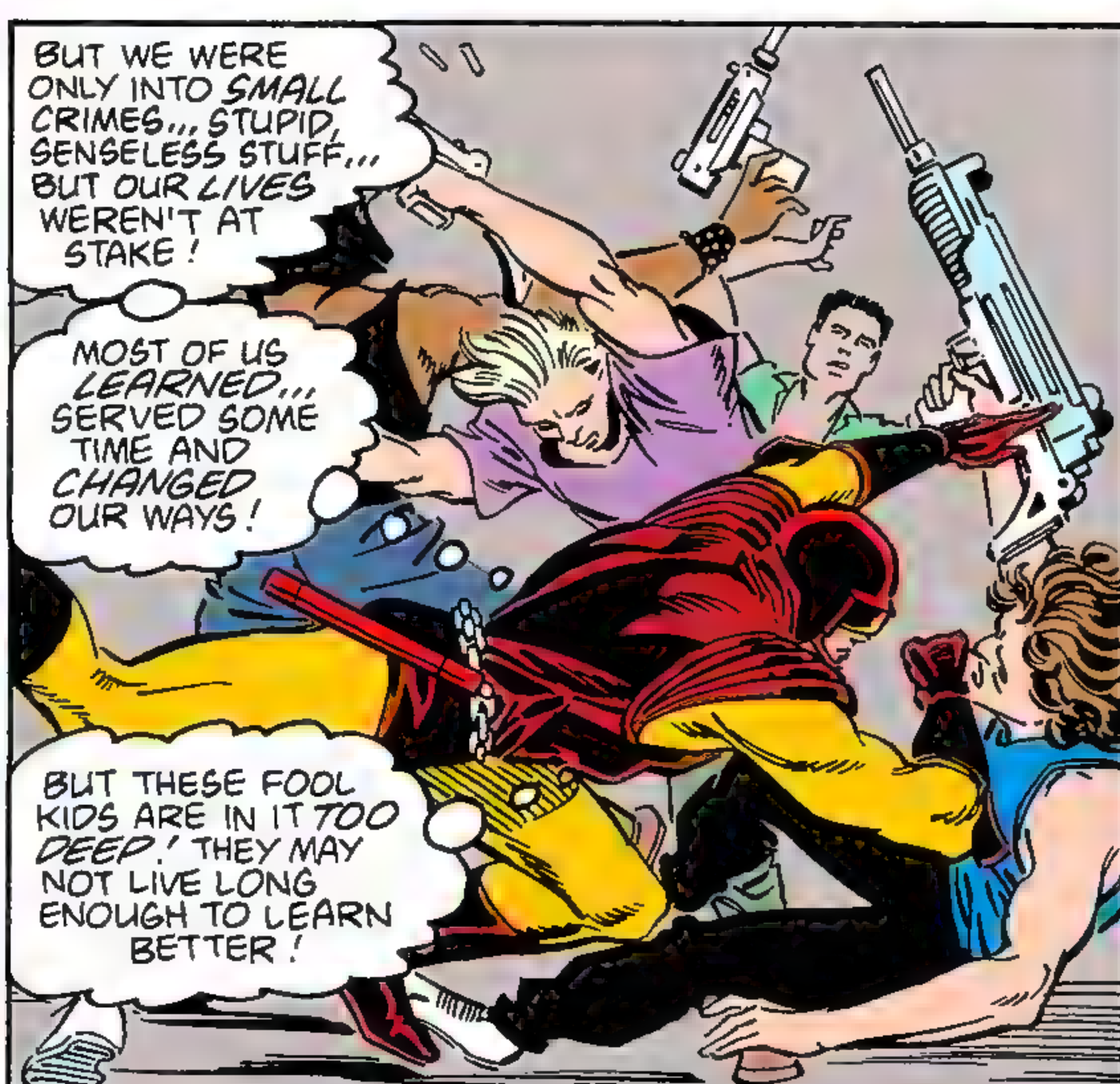
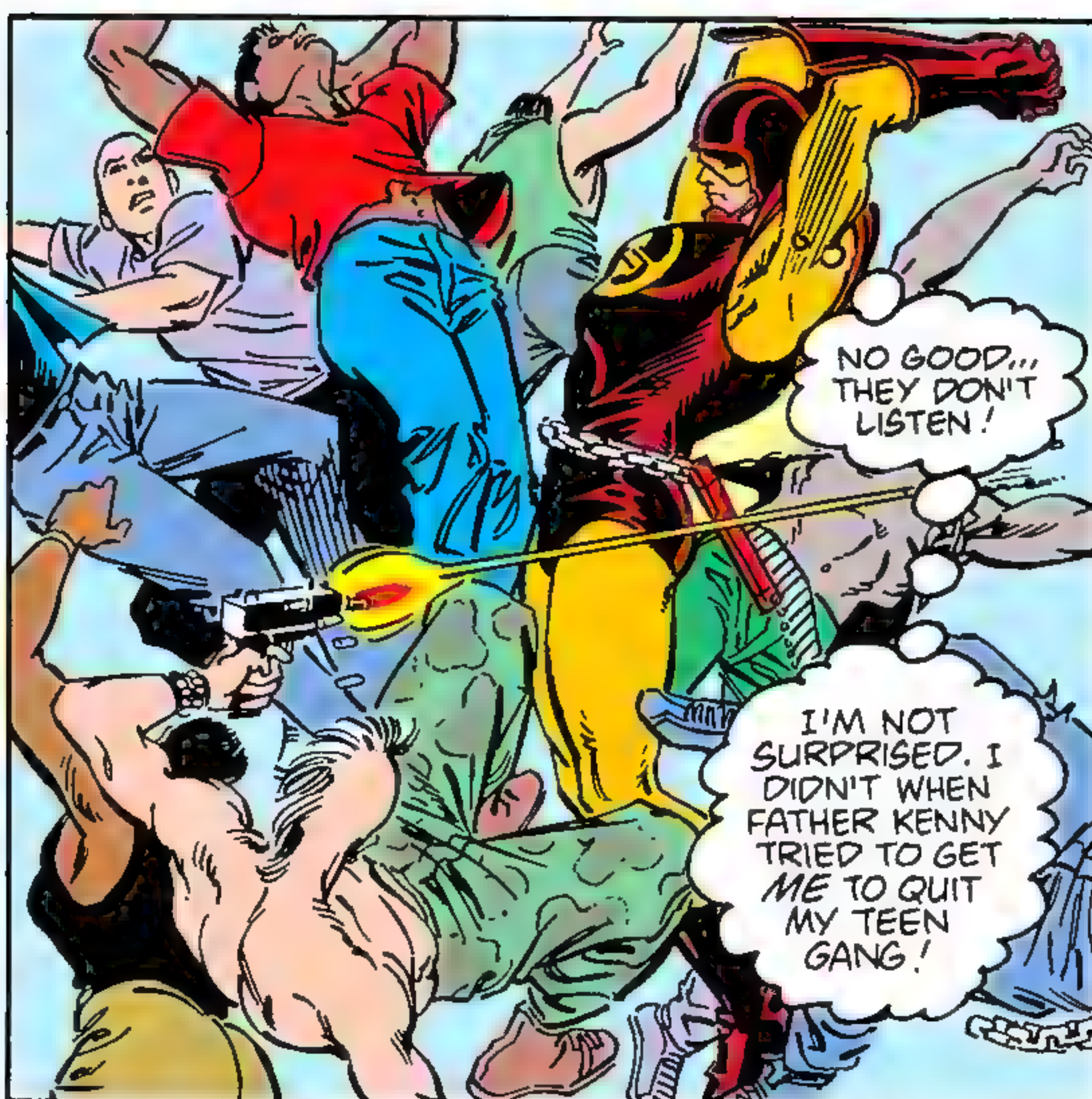
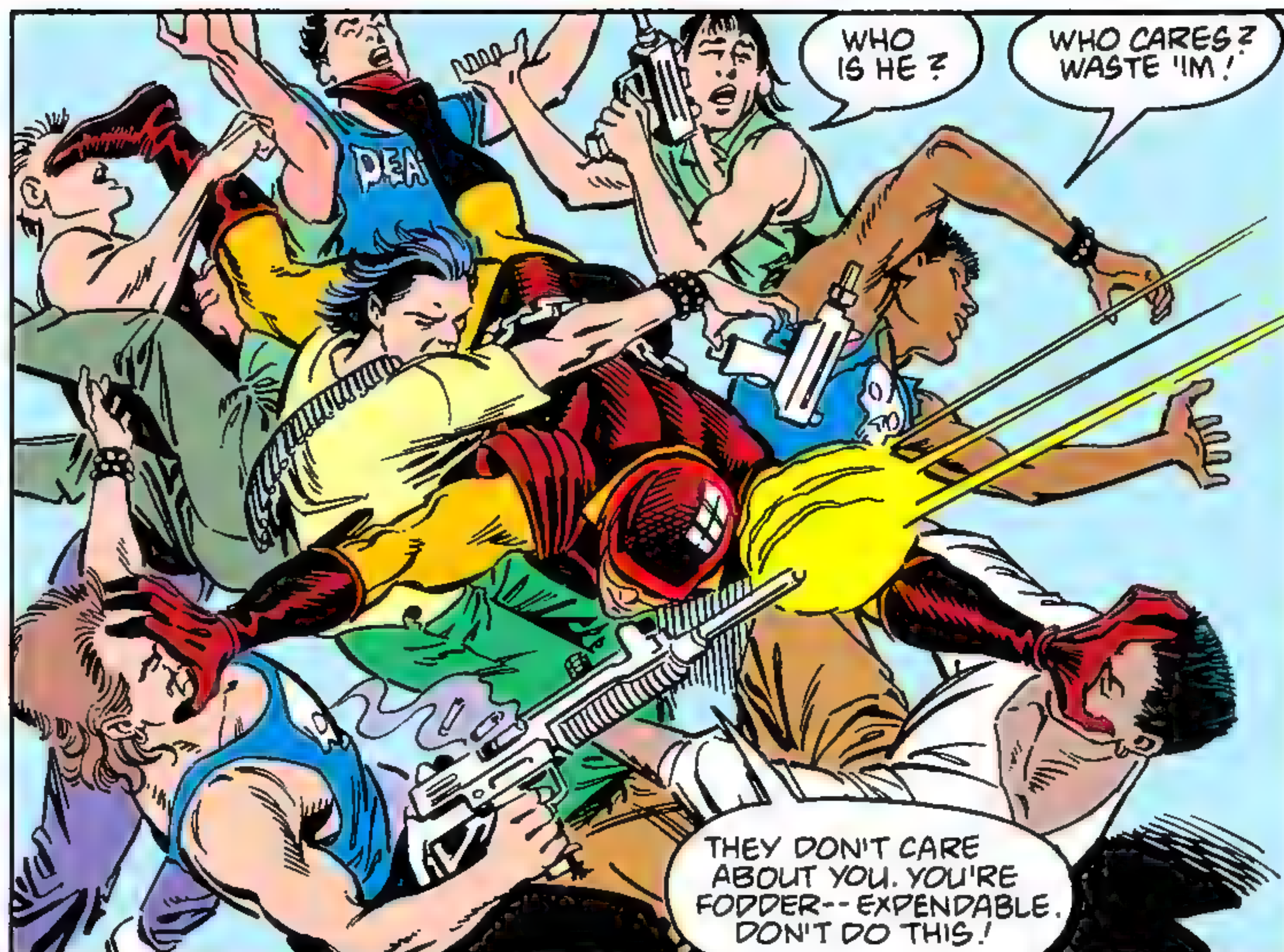
BUT WHEN ASKED IF THIS MEANS AN END TO LEX LUTHOR'S PHILANTHROPY, RANDALL SAID, "DEFINITELY NOT!" THIS IS EDITH KANE FOR METV NEWS.

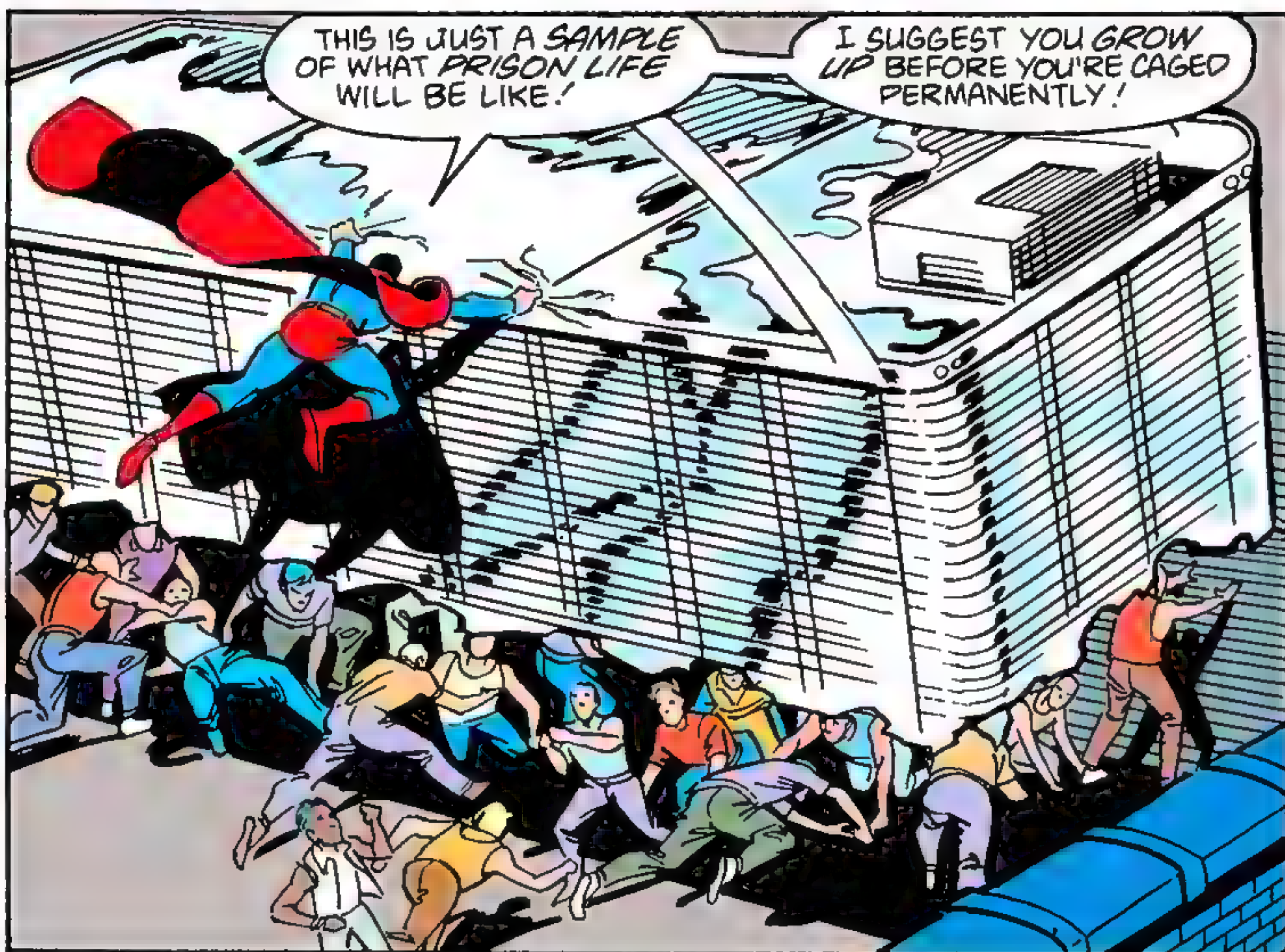
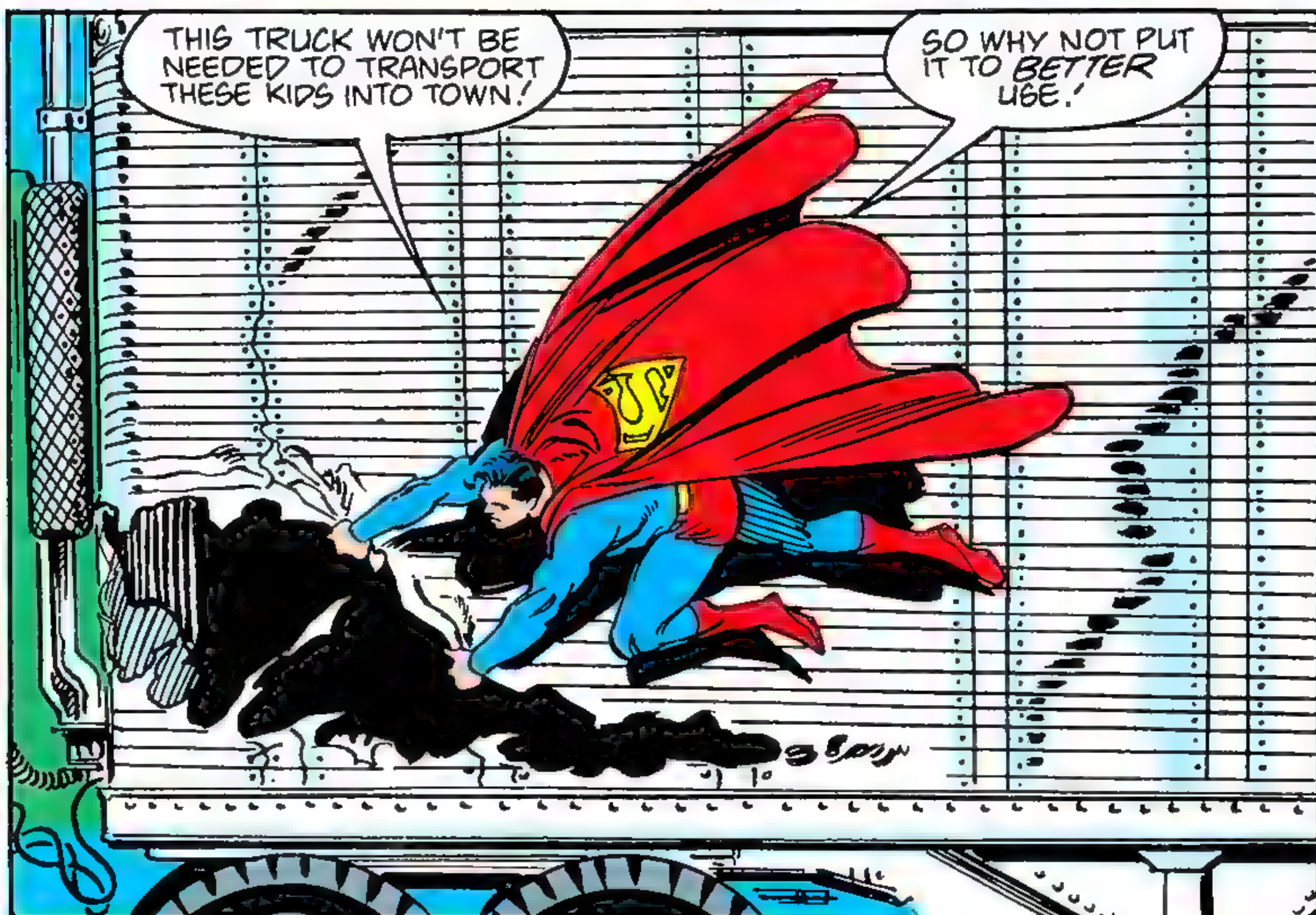
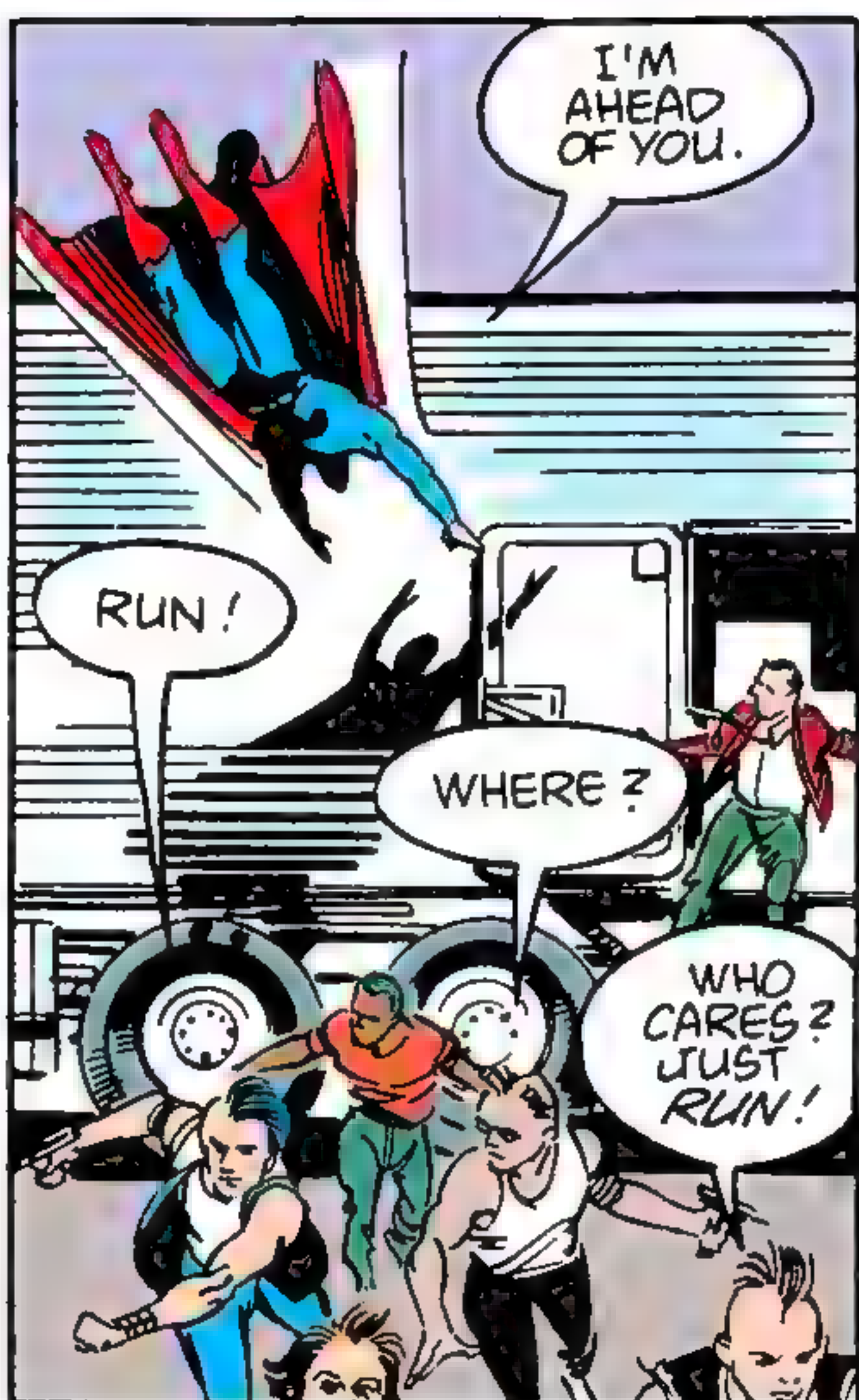
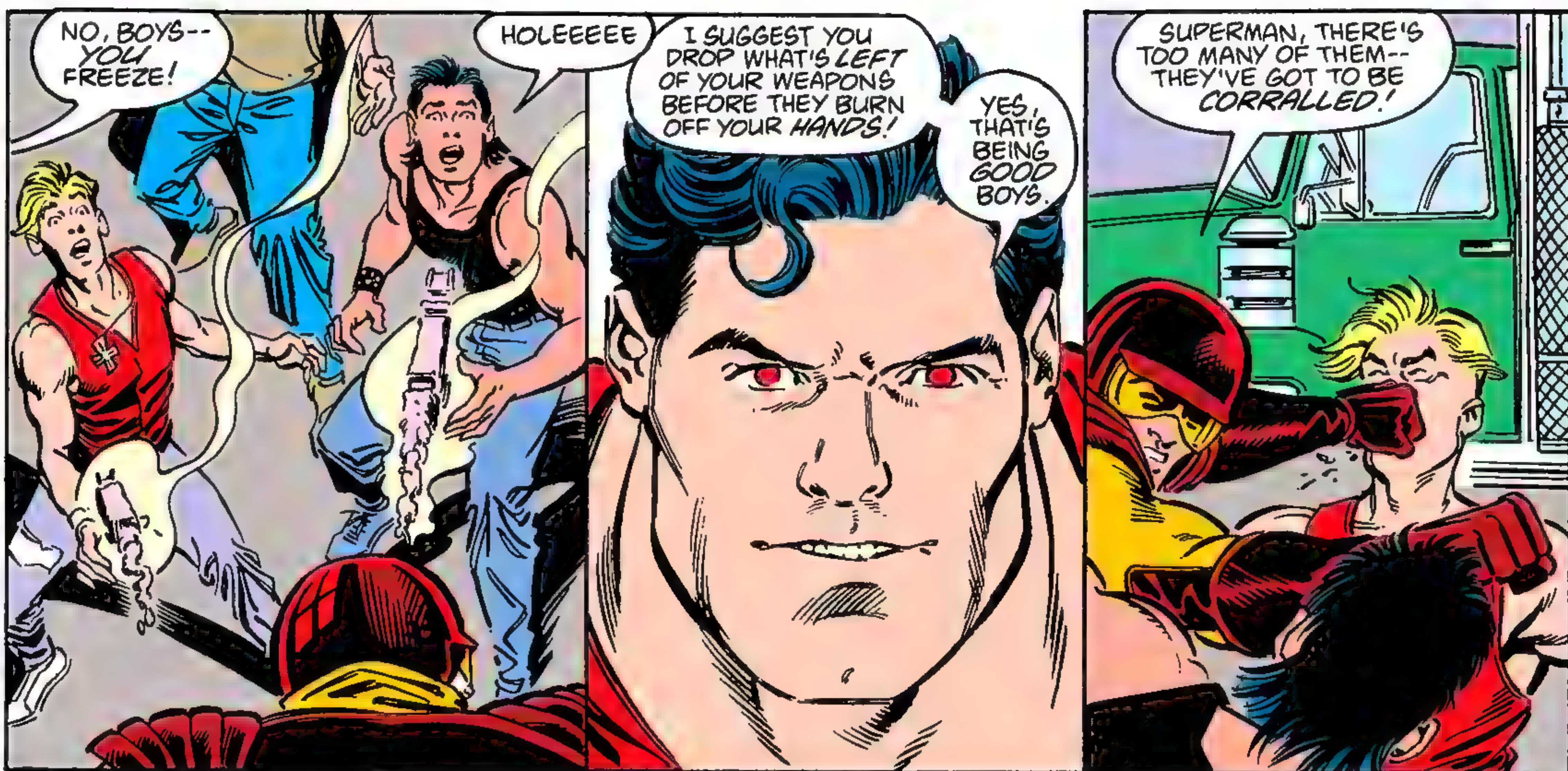


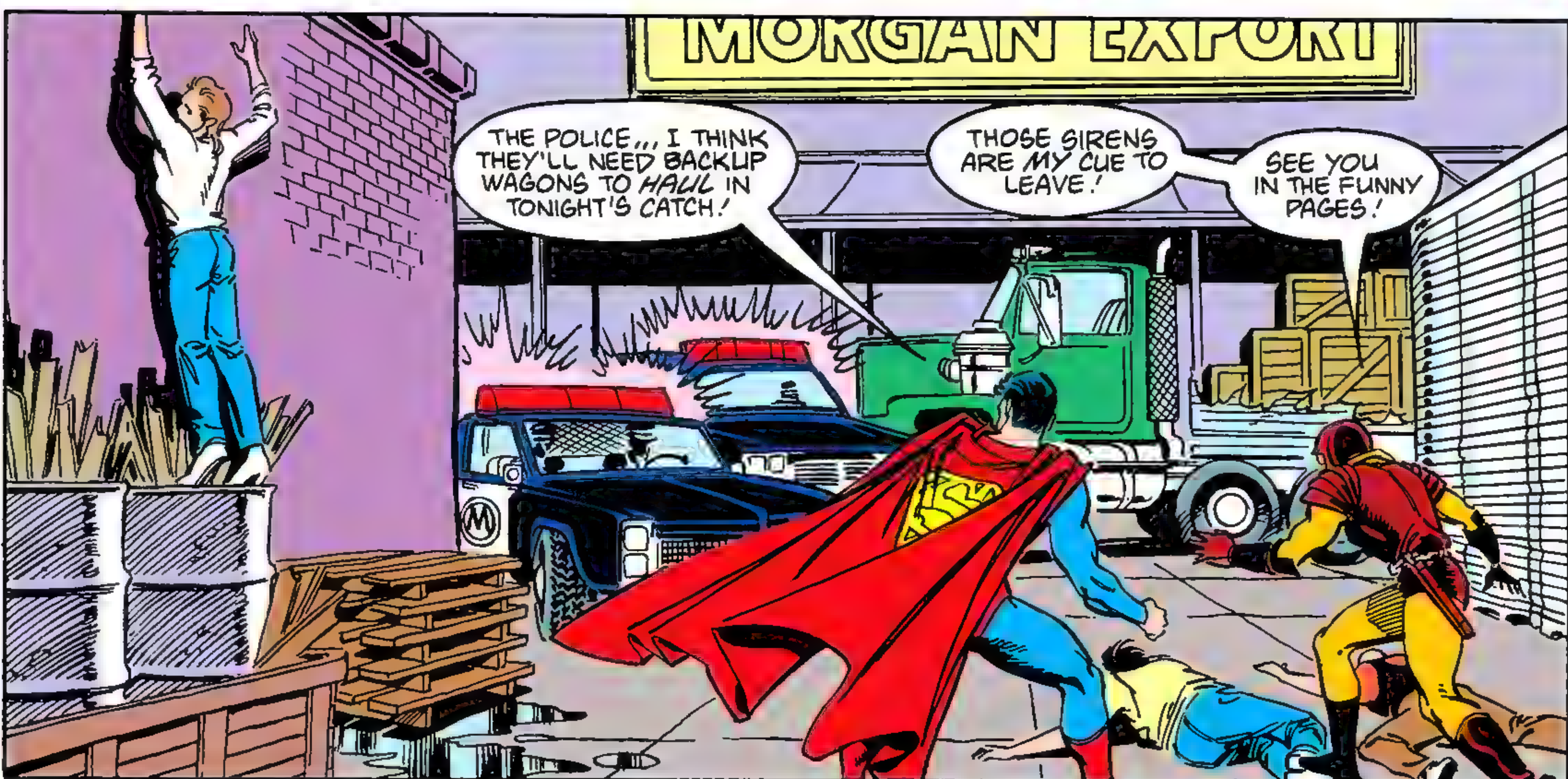
I KNOW EXACTLY WHO HIT LUTHOR!

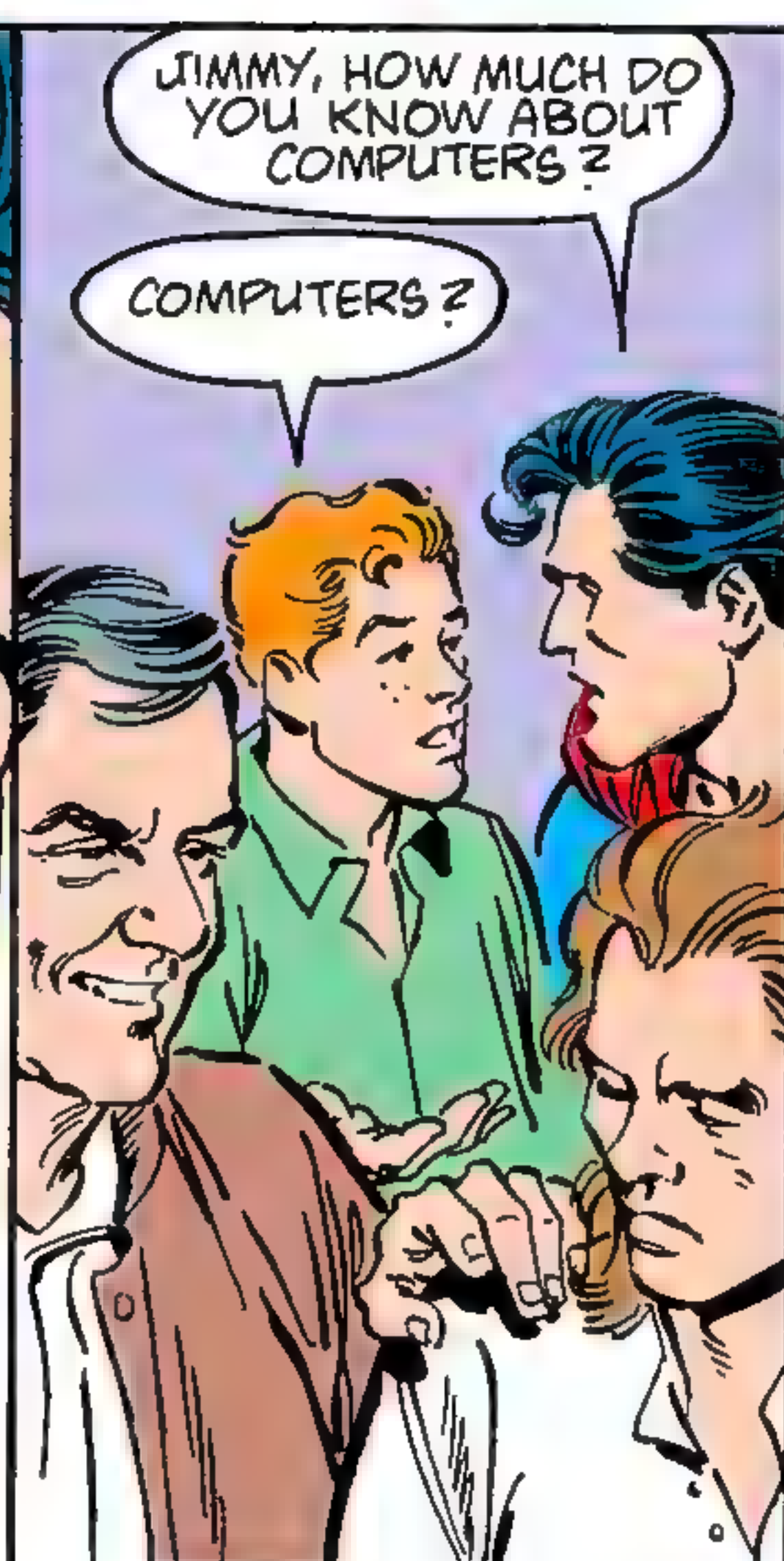
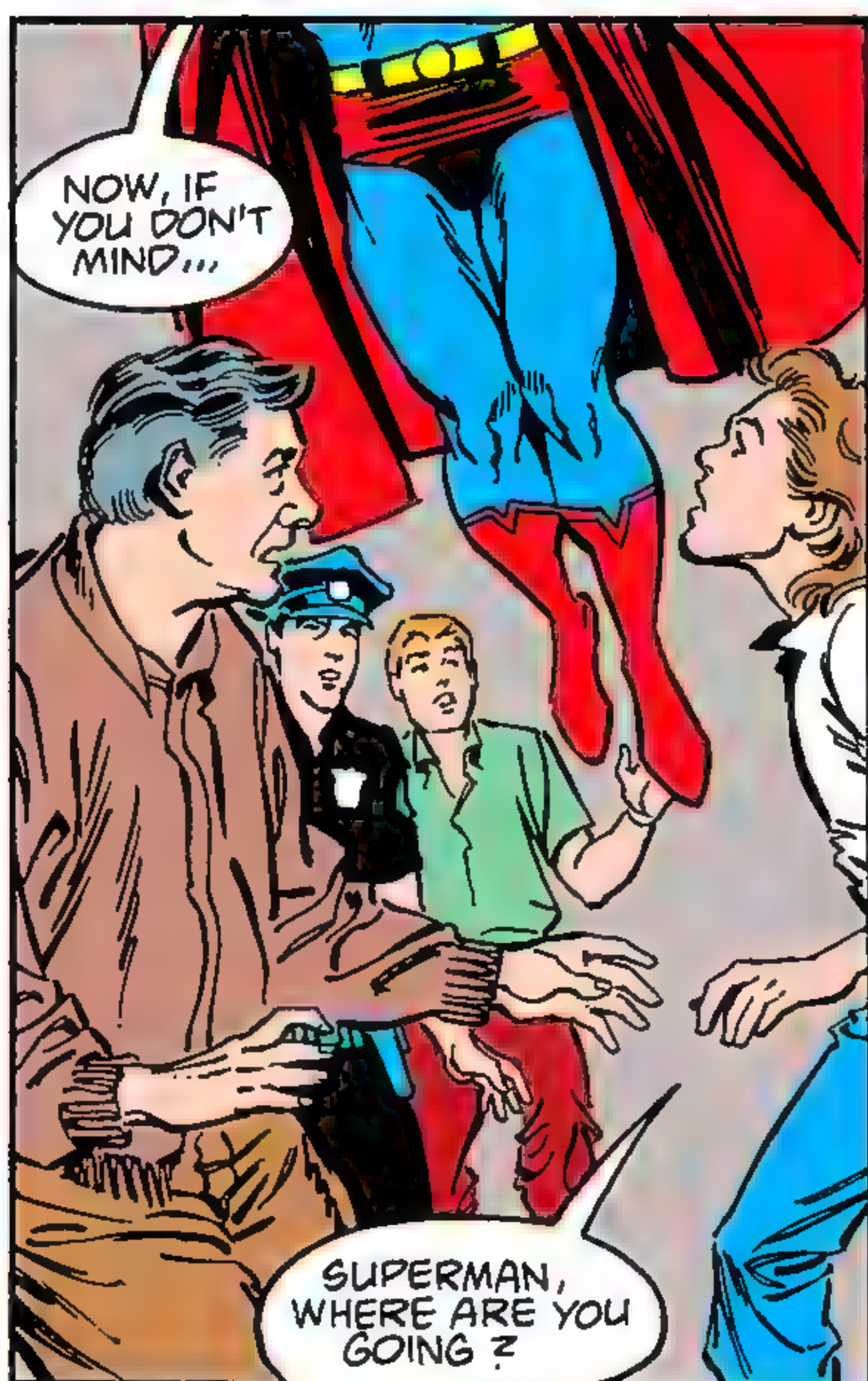
AND I KNOW WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT!

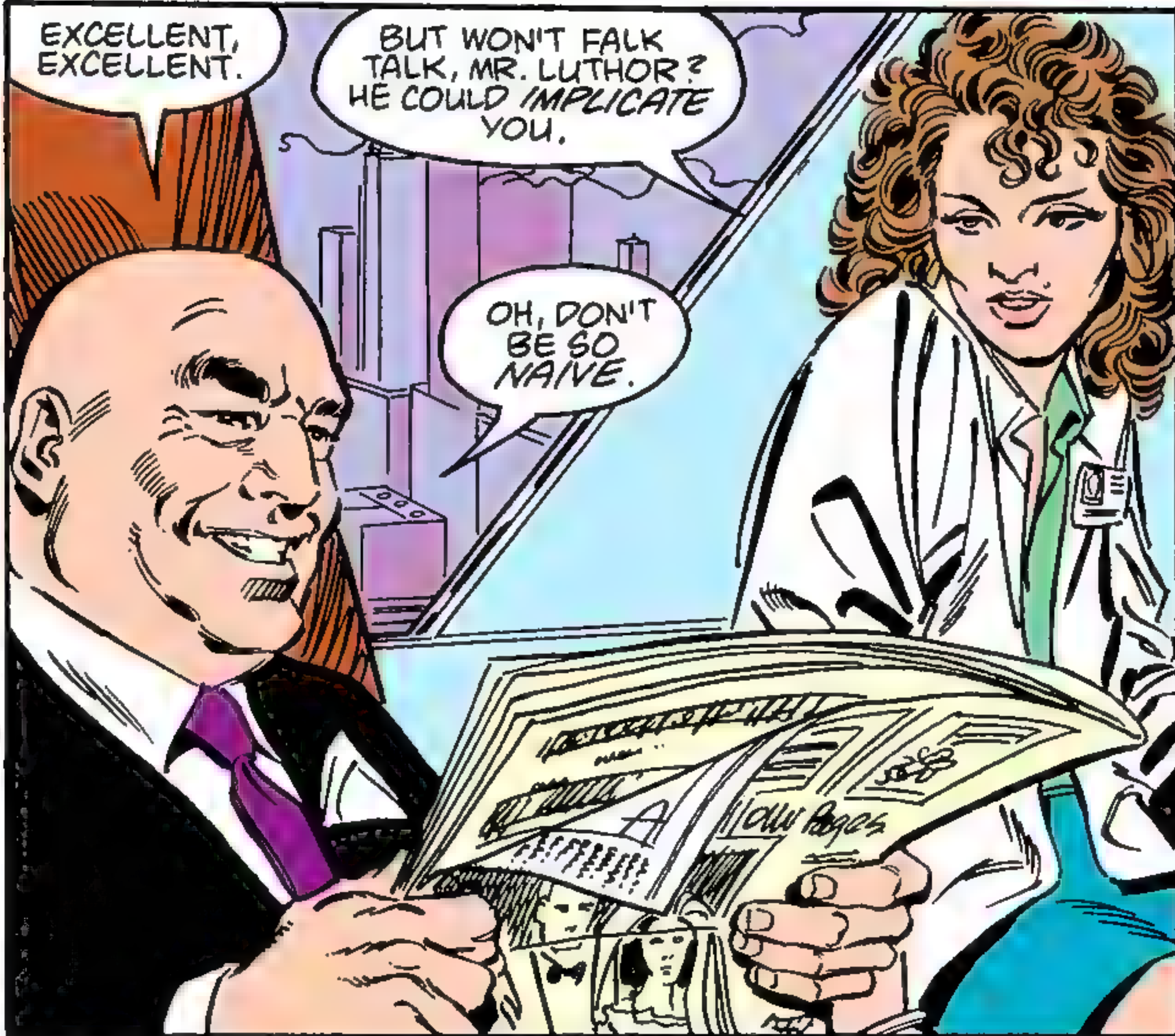
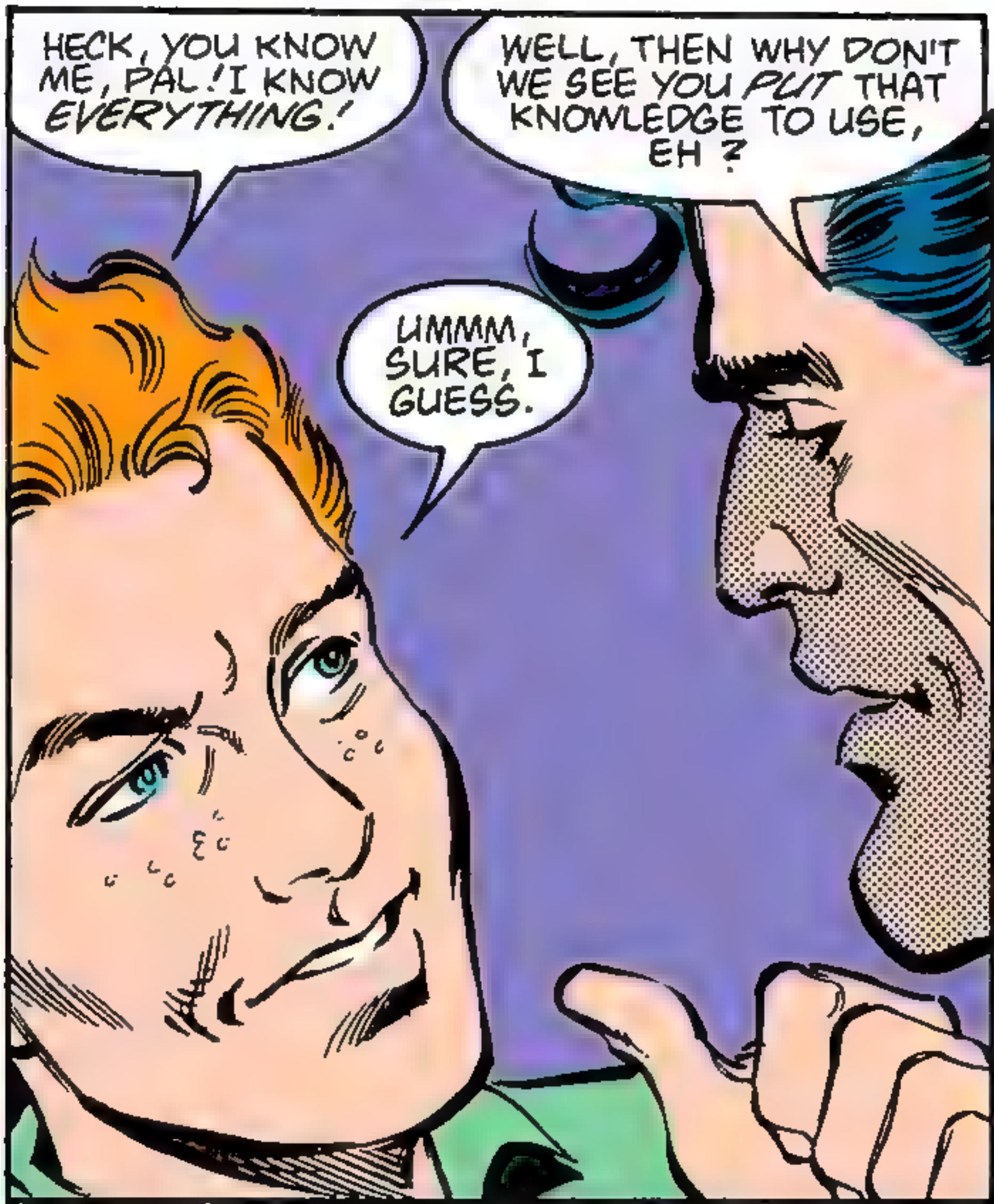












FALK KNOWS I WILL ARRANGE HIS PAROLE NEXT YEAR! HE KNOWS I SUPPLIED HIS FAMILY WITH EVERYTHING!

THEIR MONEY WAS LAUNDERED THROUGH MY BANKS.

FALK OWES ME TOO MUCH. HE'LL KEEP SILENT.

Sixty Youths Arrested in Weapons Theft Suicide Slum

Weather
OD
NING

Gangwar Part Five: "Forgotten Victims" by Lois Lane page 10

ENTERTAINMENT: "Watching the Watchmen" by Alan Gordon page 59

FOOD: Microwave made page 28

DAILY PLANET™

September 13, 1987 30 Cents

Jay Falk implicated in Gang mobilization

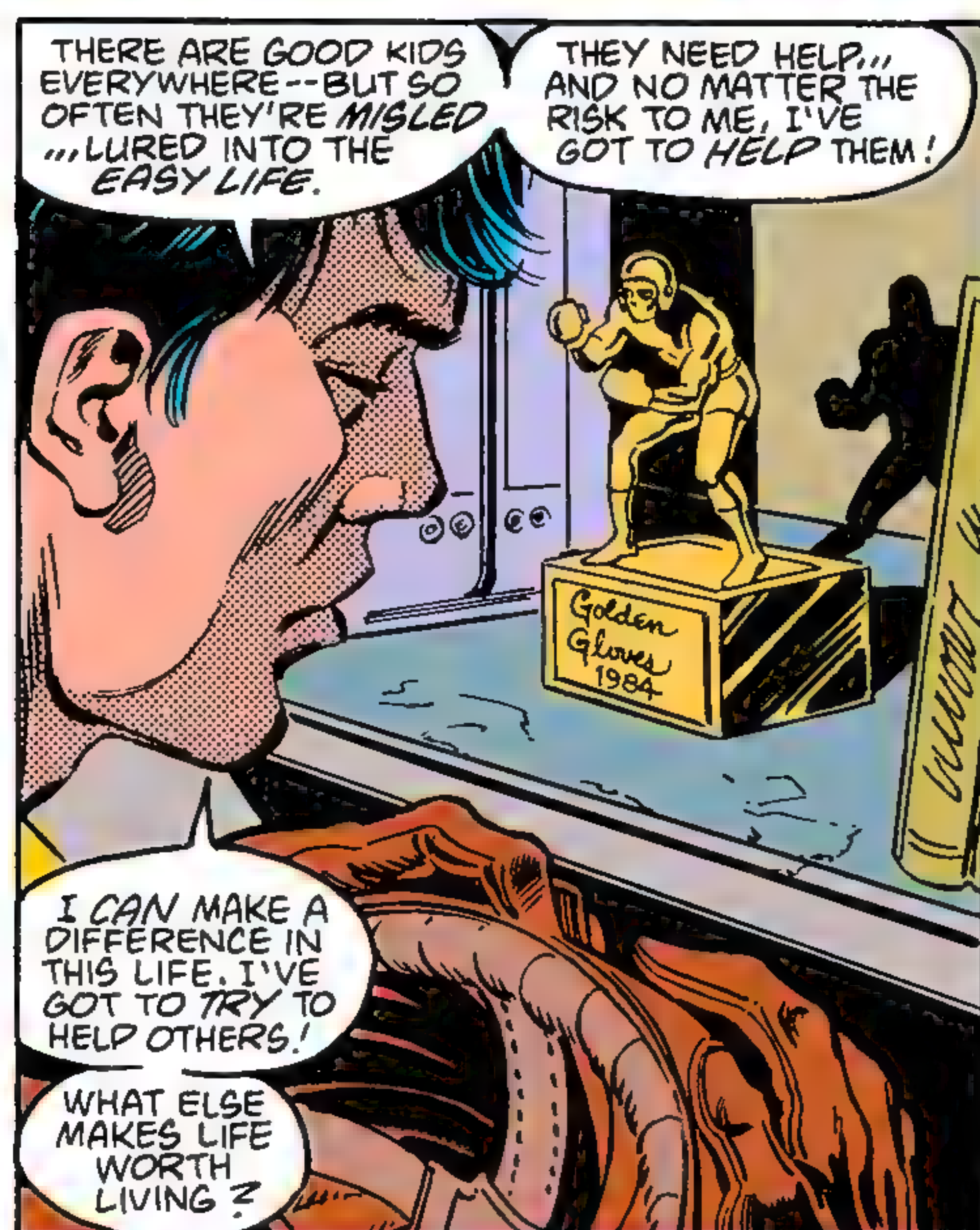
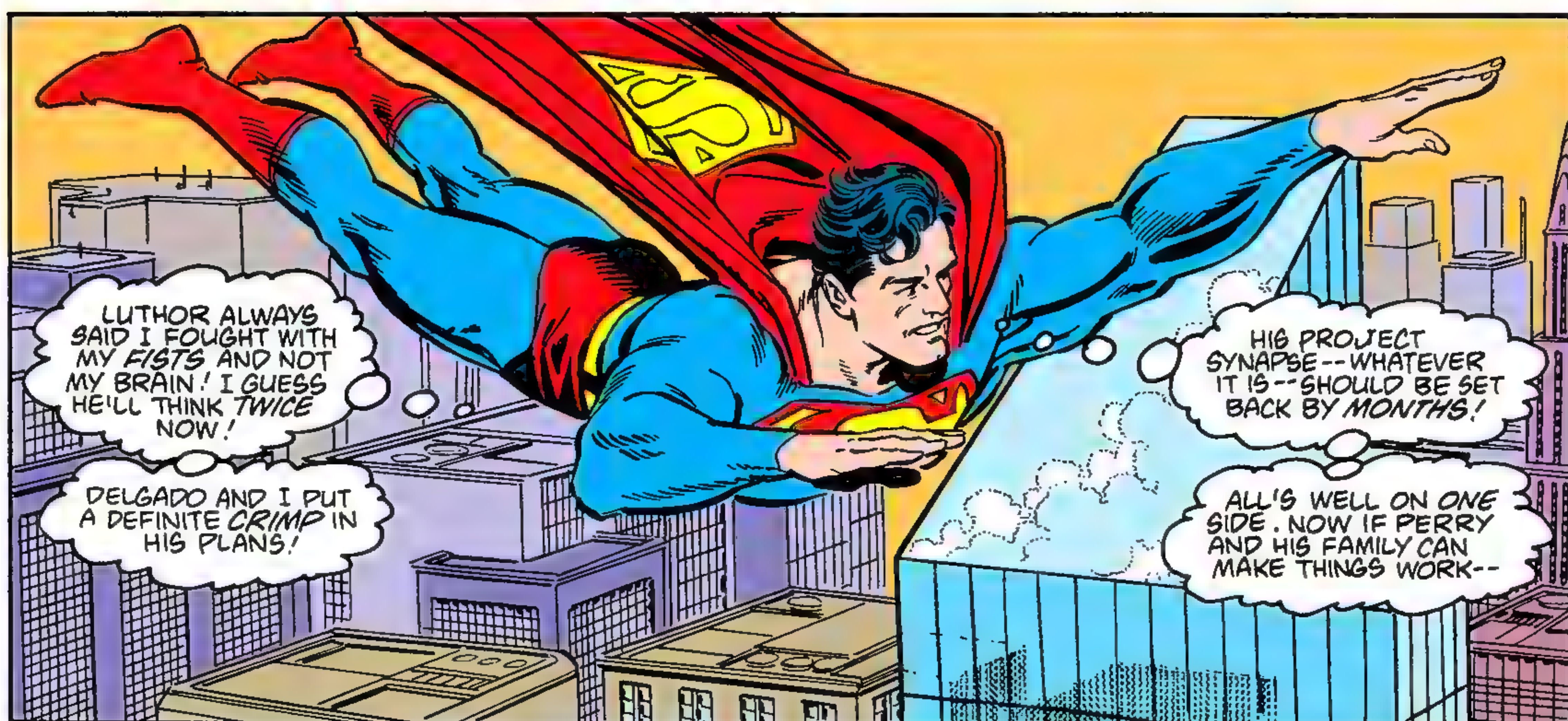
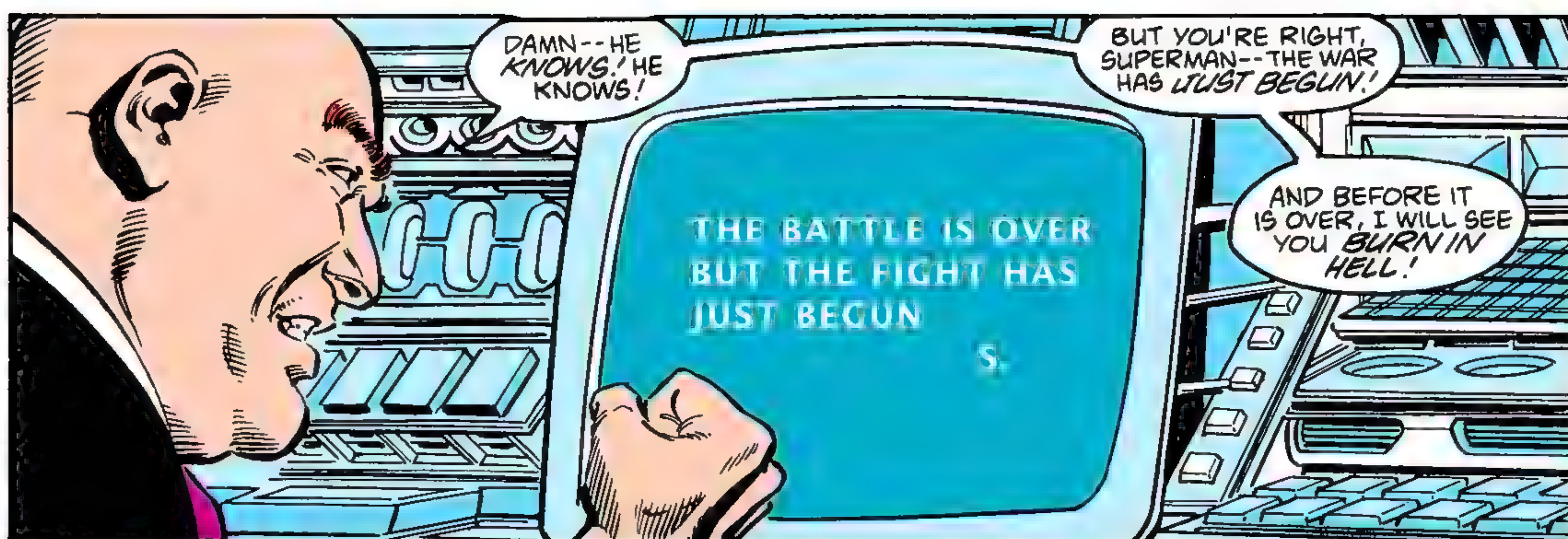
Charges he ran operation from prison cell

by Clark Kent

Authority managers who are currently or about to become Project Managers. Training should be designed to ensure participants with practical approaches, tools and techniques of project management that can be applied back on the job. Participants should be provided opportunities to learn about and practice structured approaches for managing large scale projects that are key to achieving Transit Authority goals. Skills for effective project planning, supervision and evaluation should be emphasized.

Jay (Bird) Falk





NEXT ISSUE: **THE CIRCLE CLOSES!**



ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN ANNUAL 1 Published annually and Copyright © 1987 DC Comics Inc., 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10103. All Rights Reserved. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof are trademarks of DC Comics Inc. Advertising Representative: Print Advertising Representatives Inc., 355 Lexington Avenue, New York, NY 10017. (212) 391-1400. Printed in U.S.A.

DC Comics Inc. A Warner Communications Company

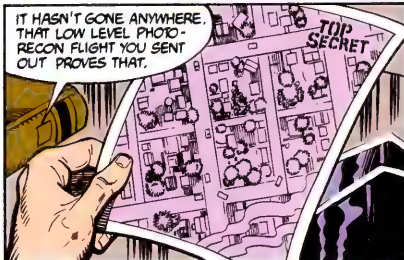
DC Comics Inc.

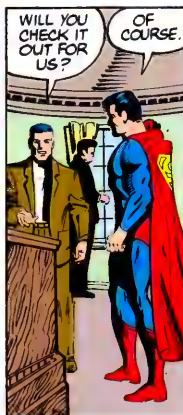
Jenette Kahn, President and Publisher
Dick Giordano, Vice Pres.-Executive Editor
Richard Bruning, Art Director

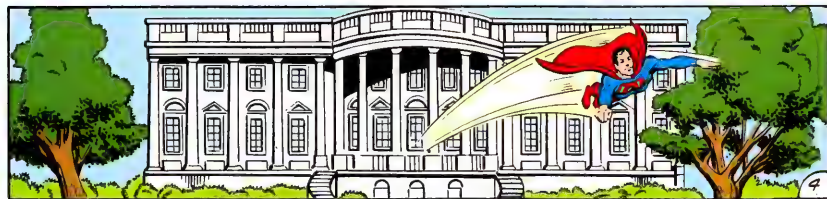
Terri Cunningham, Mgr.-Editorial Admin.
Pat Bastienne, Mgr.-Editorial Coordinator
Bob Rozakis, Production Manager
Paul Levitz, Executive Vice President

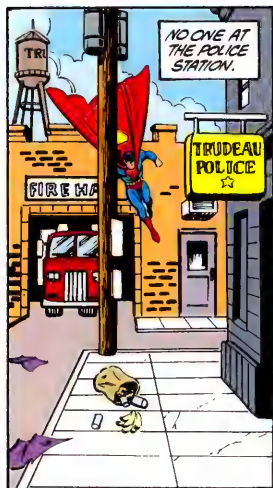
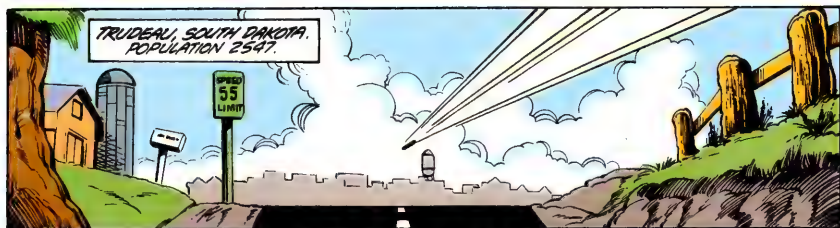
Joe Orlando, Vice Pres.-Creative Director
Ed Shukin, Vice Pres.-Circulation
Bruce Bristow, Marketing Director
Patrick Caidon, Controller

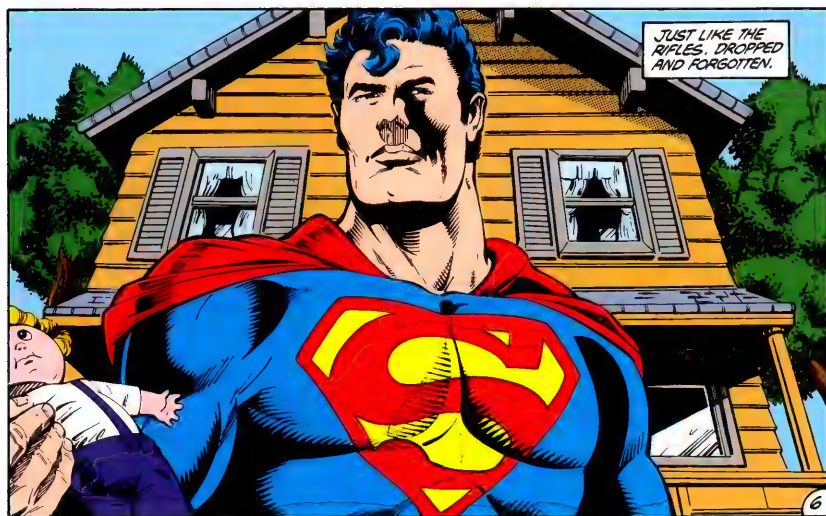
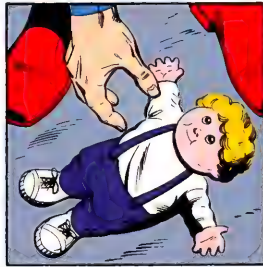
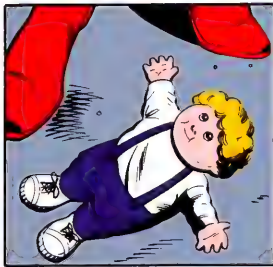
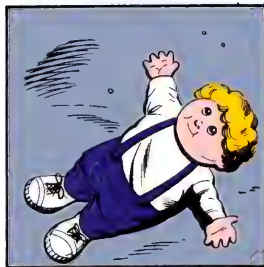
JIM STARLIN Story
DAN JURGENS & Art
STEVE MONTANO Letters
JOHN COSTANZA colors
TOM ZUKO editing
MIKE CARLIN editing

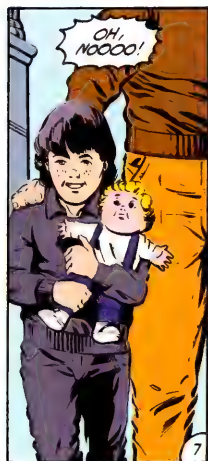
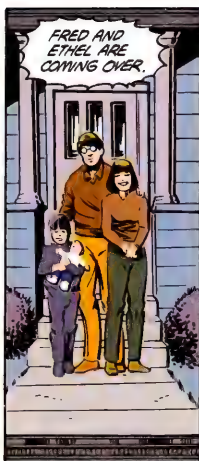
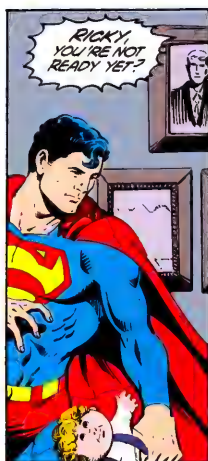
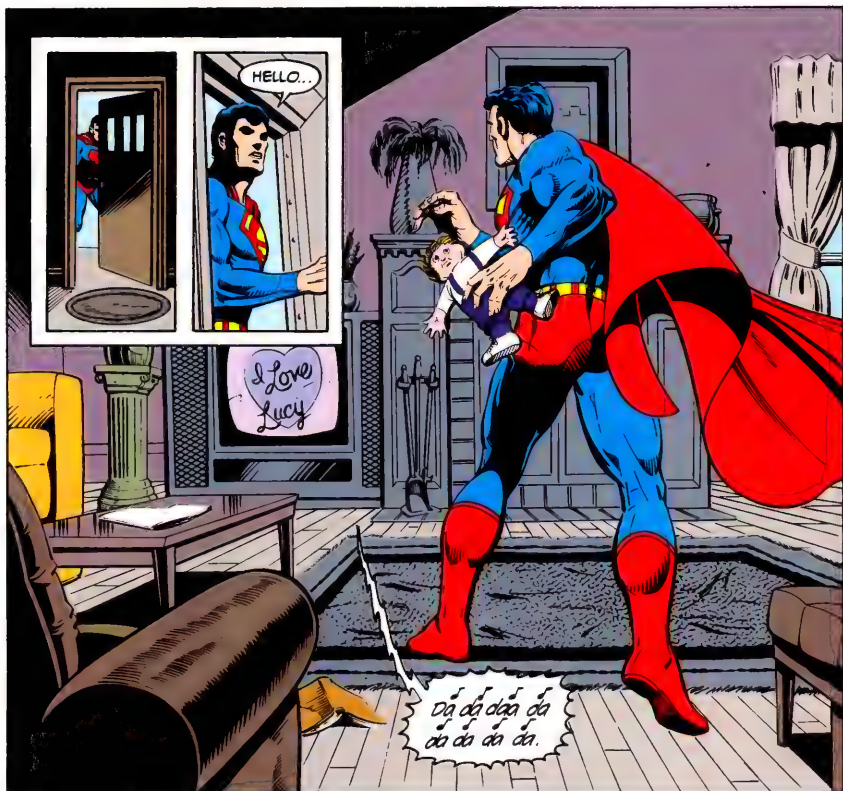


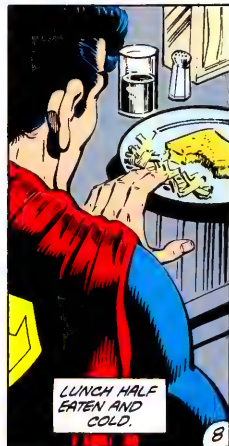
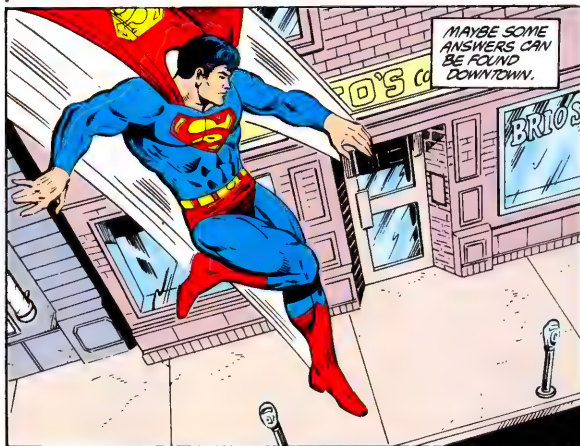
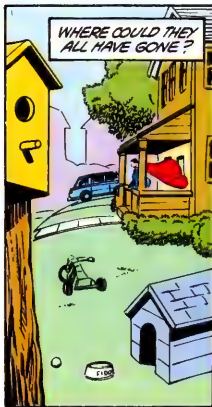
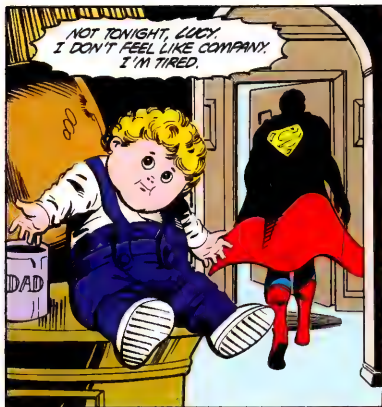


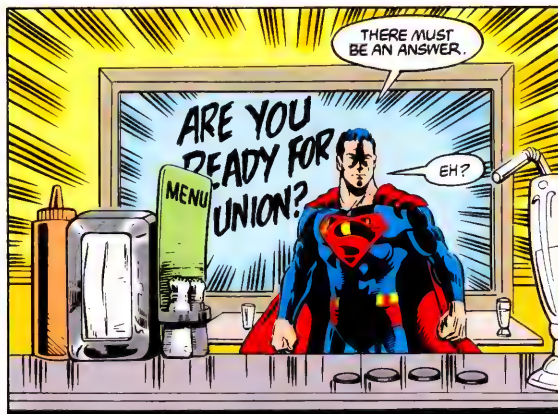
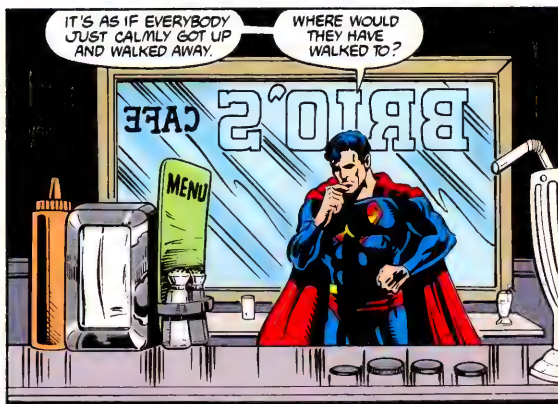


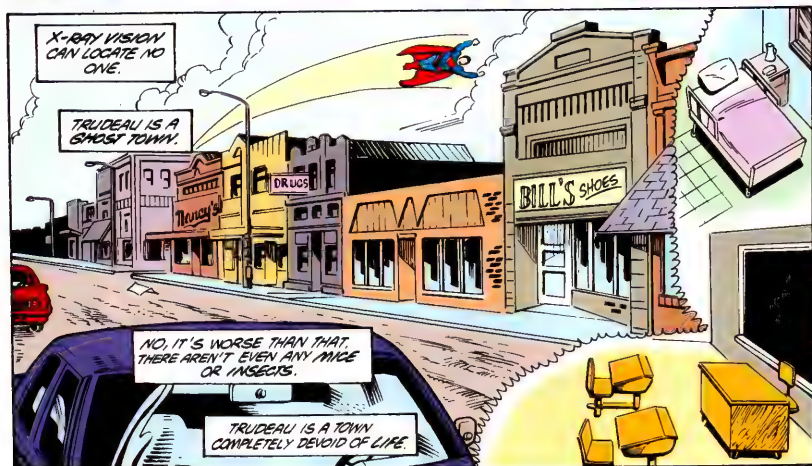
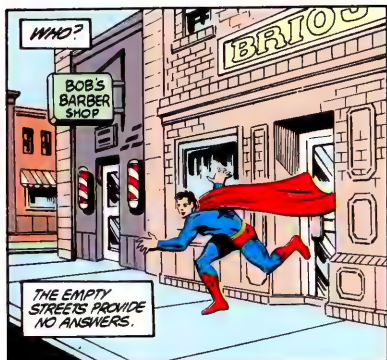


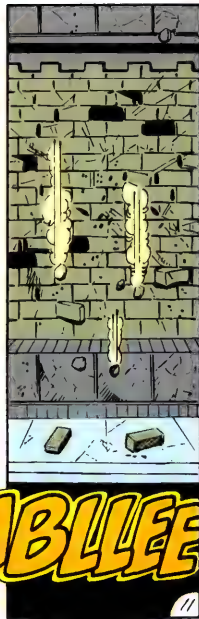
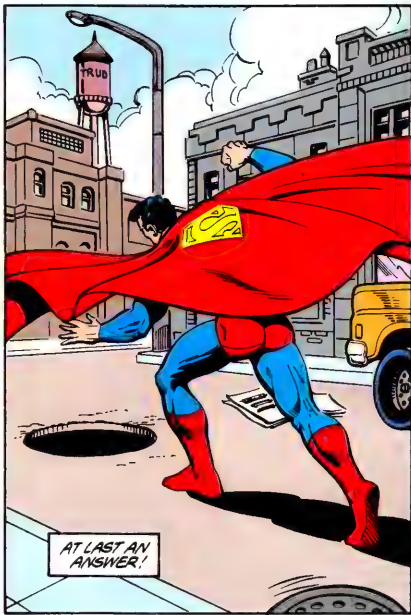
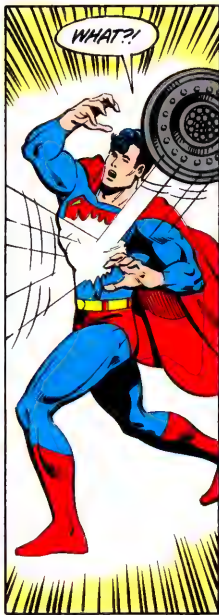


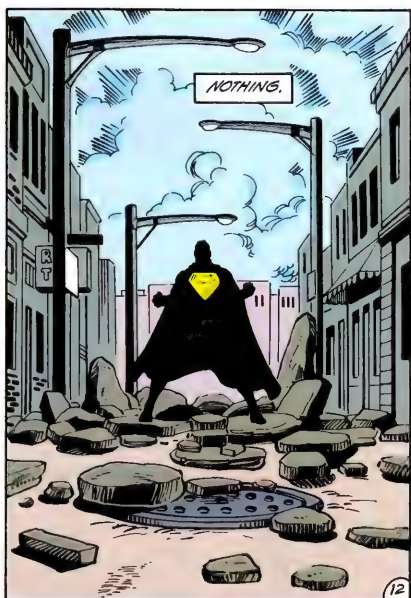


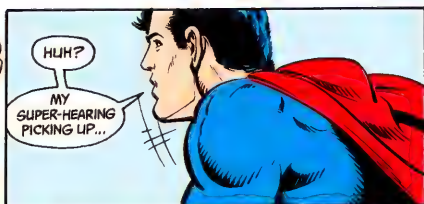
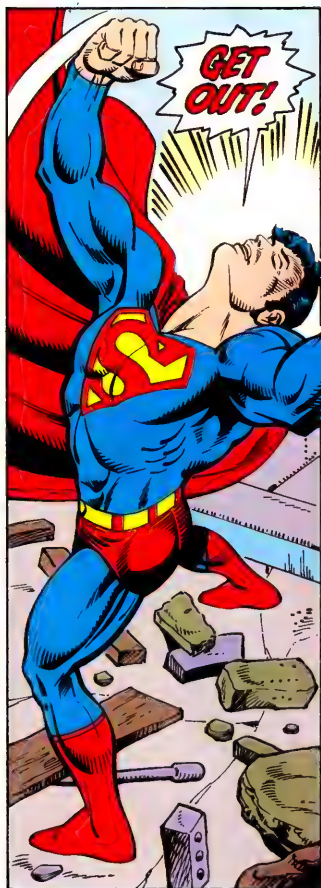
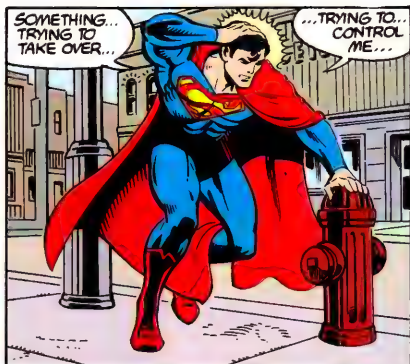


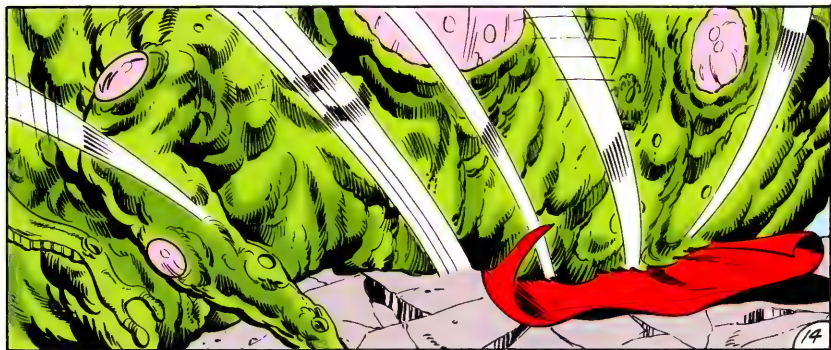


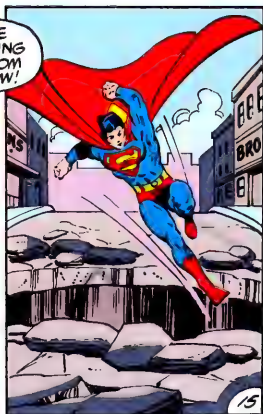
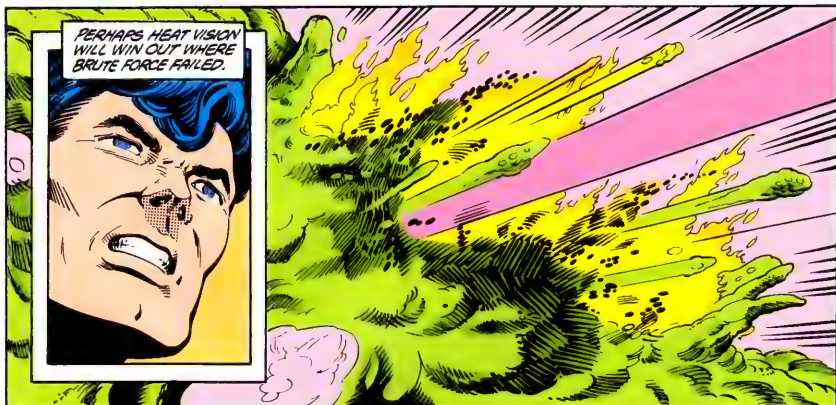
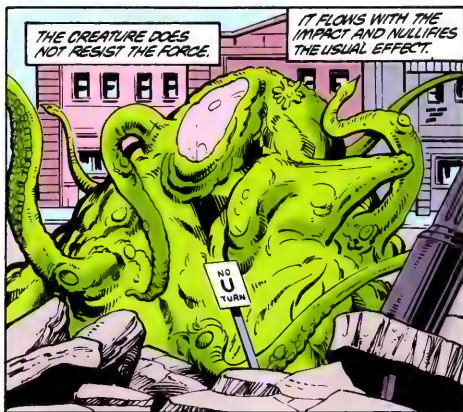


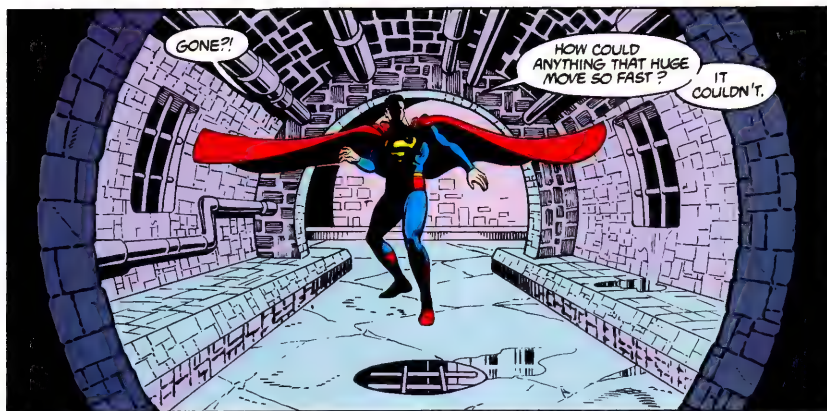












GONE?!

HOW COULD
ANYTHING THAT HUGE
MOVE SO FAST?

IT
COULDN'T.



IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE THAT
BLOB IS *SOLELY* RESPONSIBLE
FOR WHAT'S HAPPENED TO
THIS TOWN.



AT LEAST IT LEFT
A TRAIL FOR ME
TO FOLLOW.



WHEN I BURN'T THAT MONSTROSITY
WITH MY HEAT VISION, IT DIDN'T
REALLY REACT LIKE IT WAS IN
PAIN.

ITS ESCAPE
SEEMED MORE
LIKE A...MECH-
ANICAL, CONTROLLED
RESPONSE.



IT WAS ALMOST AS IF IT WERE
MERELY TRYING TO PROTECT THE
REST OF ITS MASS.

THE BURN'T SECTIONS
SEPARATED FROM THE WHOLE
AND WERE JUST LEFT BEHIND

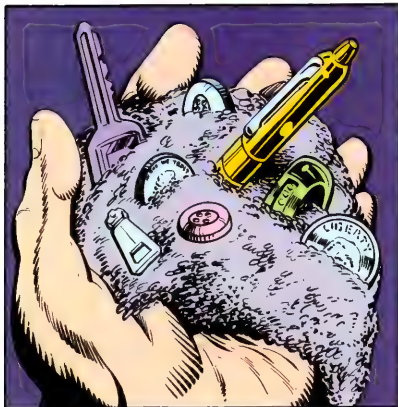


I'VE A FEELING I'LL FIND THAT
THE BLOB IS UNDER SOMEONE
ELSE'S CONTROL.

EH--



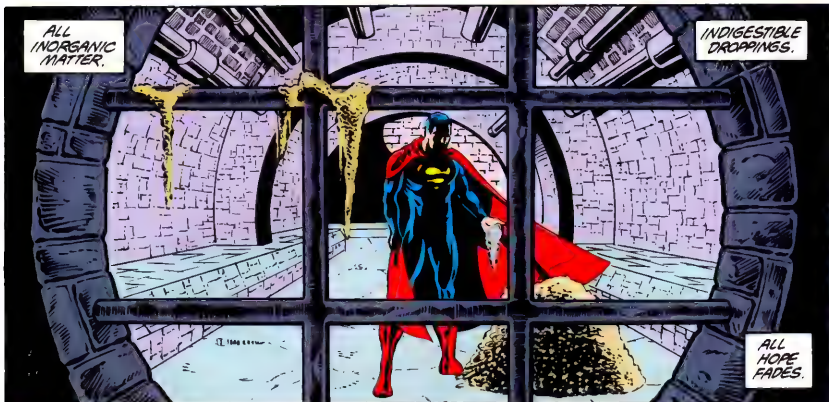
-- WHAT'S
THIS?



WHAT ARE THOSE METAL SPECKS?



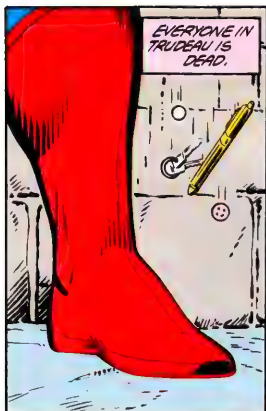
MICROSCOPIC VISION REVEALS CONTENTS OF GOLD, SILVER, MERCURY AND BINDING AGENTS. TOOTH FILLINGS.



ALL INORGANIC MATTER.

INDIGESTIBLE DROPPINGS.

ALL HOPE FADES.



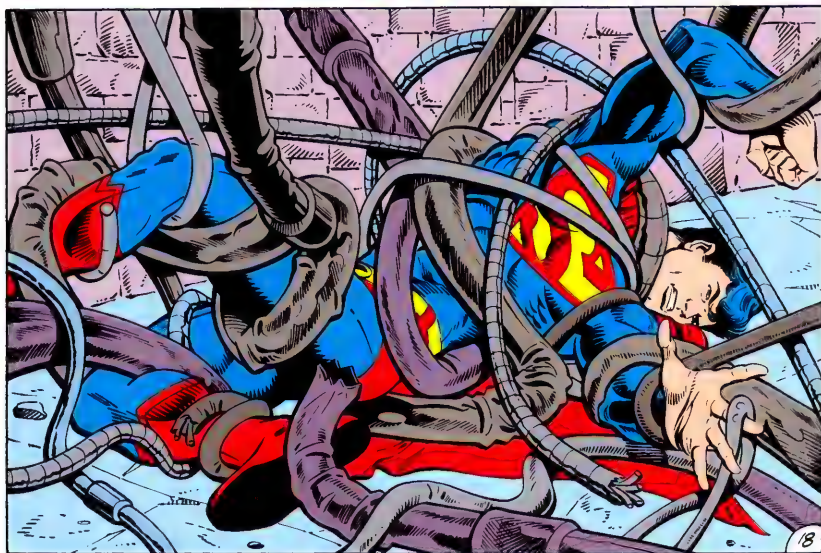
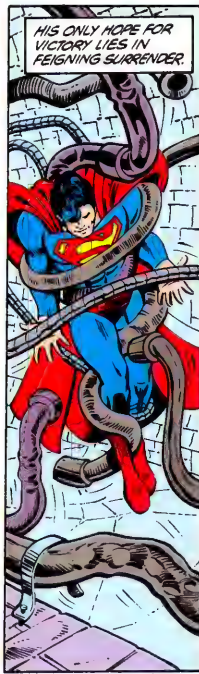
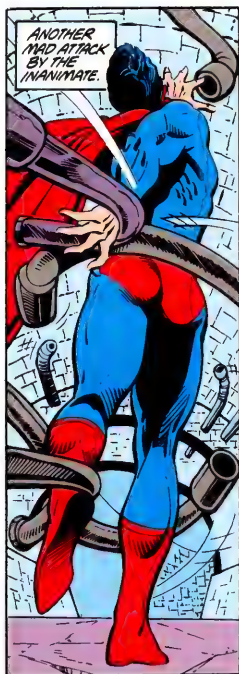
EVERYONE IN TRUDEAU IS DEAD.

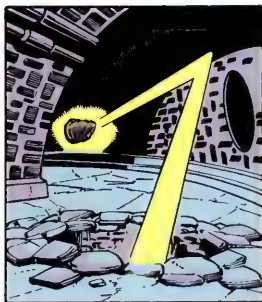
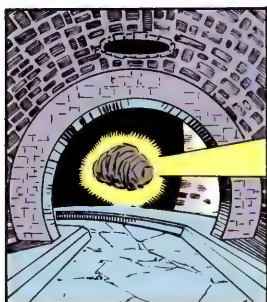
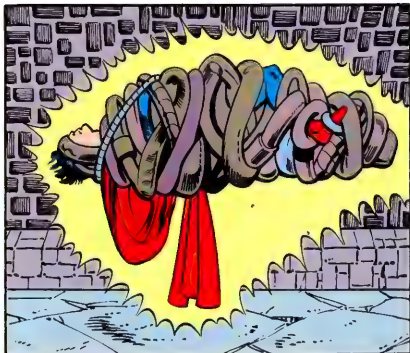
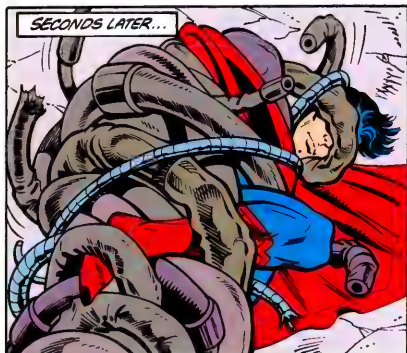


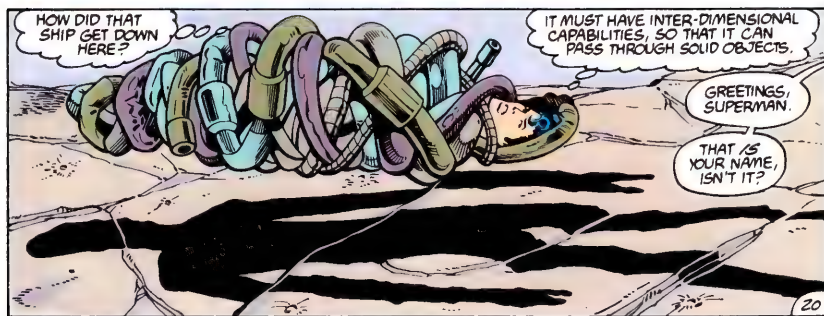
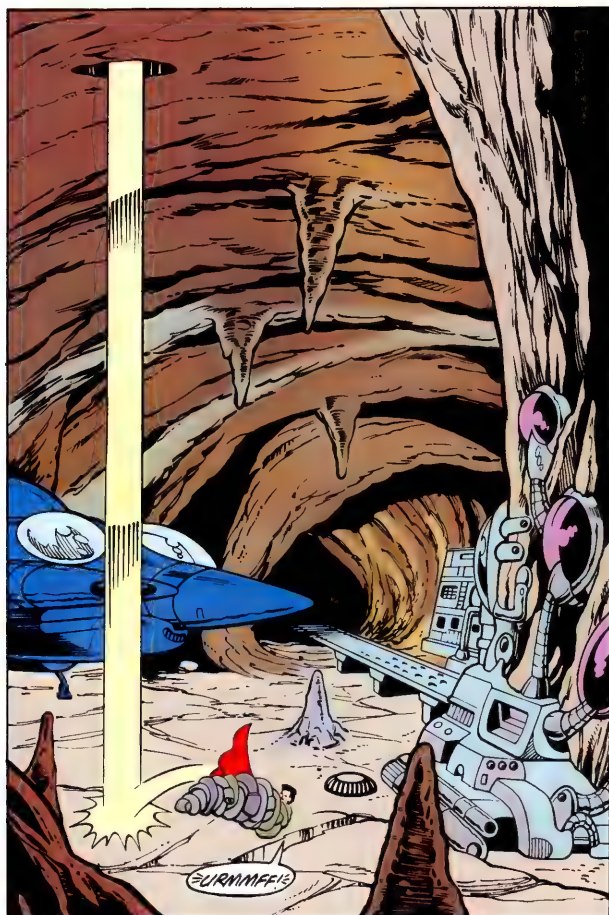
SOMEONE MUST PAY FOR THIS.

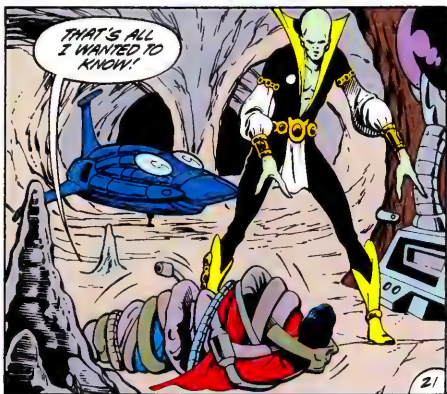
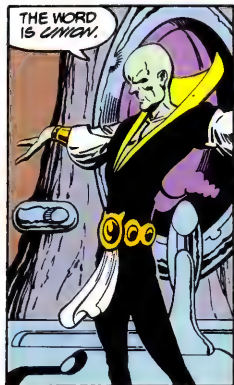
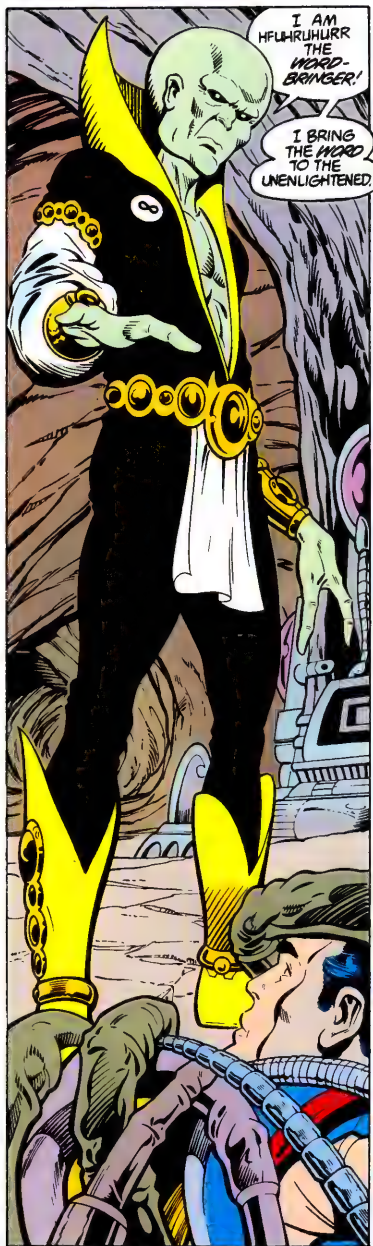


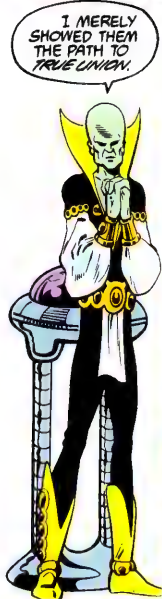
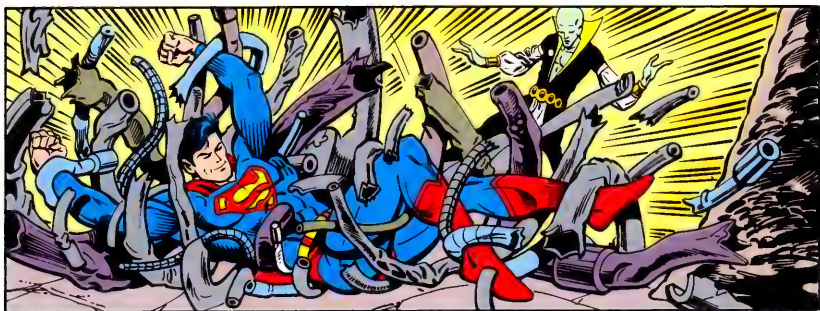
SCREEEE



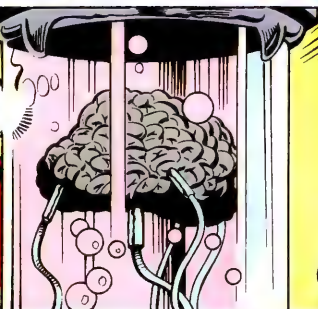
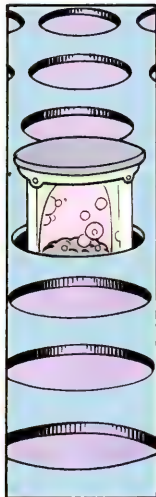
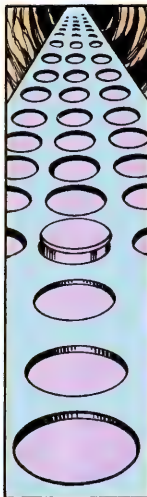
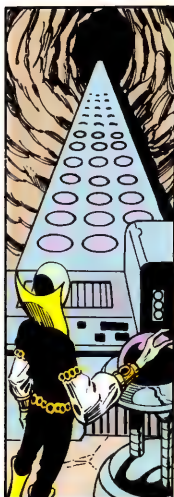


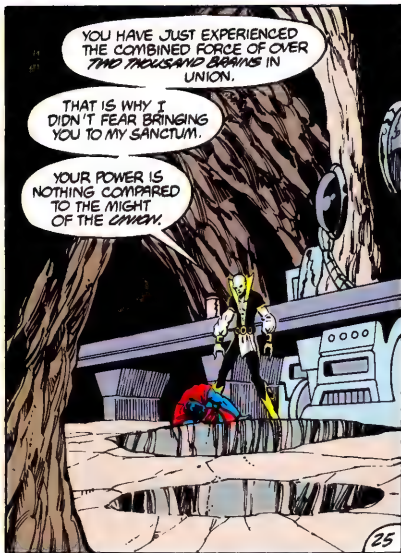
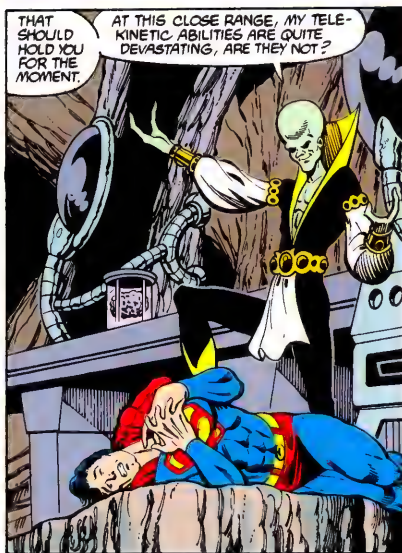
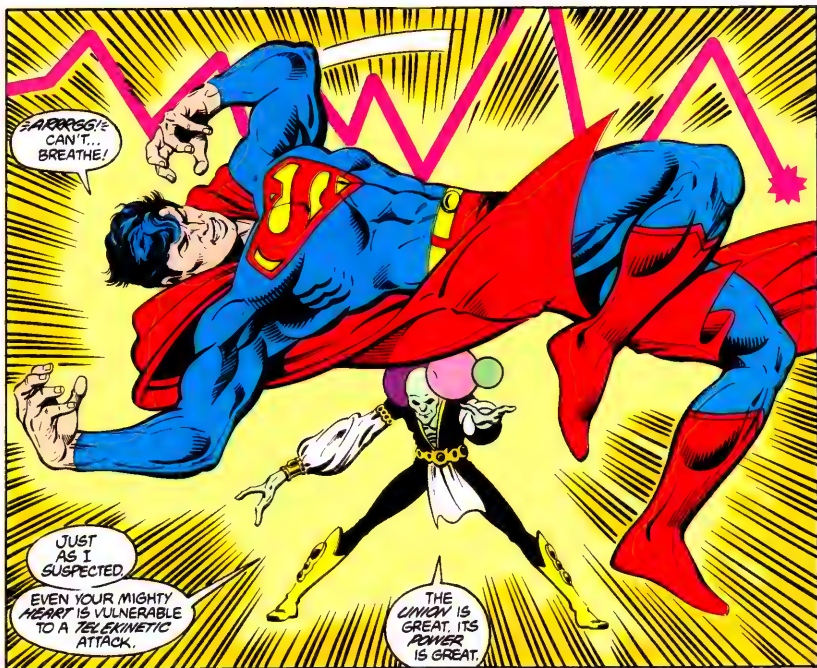












THE POWER WILL EVEN BE GREATER ONCE THESE NEW ACOLYTES ADJUST TO THEIR NEW STATE OF GRACE.

NEOLYTES ALWAYS RESIST THE UNION AT FIRST, THAT PHASE EVENTUALLY PASSES.

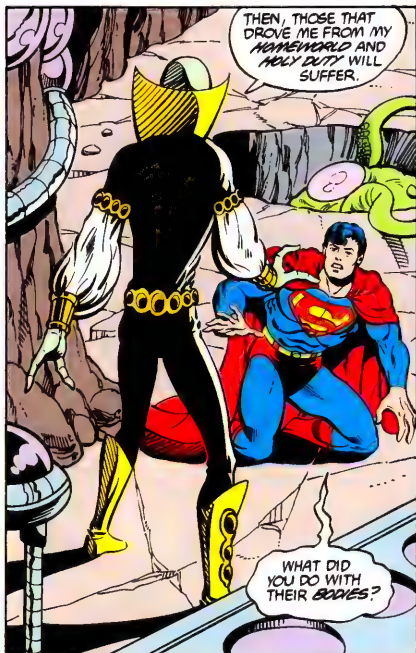


SOON EVERY BEING ON THIS PLANET WILL BE OF THE UNION.

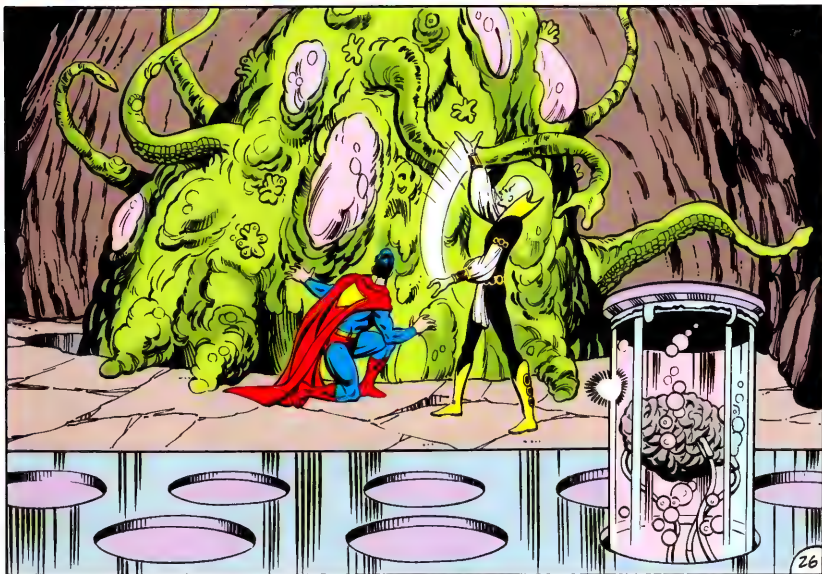
NOTHING UNDER THE STARS WILL BE ABLE TO RESIST ITS OMNIPOTENT MIGHT.

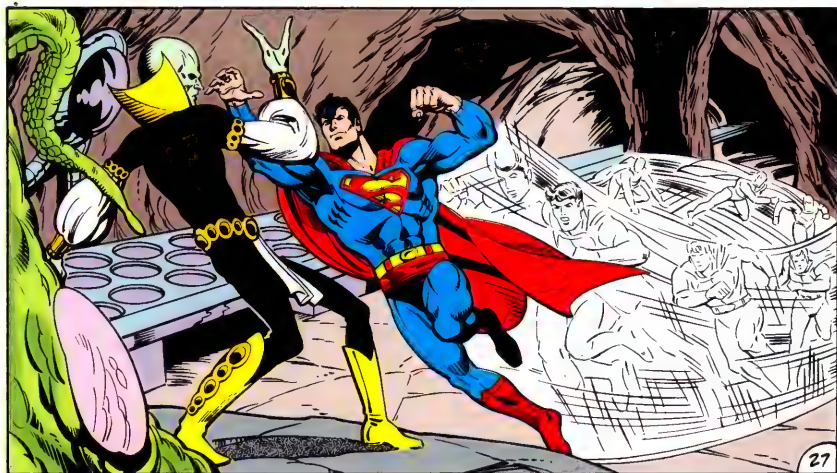


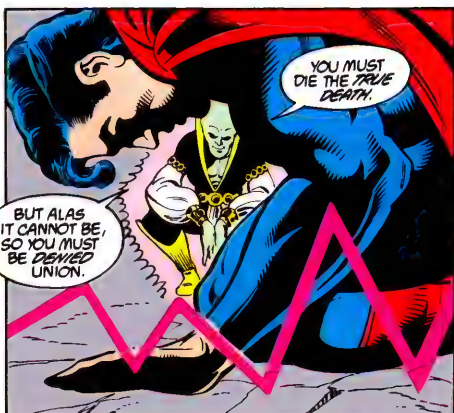
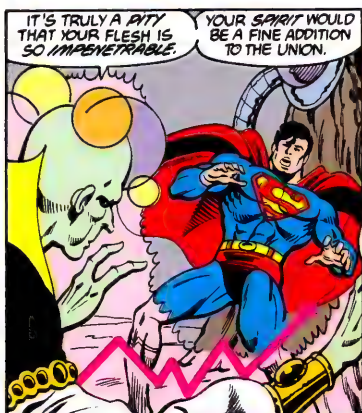
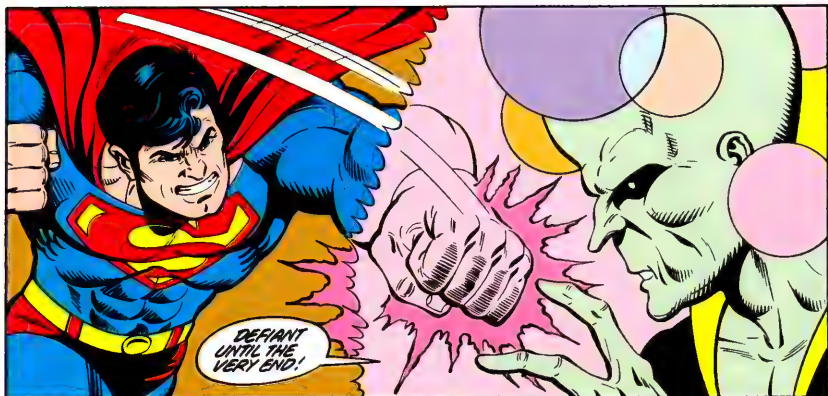
THEN, THOSE THAT DROVE ME FROM MY HOMETOWN AND HOLY DUTY WILL SUFFER.

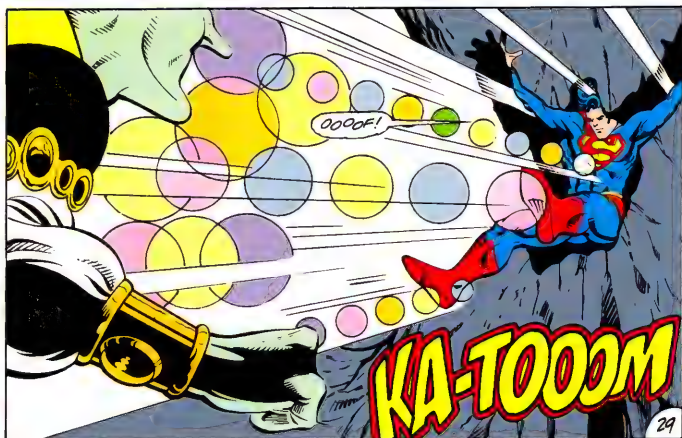
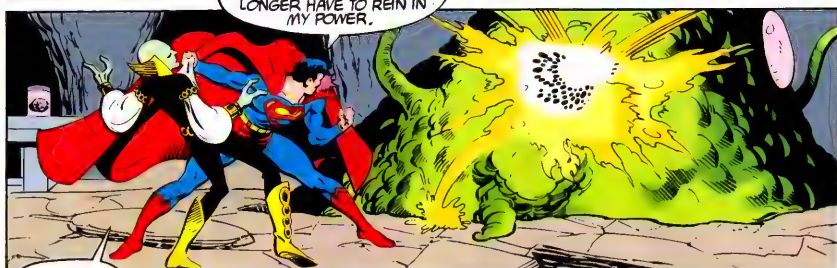


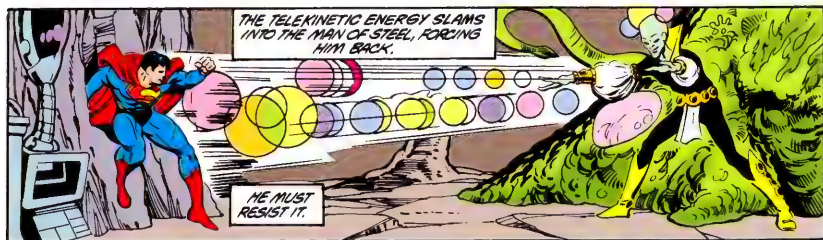
WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THEIR BODIES?









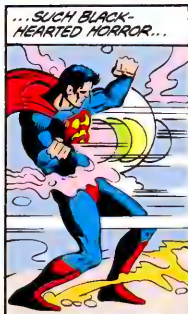


THE TELEKINETIC ENERGY SLAMS INTO THE MAN OF STEEL, FORCING HIM BACK.

HE MUST RESIST IT.



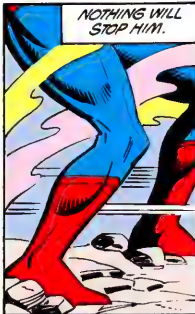
NEVER HAS HE FACED SUCH EVIL...



...SUCH BLACK-HEARTED HORROR...



...SUCH INSANITY.



NOTHING WILL STOP HIM.



THE MADNESS MUST END.



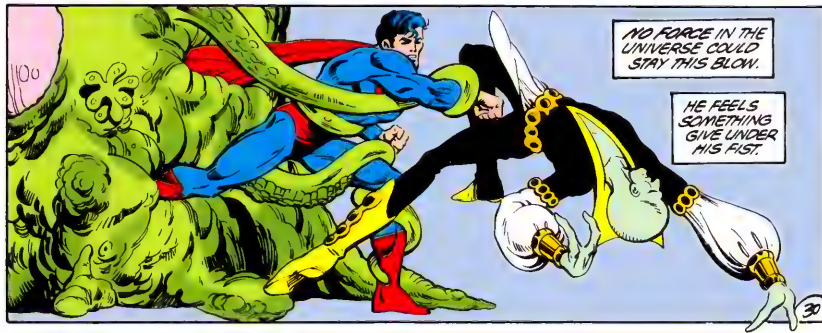
JUSTICE MUST BE SERVED.



THE DEAD MUST BE...

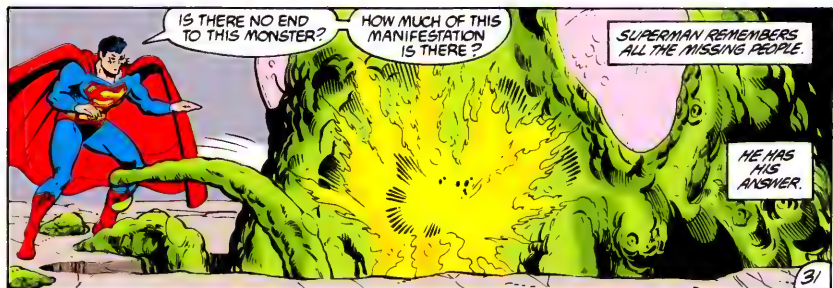
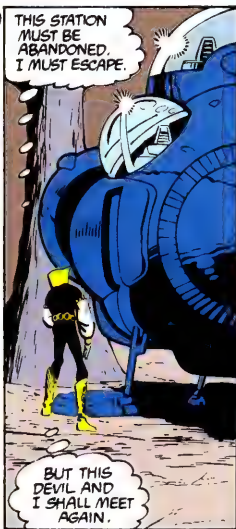
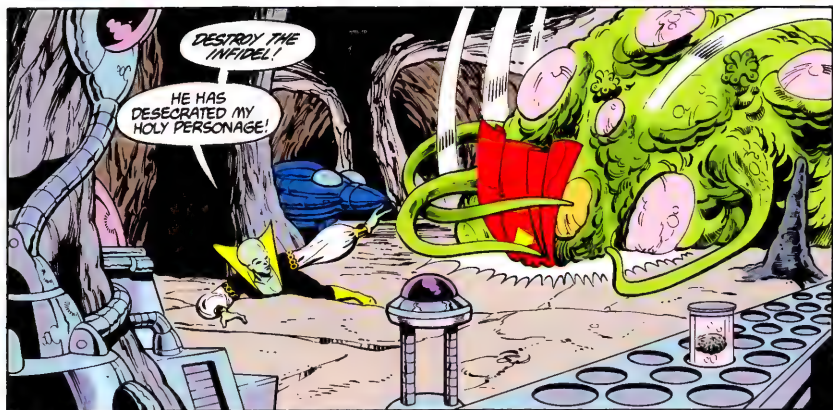


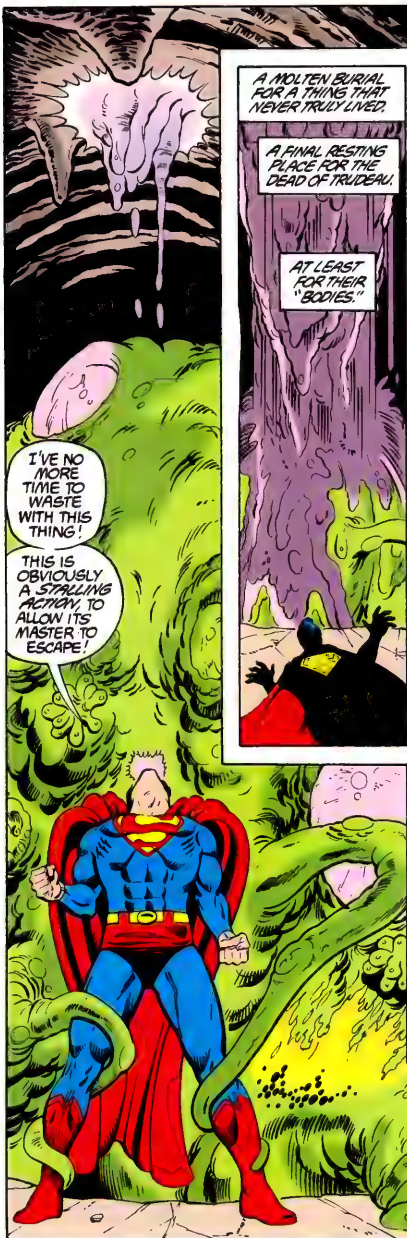
...AVENGED!



NO FORCE IN THE UNIVERSE COULD STAY THIS BLOW.

HE FEELS SOMETHING GIVE UNDER HIS FIST.





I'VE NO MORE TIME TO WASTE WITH THIS THING!

THIS IS OBVIOUSLY A STALLING ACTION, TO ALLOW ITS MASTER TO ESCAPE!

A MOLTEN BURIAL FOR A THING THAT NEVER TRULY LIVED.

A FINAL RESTING PLACE FOR THE DEAD OF TRUDEAU.

AT LEAST FOR THEIR "BODIES."



THE BEAST CONTINUES ITS ATTACK.

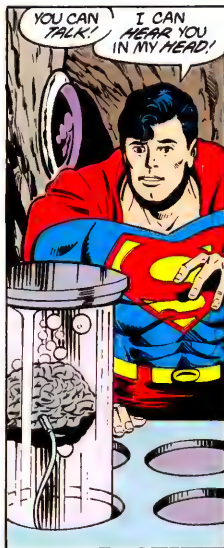
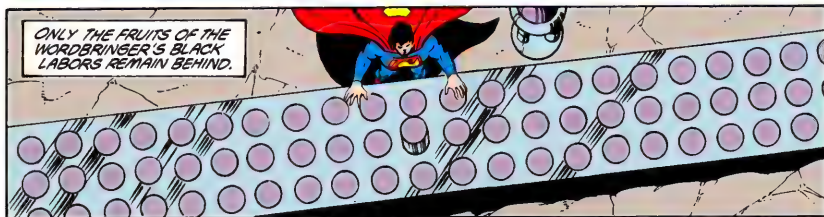
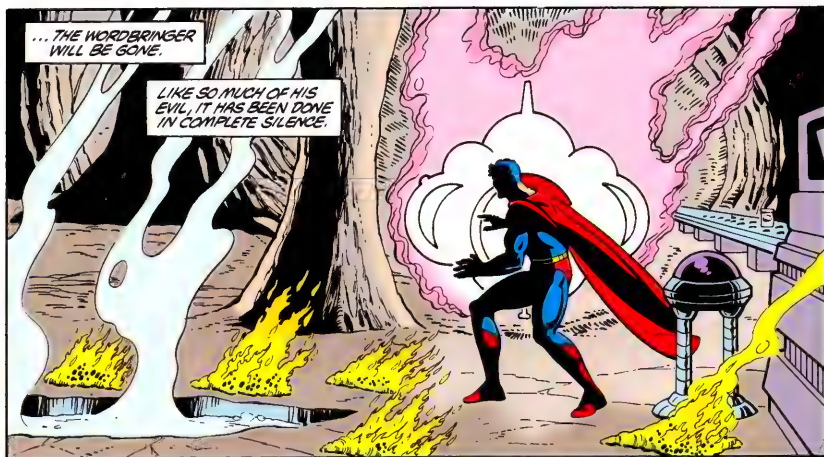
AS LONG AS THERE IS MASS, IT WILL STRUGGLE ON.

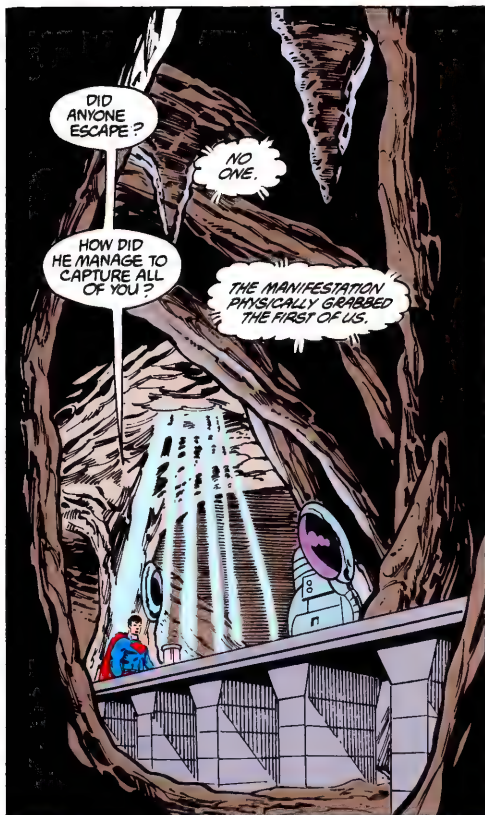


SO SUPERMAN BURNS AWAY THE LAST OF THE MASS AND ENDS THE CONFLICT.

BUT THERE IS NO JOY IN THIS VICTORY. IT HAS BEEN DIRTY AND PAINFUL WORK.

HE ALSO KNOWS THAT WHEN HE TURNS AROUND...



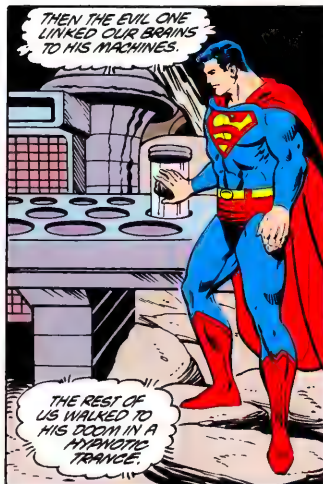


DID ANYONE
ESCAPE?

NO
ONE.

HOW DID
HE MANAGE TO
CAPTURE ALL
OF YOU?

THE MANIFESTATION
PHYSICALLY GRABBED
THE FIRST OF US.



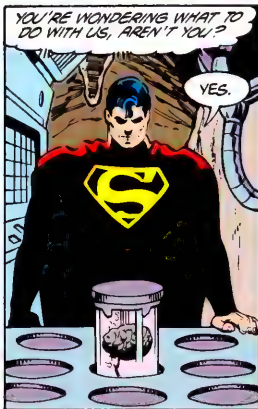
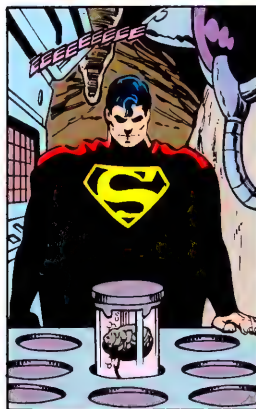
THEN THE EVIL ONE
LINKED OUR BRAINS
TO HIS MACHINES.

THE REST OF
US WALKED TO
HIS DOOM IN A
HYPNOTIC
TRANCE.



HE'LL PAY
FOR THIS. I
PROMISE
YOU.

I'LL FIND
HIM. I
SWEAR.



YOU'RE WONDERING WHAT TO
DO WITH US, AREN'T YOU?

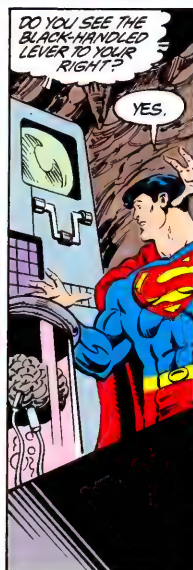
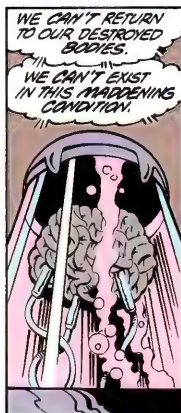
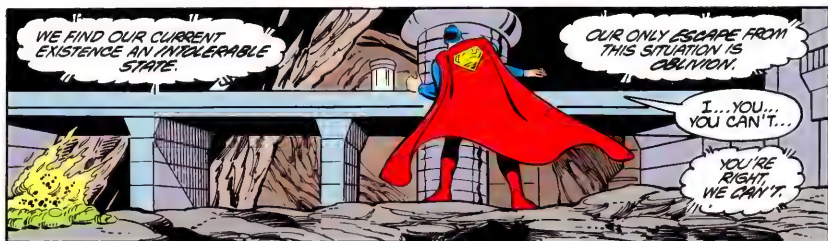
YES.

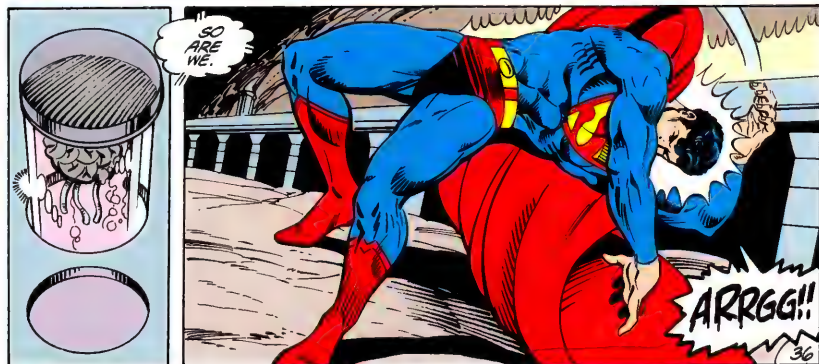
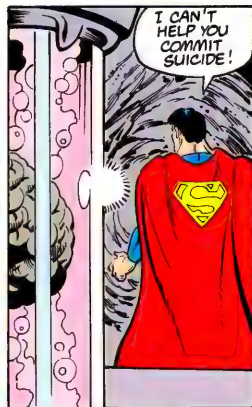
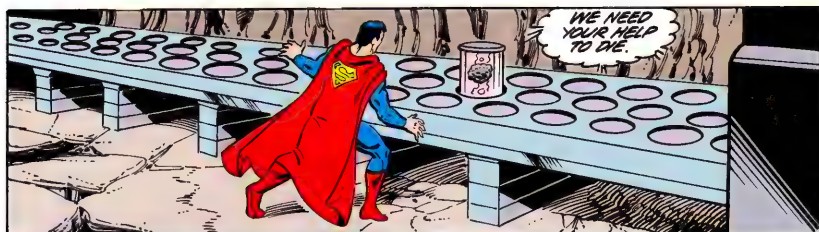


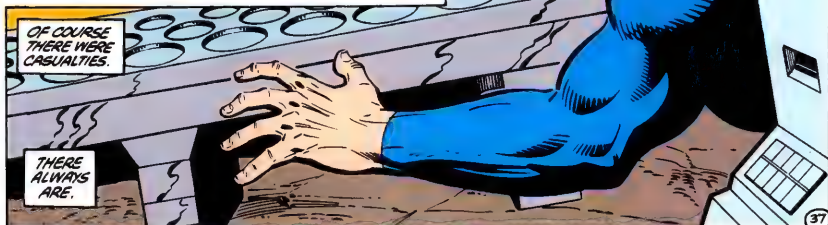
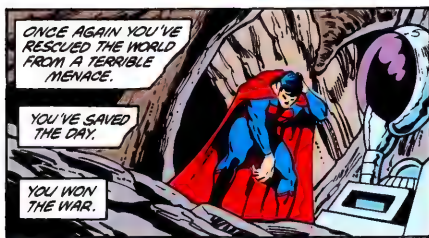
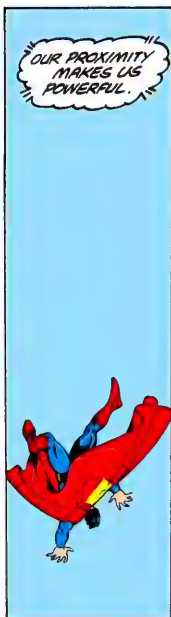
THERE IS ONLY
ONE OPTION
OPEN TO US.

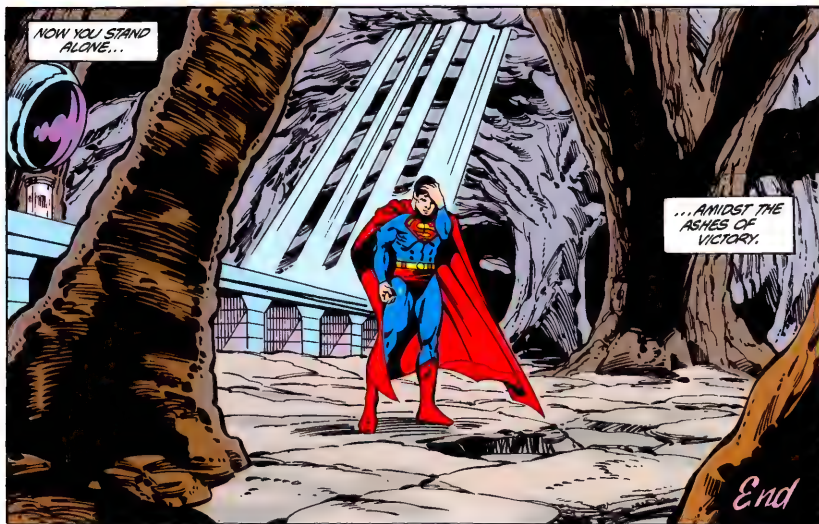
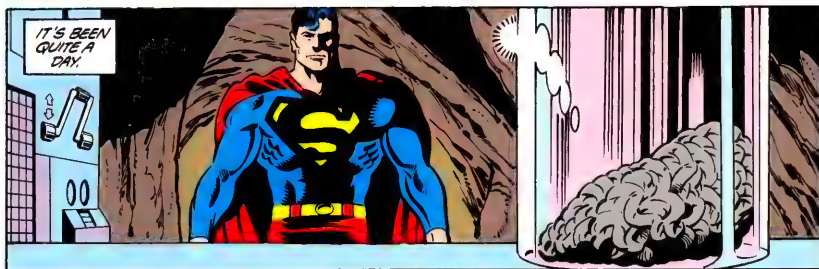


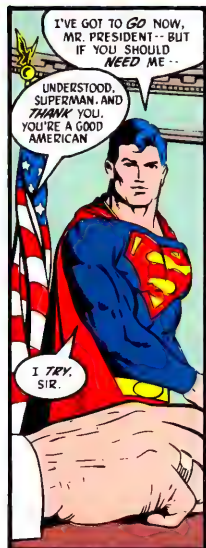
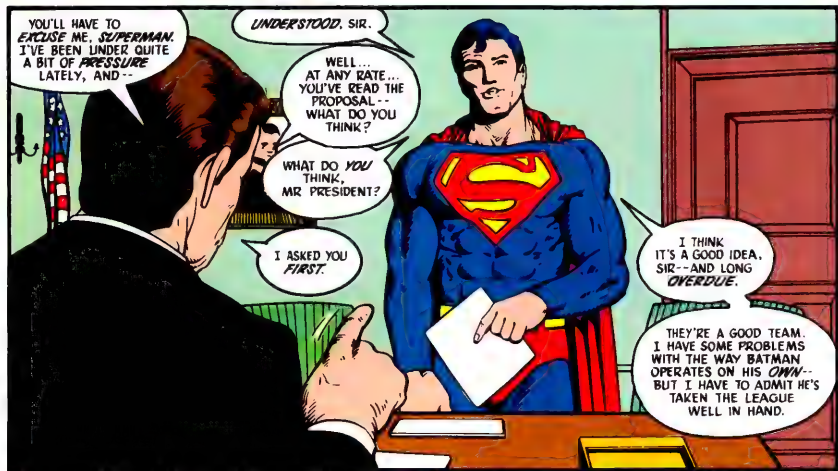
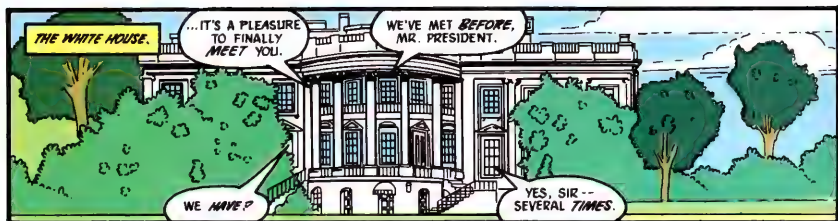
DEATH!











IT WAS A SIMPLE
ENOUGH MISTAKE.

THE KIND OF
MISTAKE ALMOST
ANYONE COULD
HAVE MADE.

A RIGHT TURN INSTEAD
OF A LEFT.

EASILY NOTICED...
EASILY RECTIFIED...

NOT AT ALL THE
SORT OF THING
YOU'D EXPECT
TO LEAD YOU
INTO...



...A WALK ON THE DARKSIDE!

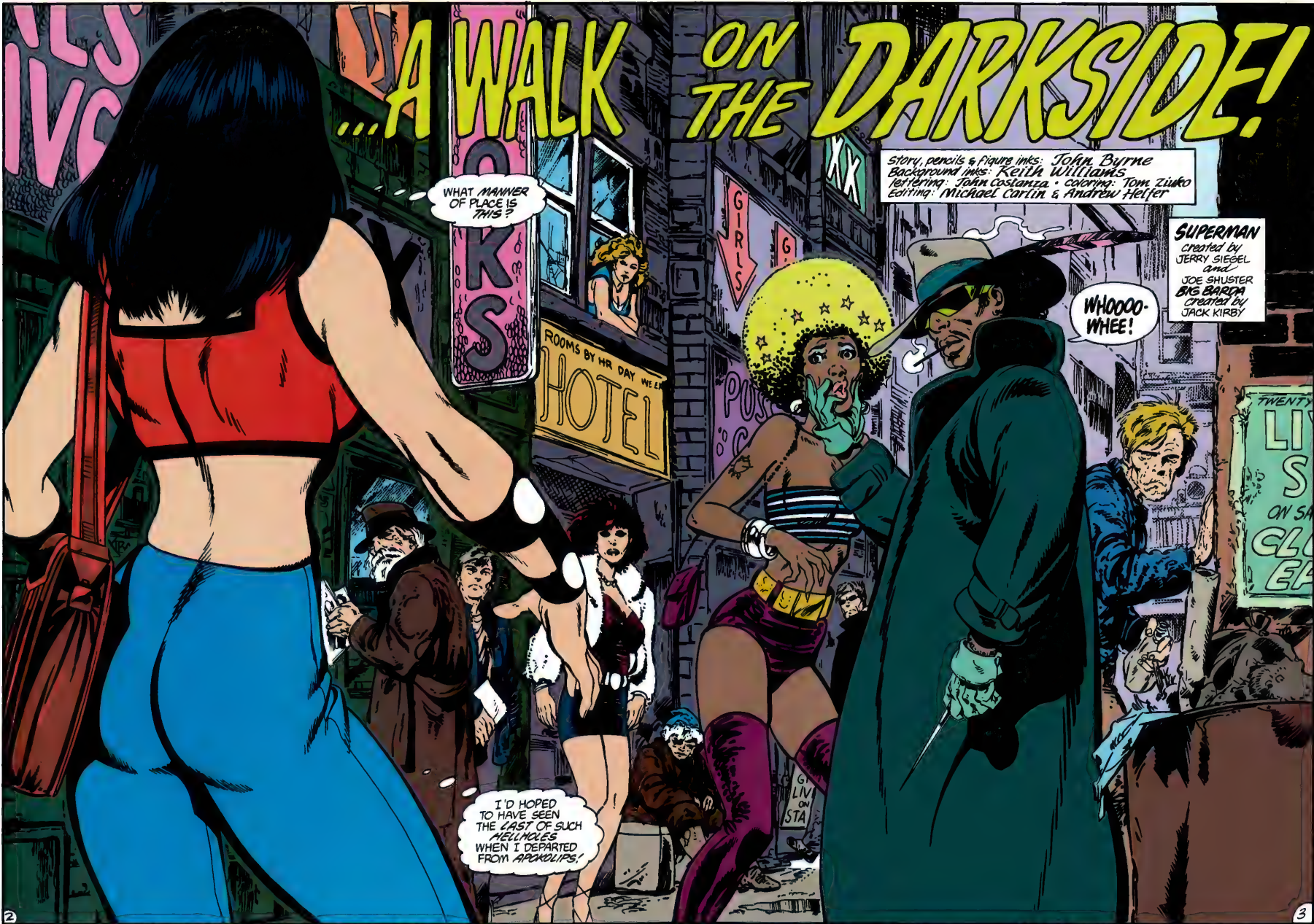
Story, pencils & figure inks: John Byrne
Background inks: Keith Williams
Lettering: John Costanza • Coloring: Tom Ziuko
Editing: Michael Carlin & Andrew Helfer

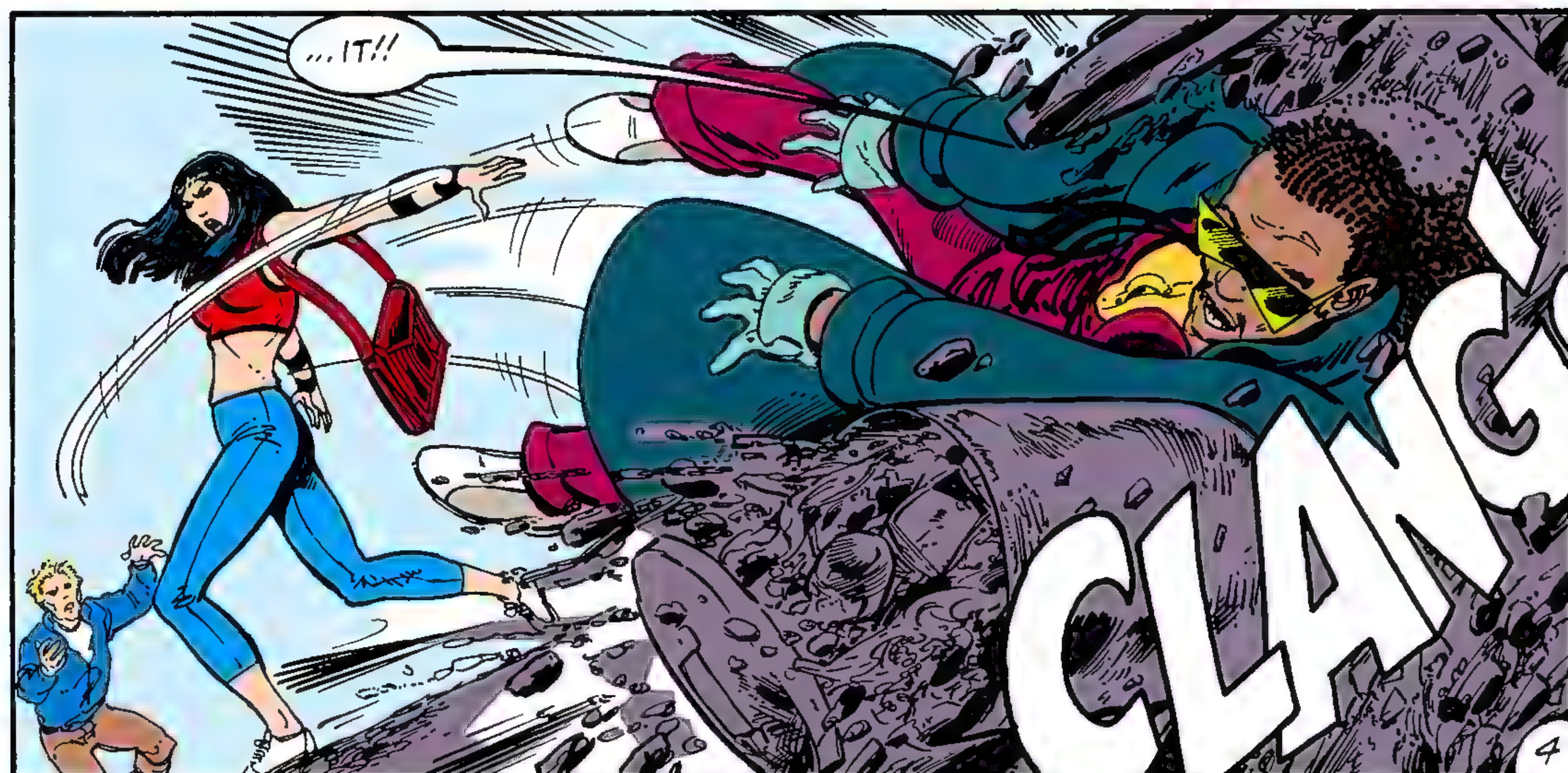
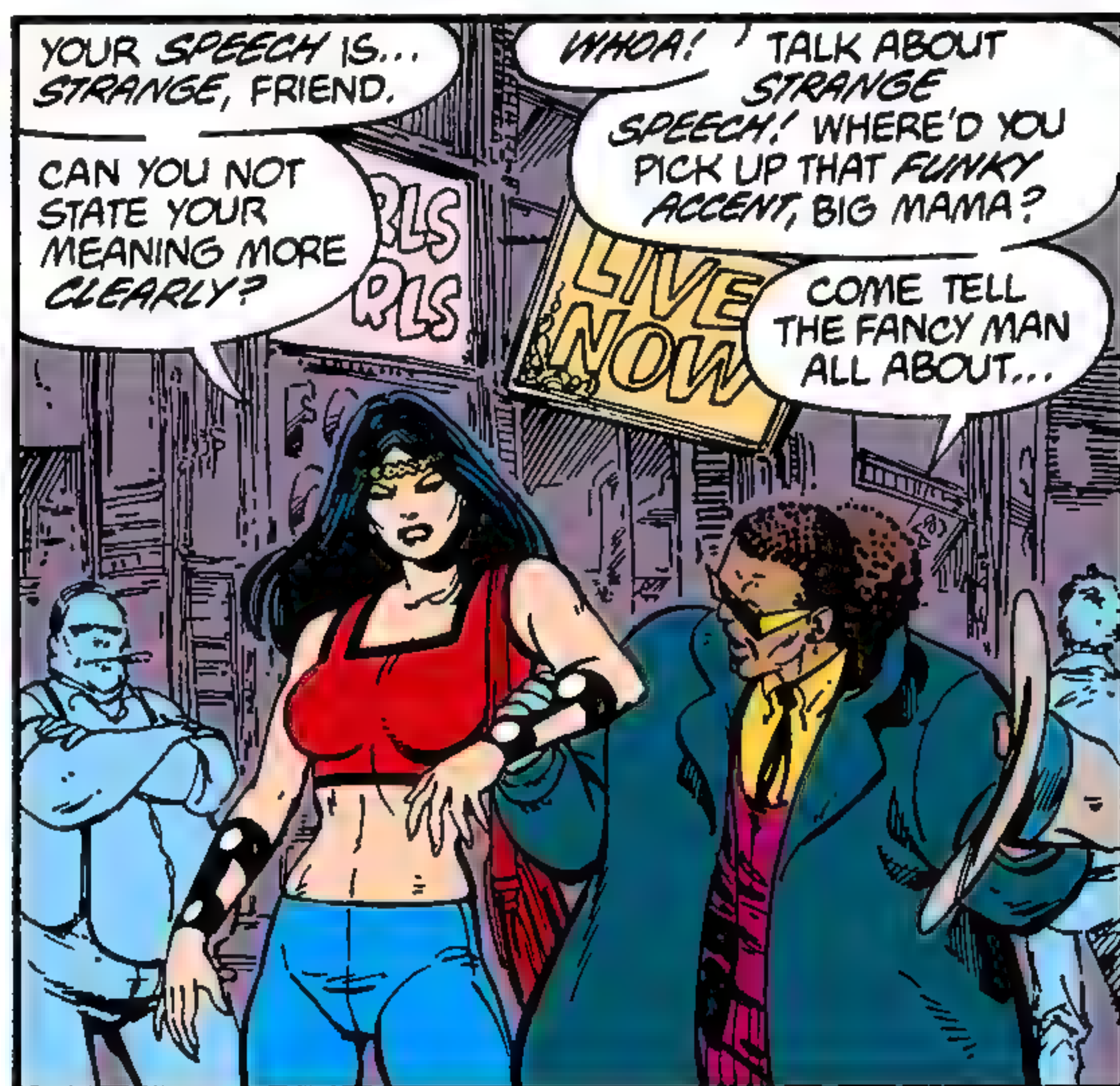
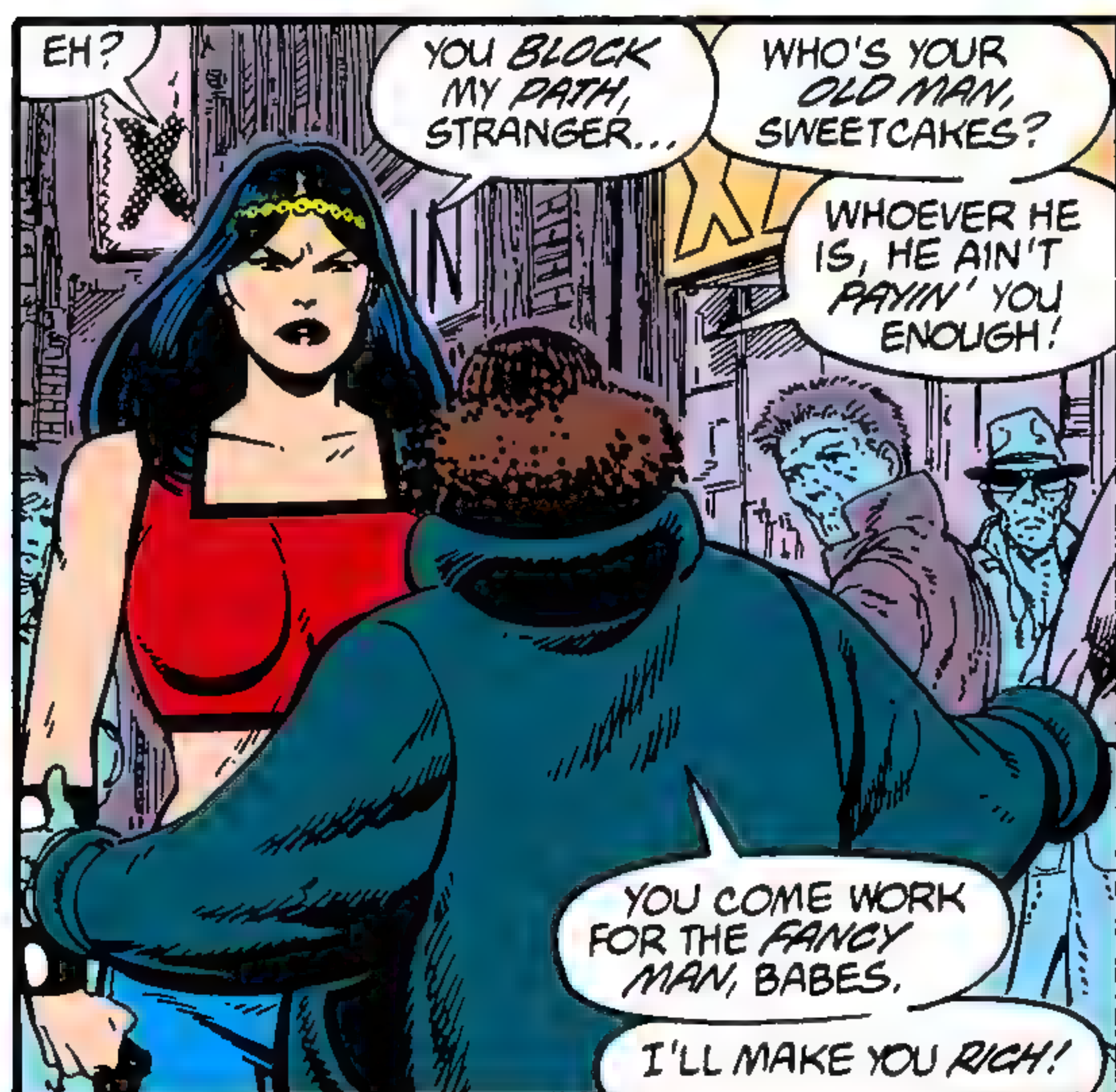
SUPERMAN
Created by
JERRY SIEGEL
and
JOE SHUSTER
BIG BARB
Created by
JACK KIRBY

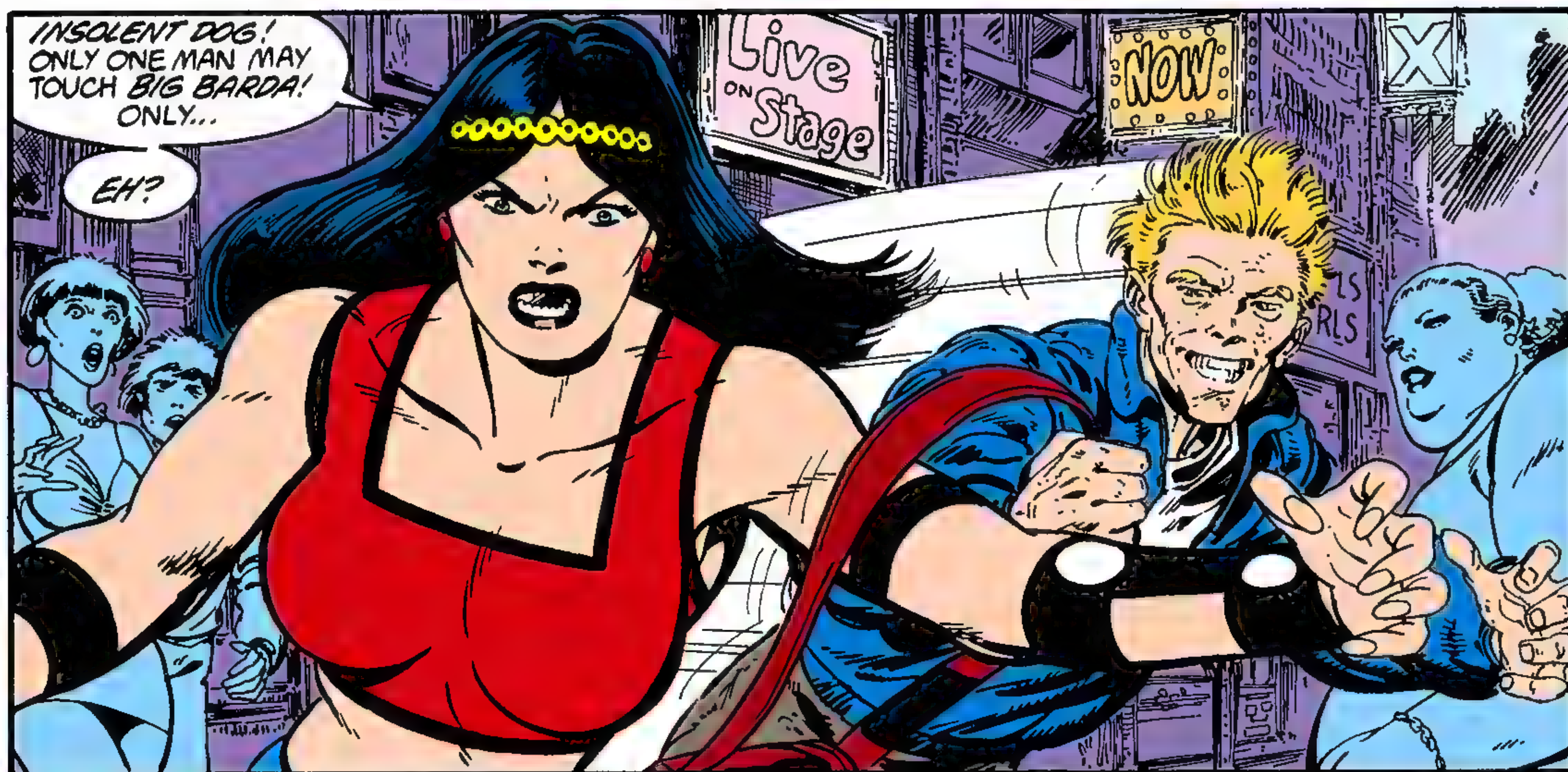
WHAT MANNER
OF PLACE IS
THIS?

WHOOO-
WHEE!

I'D HOPED
TO HAVE SEEN
THE LAST OF SUCH
HELLHOLES
WHEN I DEPARTED
FROM APOCALIPS!

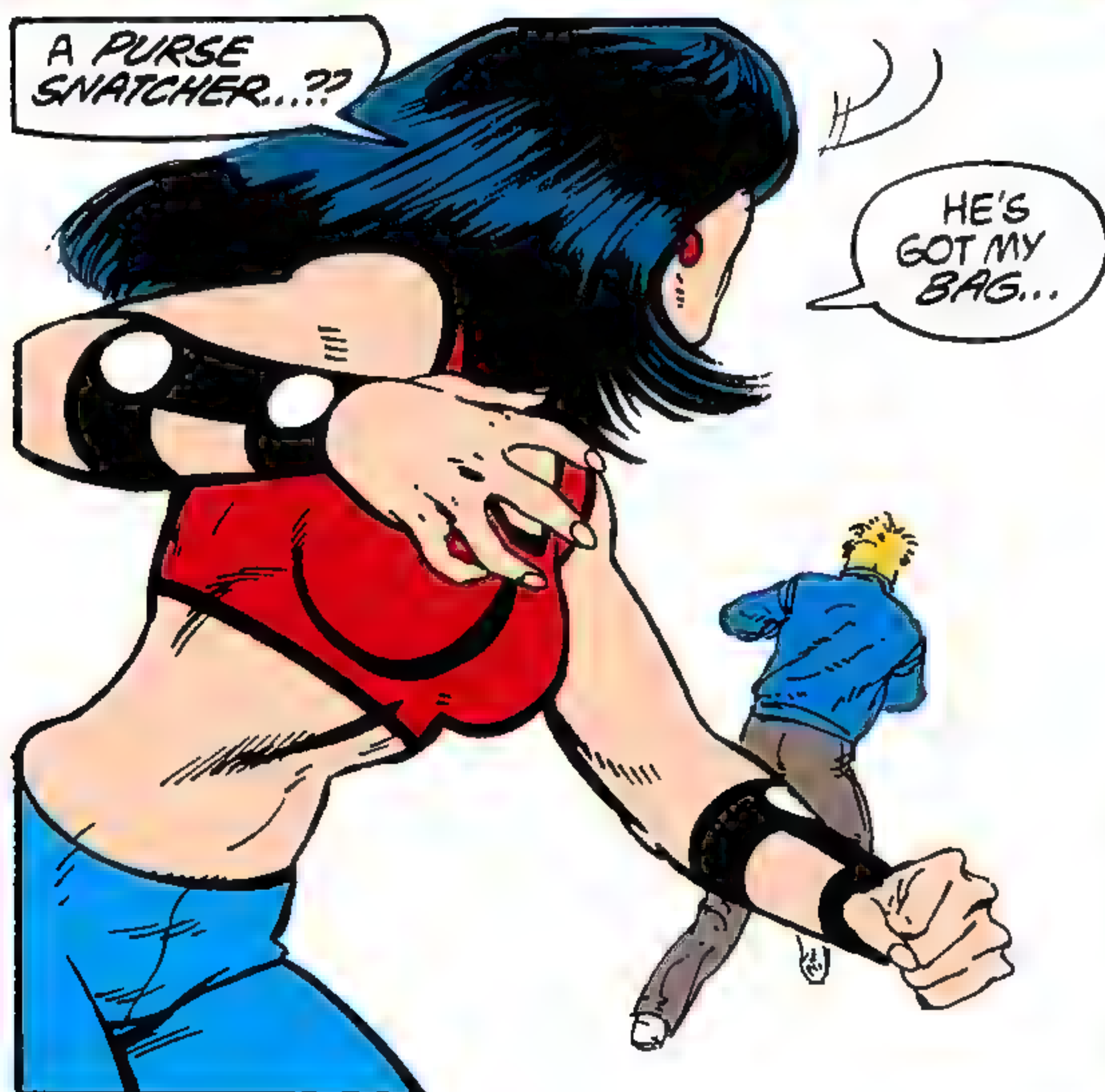






INSOLENT DOG!
ONLY ONE MAN MAY
TOUCH *BIG BARDA!*
ONLY...

EH?



A PURSE
SNATCHER...??

HE'S
GOT MY
BAG...

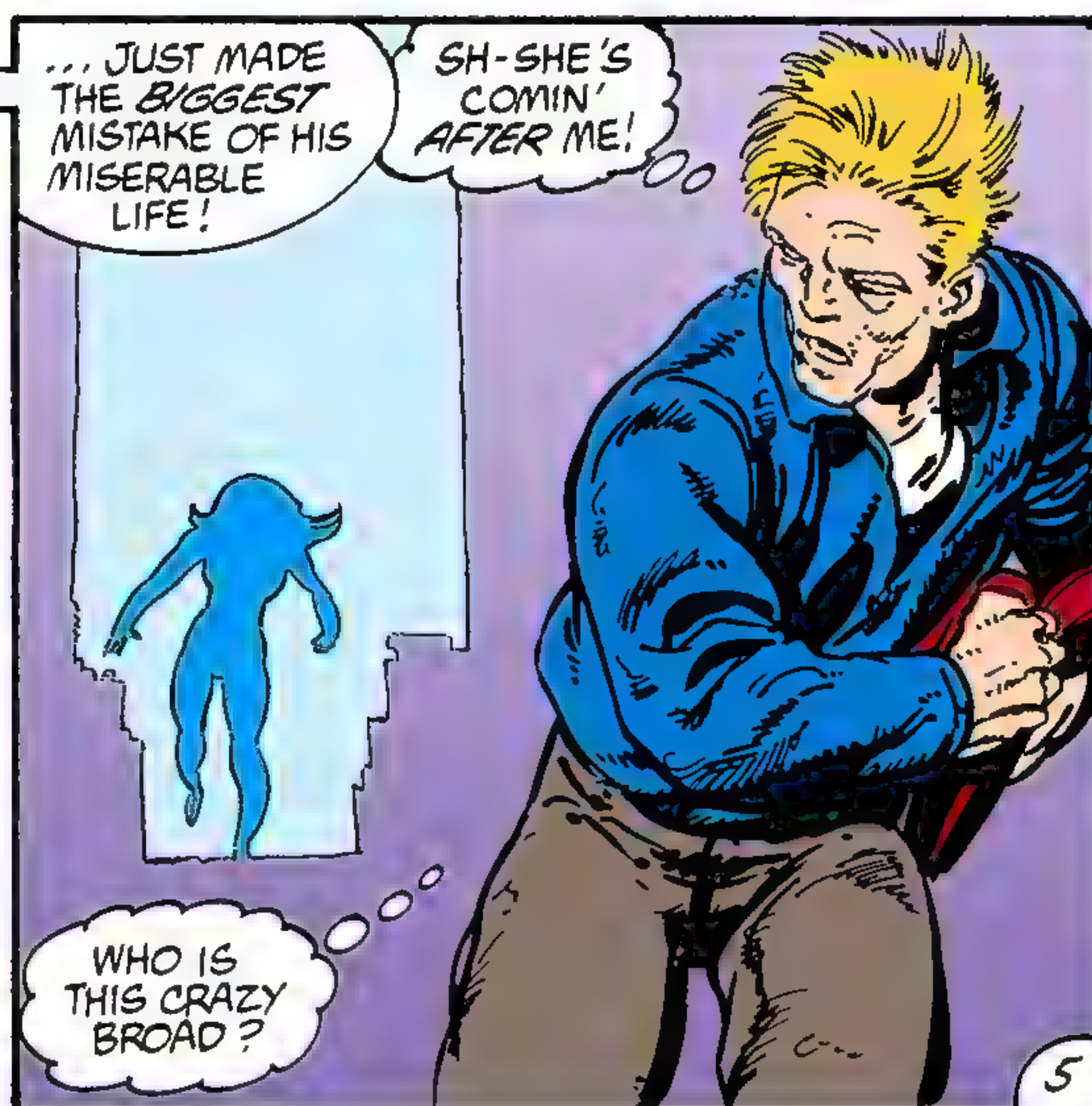


AND WITH IT MY
MEGA-ROD!!



F-FANCY MAN...
WH-WHO... WHO
WAS THAT...???

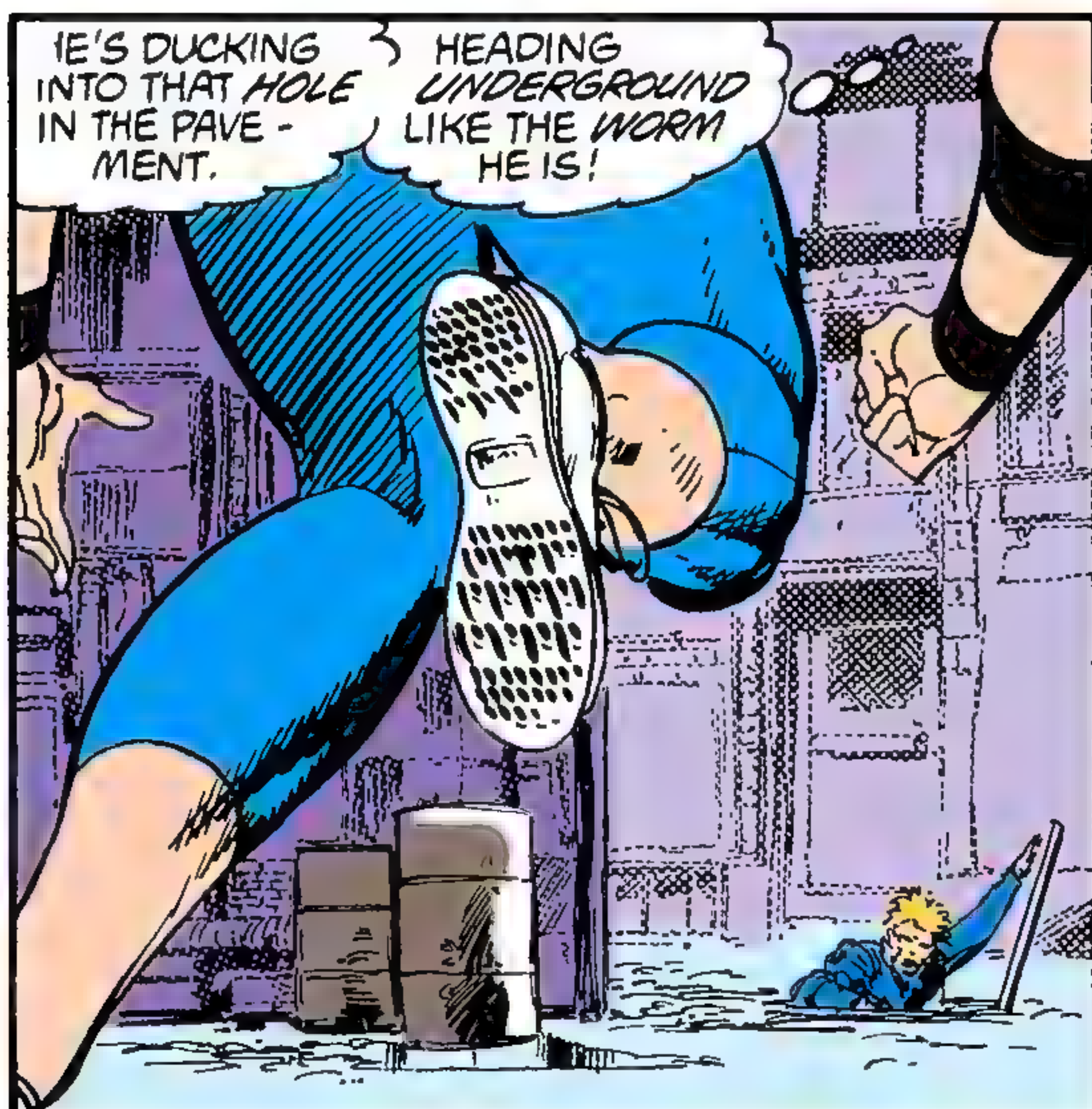
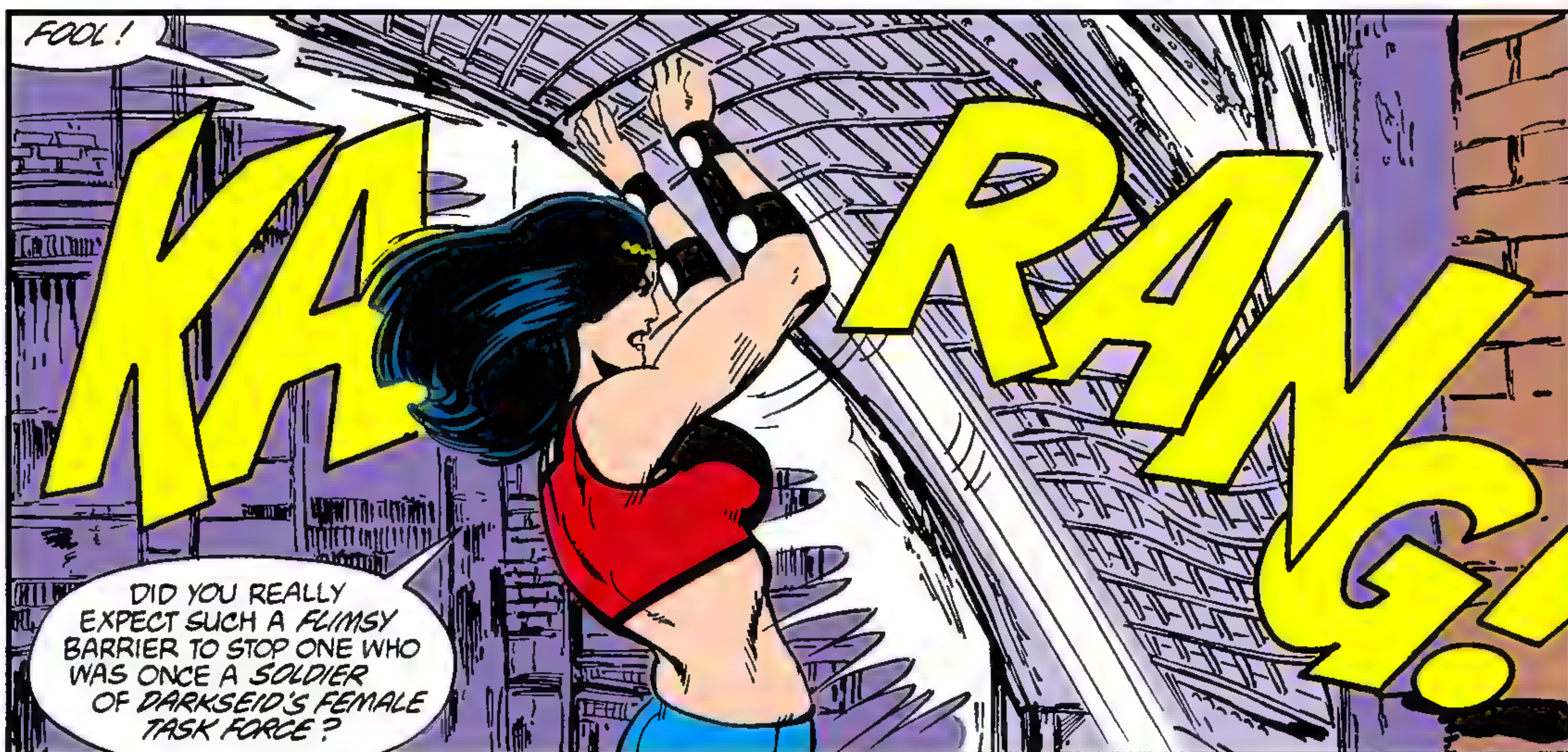
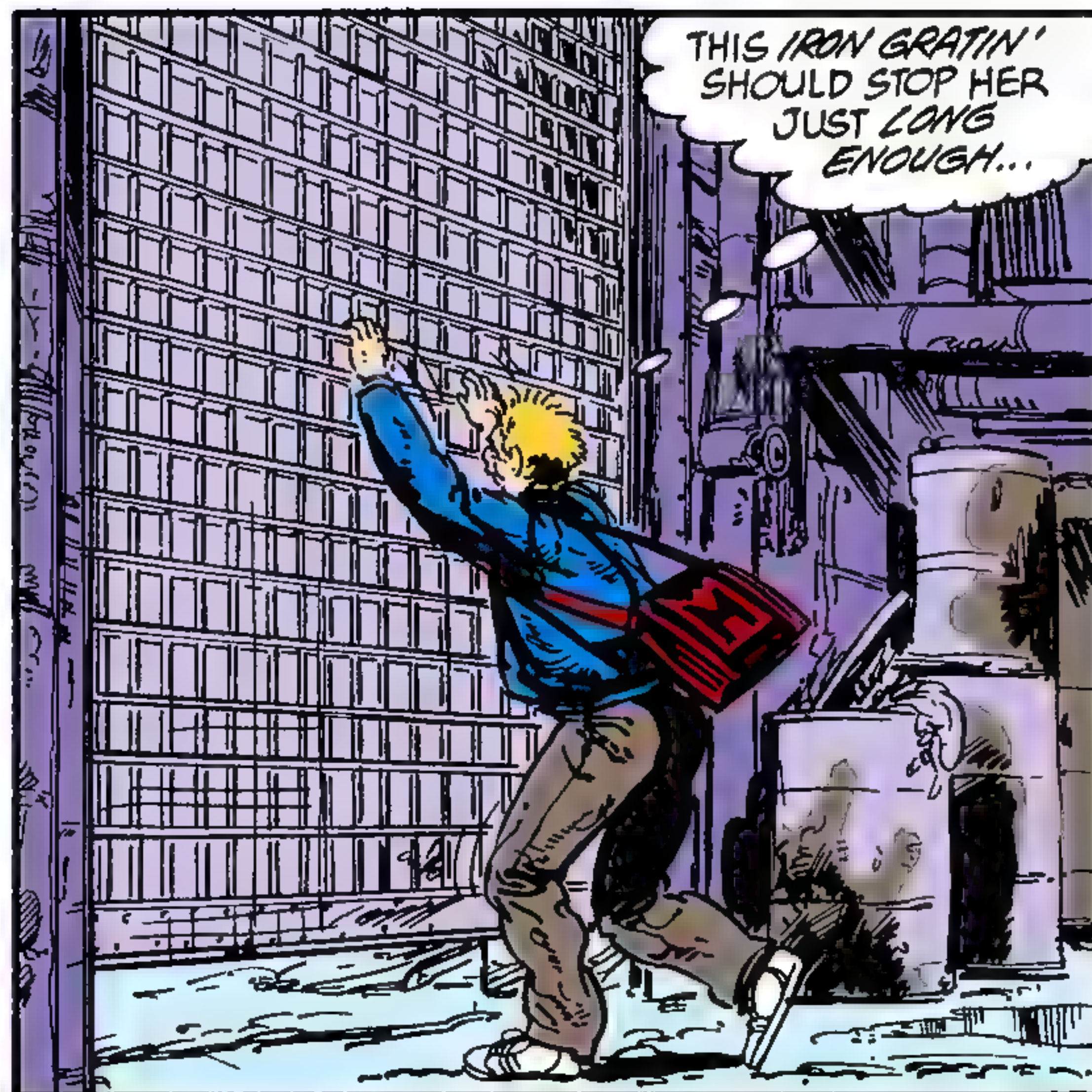
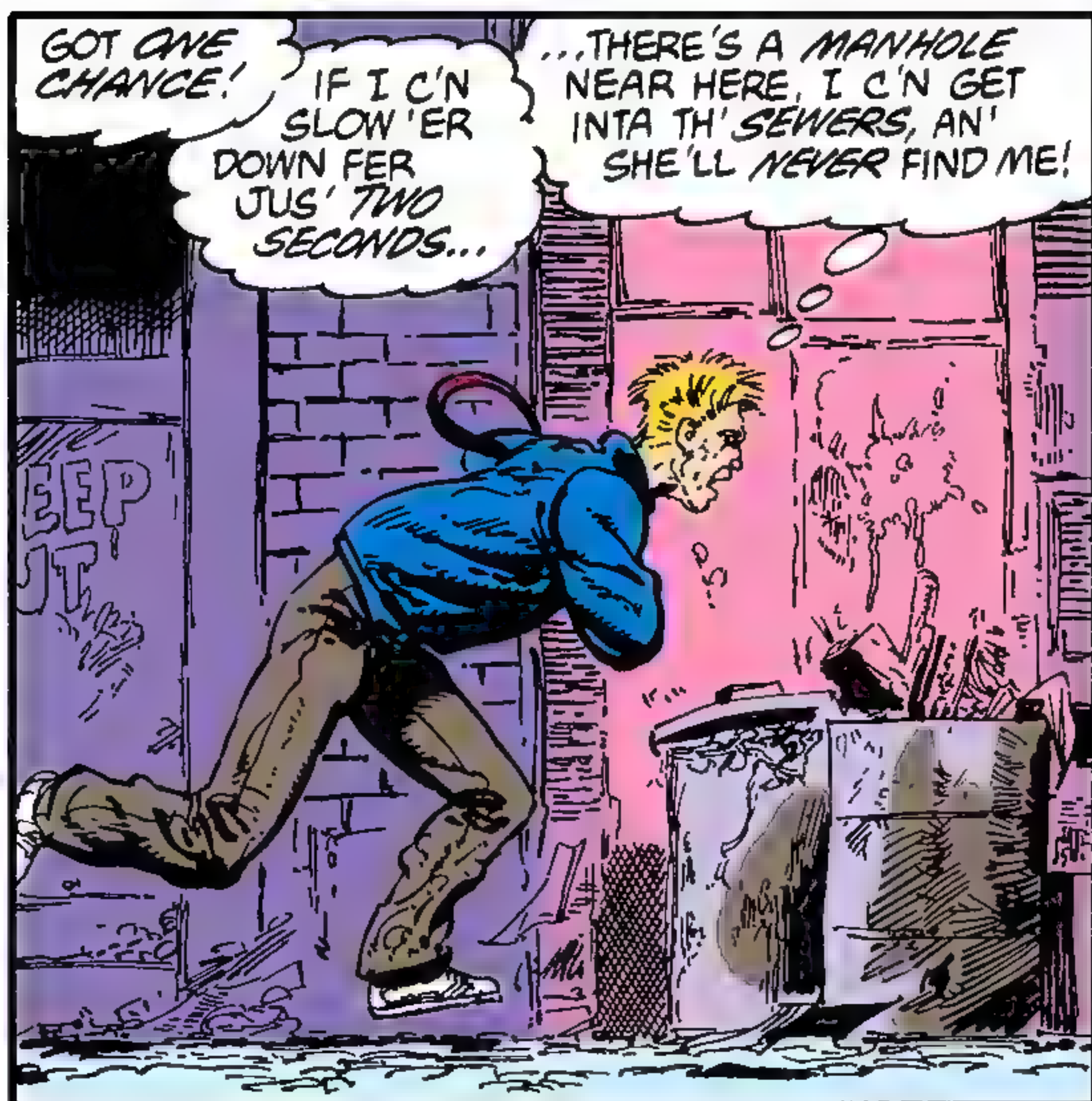
D-DUNNO... BUT... THAT
CUTPURSE WHO
JUST SNATCHED
HER BAG...

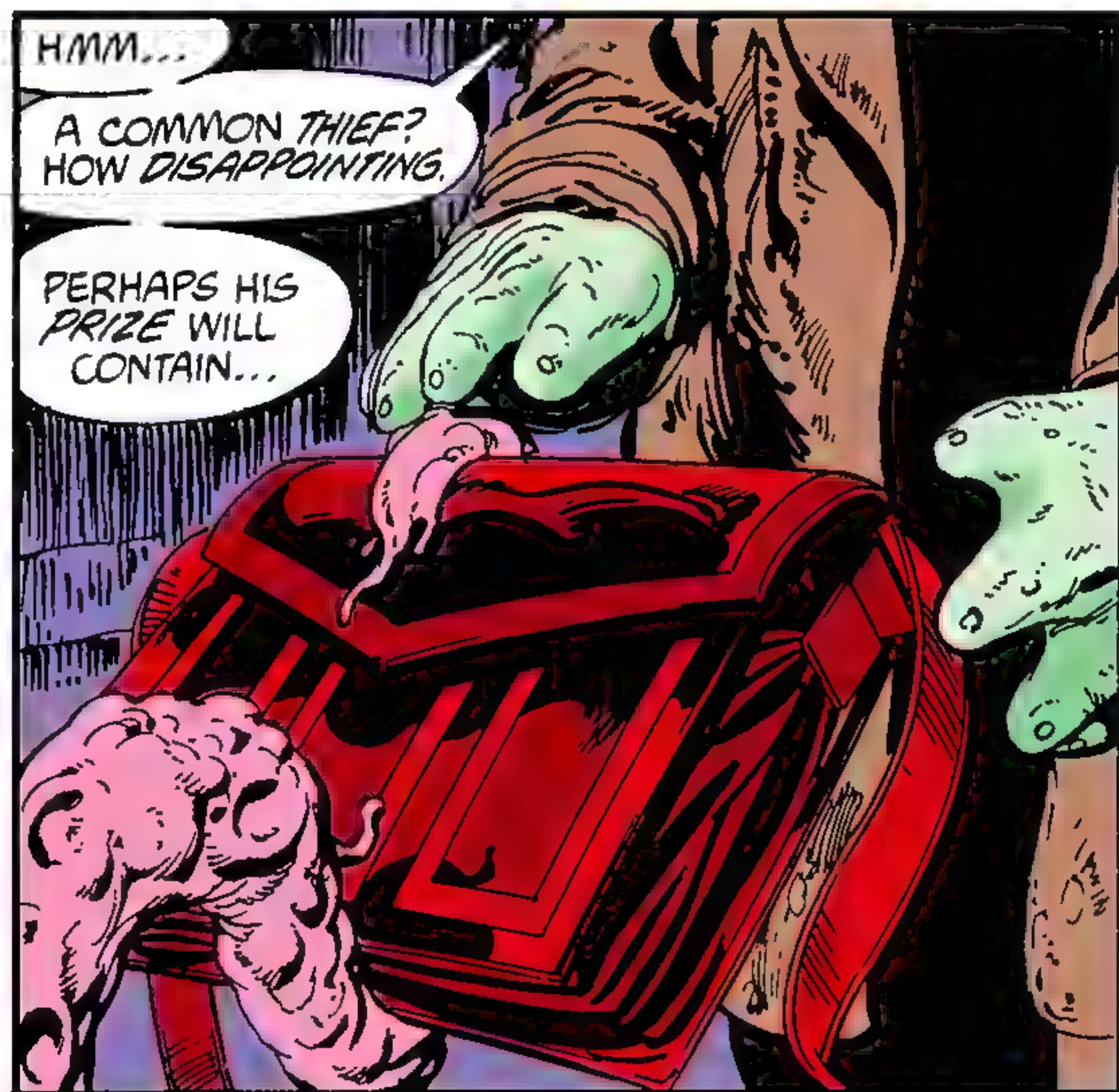
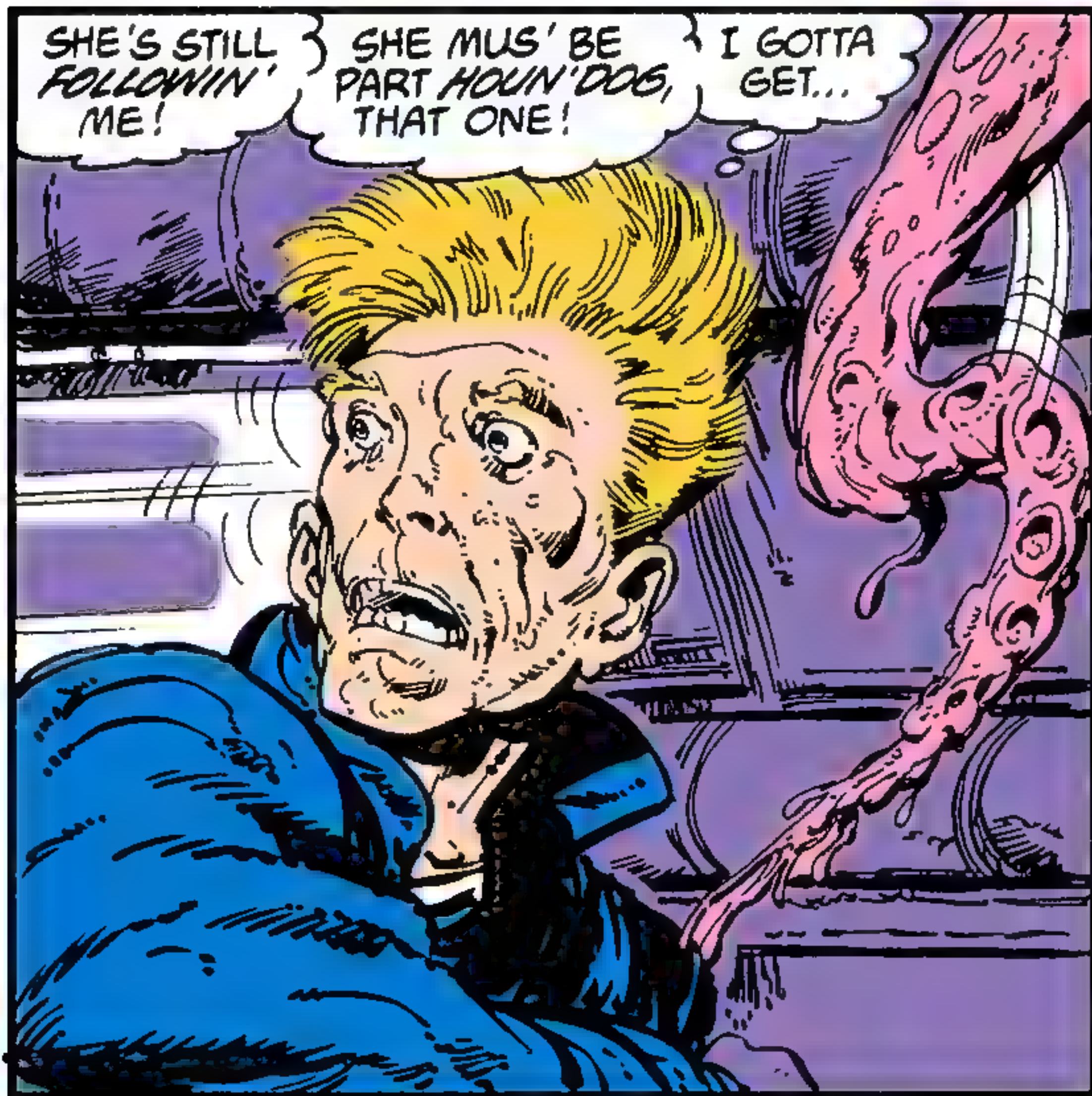


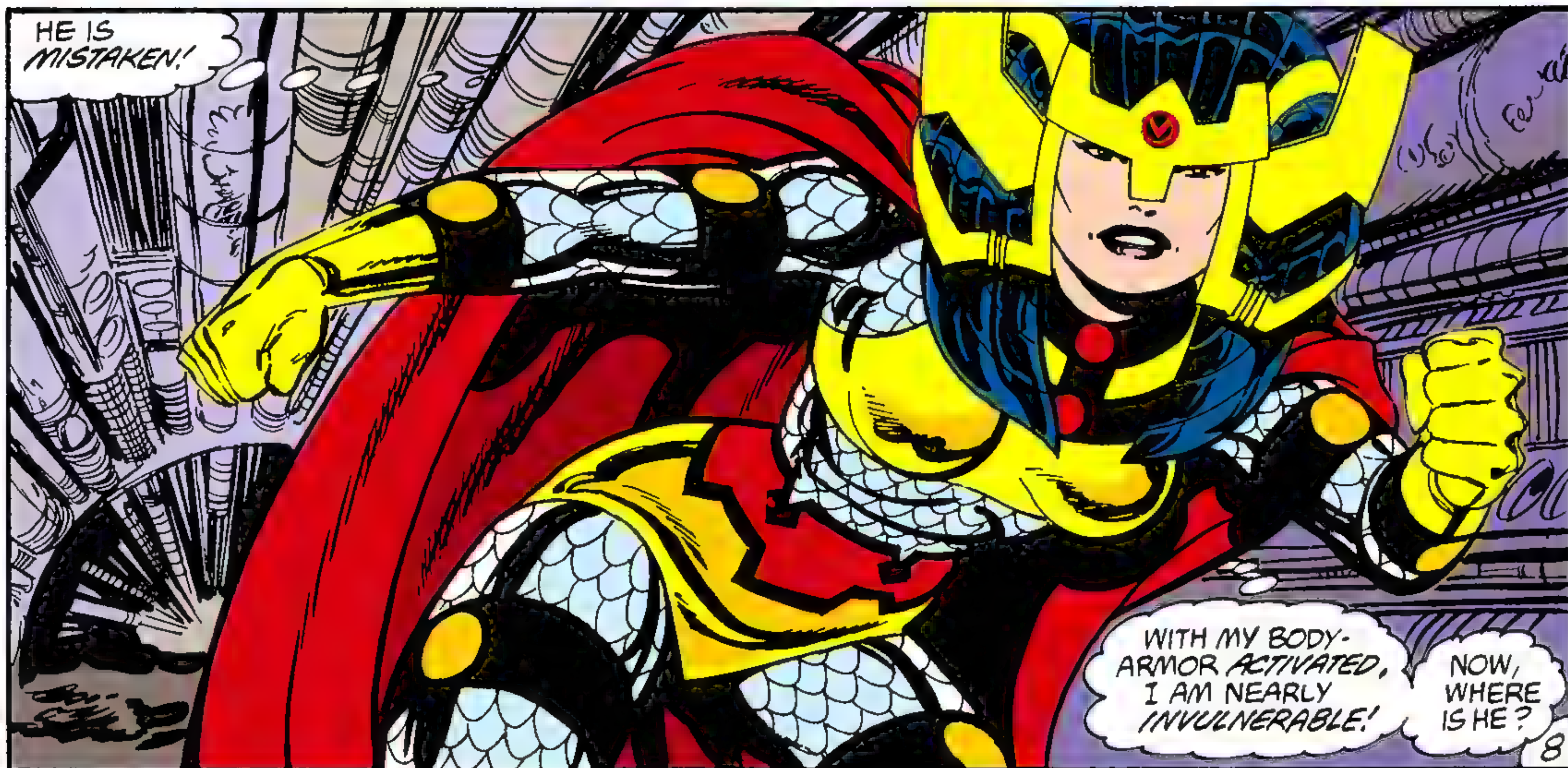
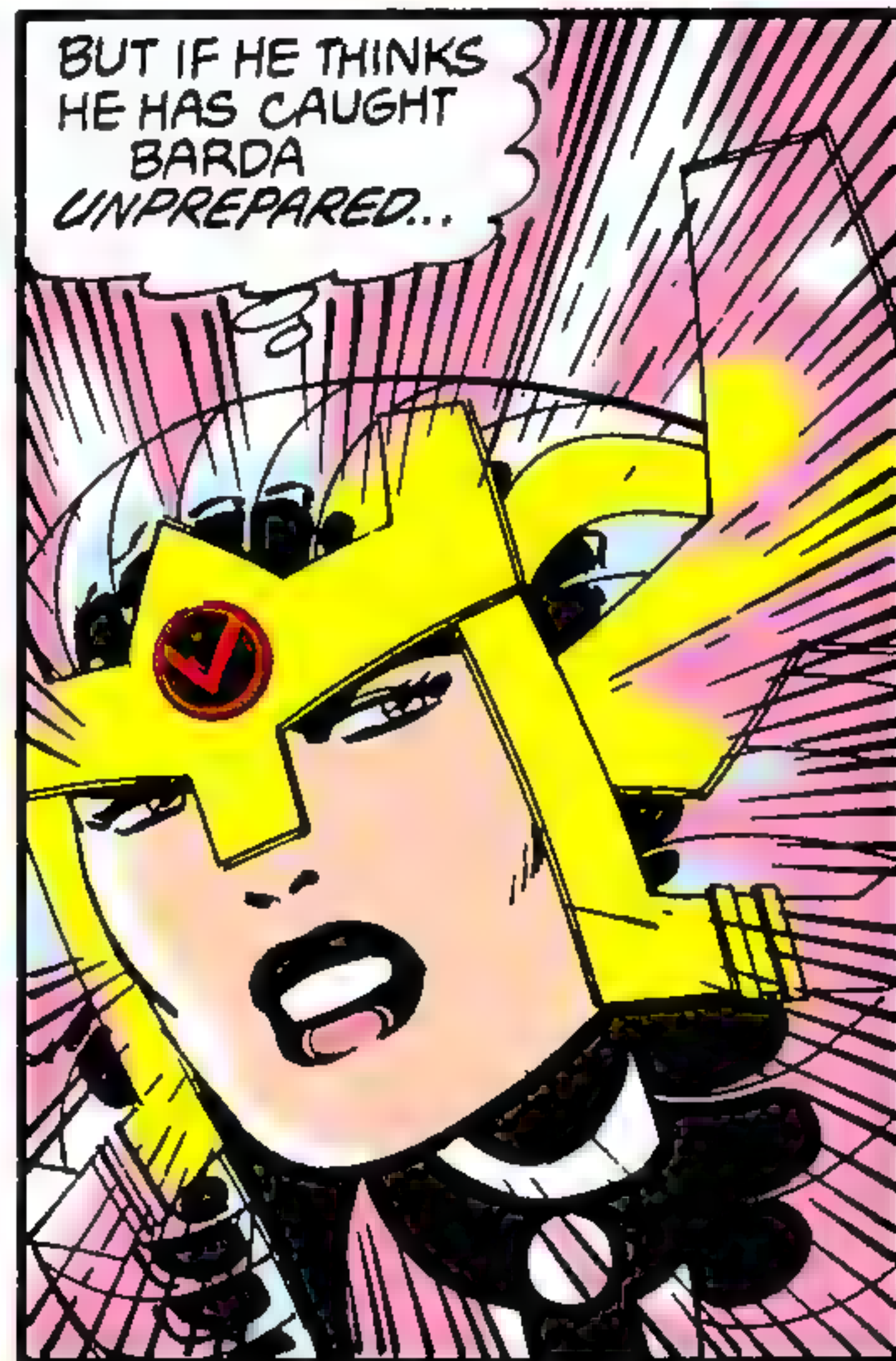
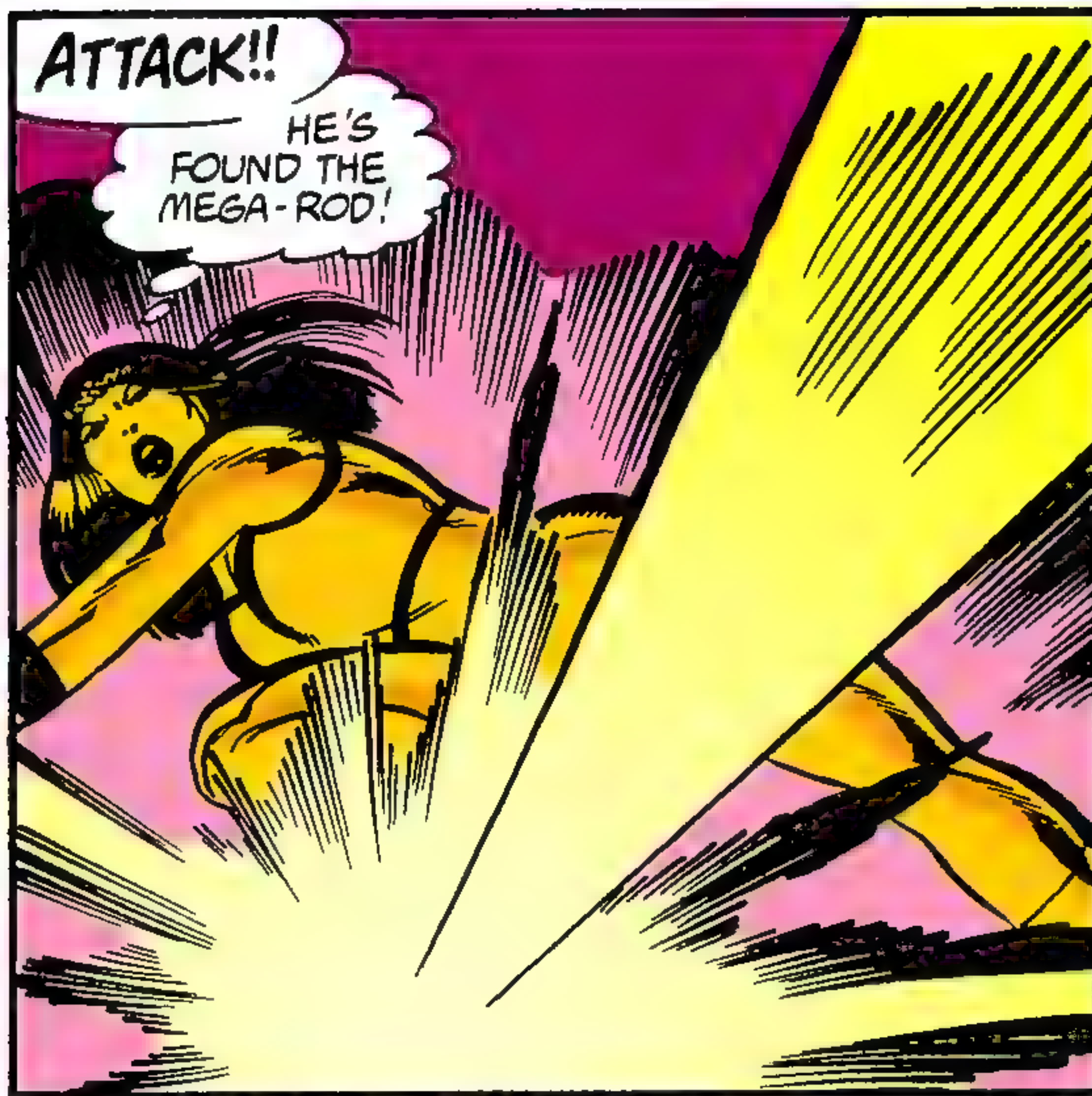
... JUST MADE
THE *BIGGEST*
MISTAKE OF HIS
MISERABLE
LIFE!

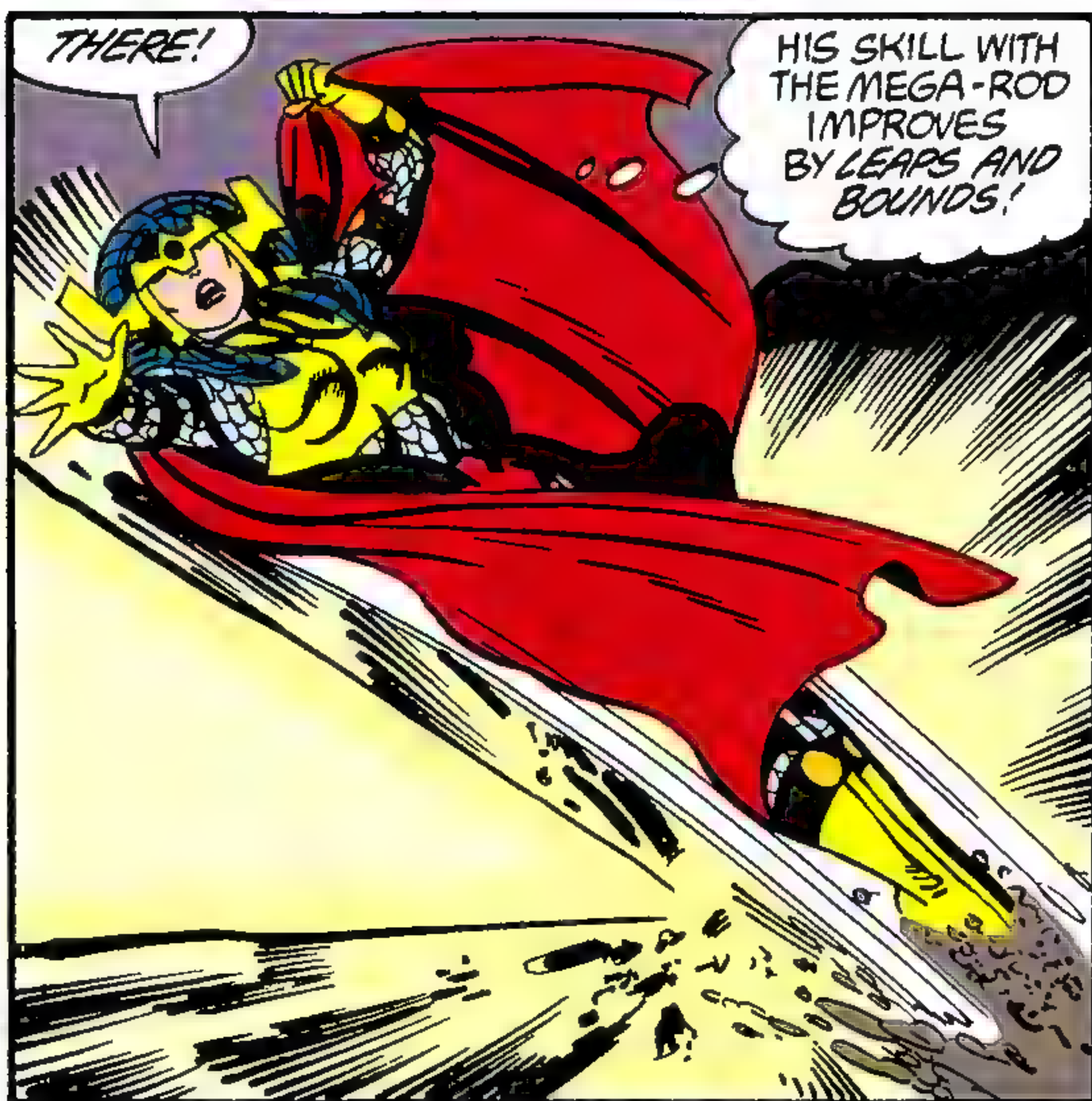
SH-SHE'S
COMIN'
AFTER ME!

WHO IS
THIS CRAZY
BROAD?



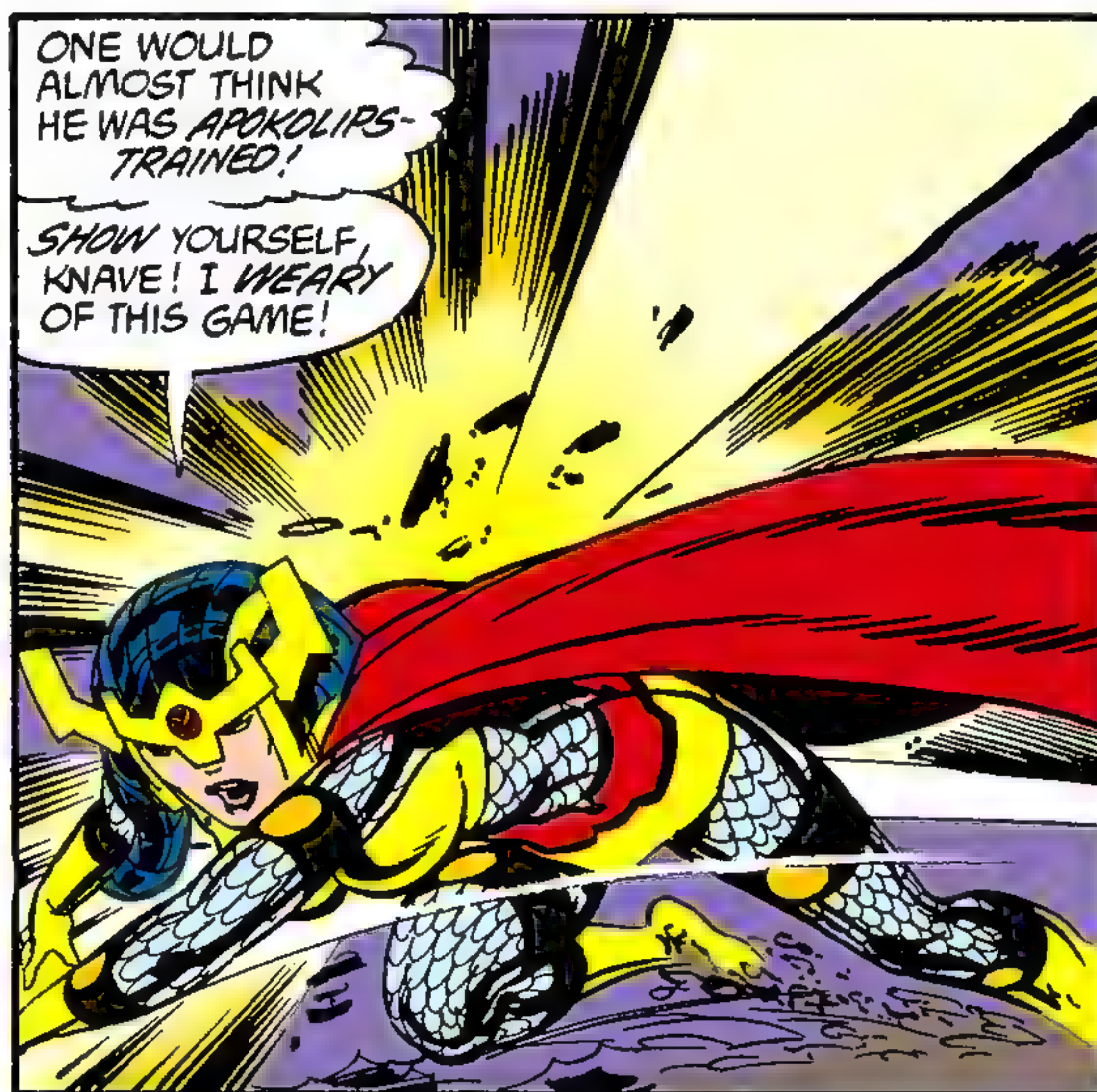






THERE!

HIS SKILL WITH
THE MEGA-ROD
IMPROVES
BY LEAPS AND
BOUNDS!



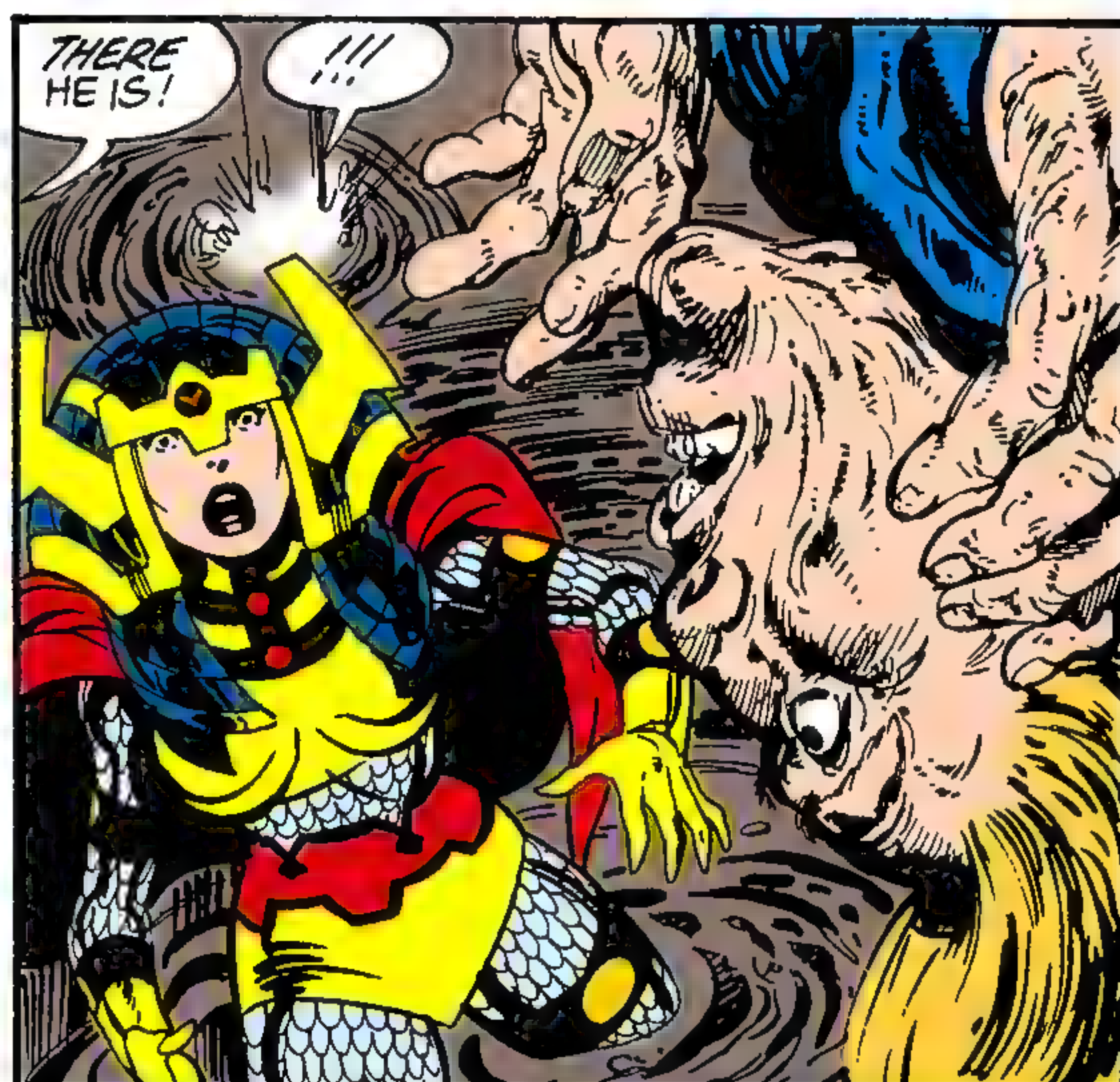
ONE WOULD
ALMOST THINK
HE WAS APOKOLIPS-
TRAINED!

SHOW YOURSELF,
KNAVE! I WEARY
OF THIS GAME!



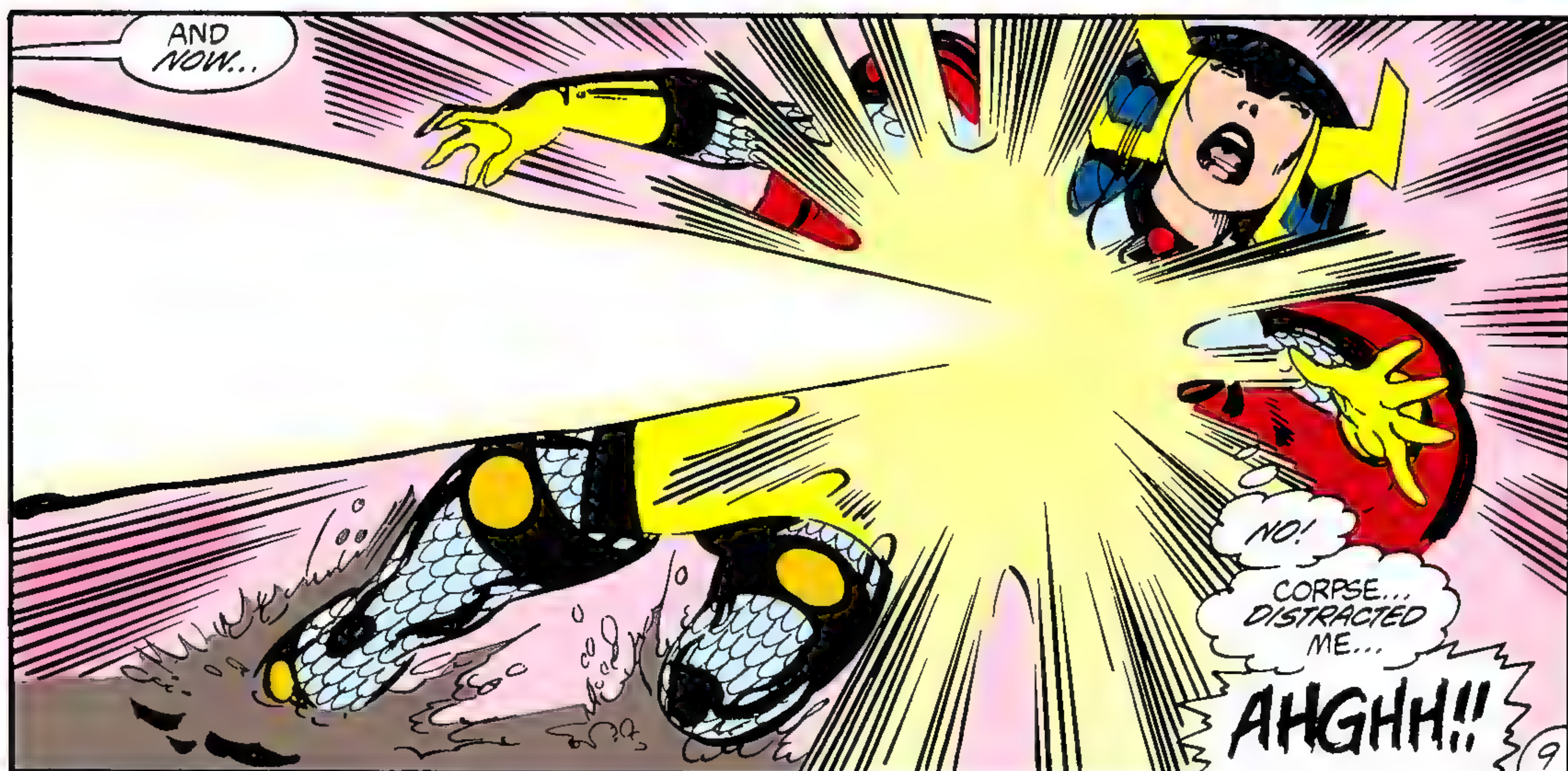
YOU SEEK THE
SCOUNDREL WHO
STOLE YOUR BAG,
BIG BARDA?

EH...?



THERE
HE IS!

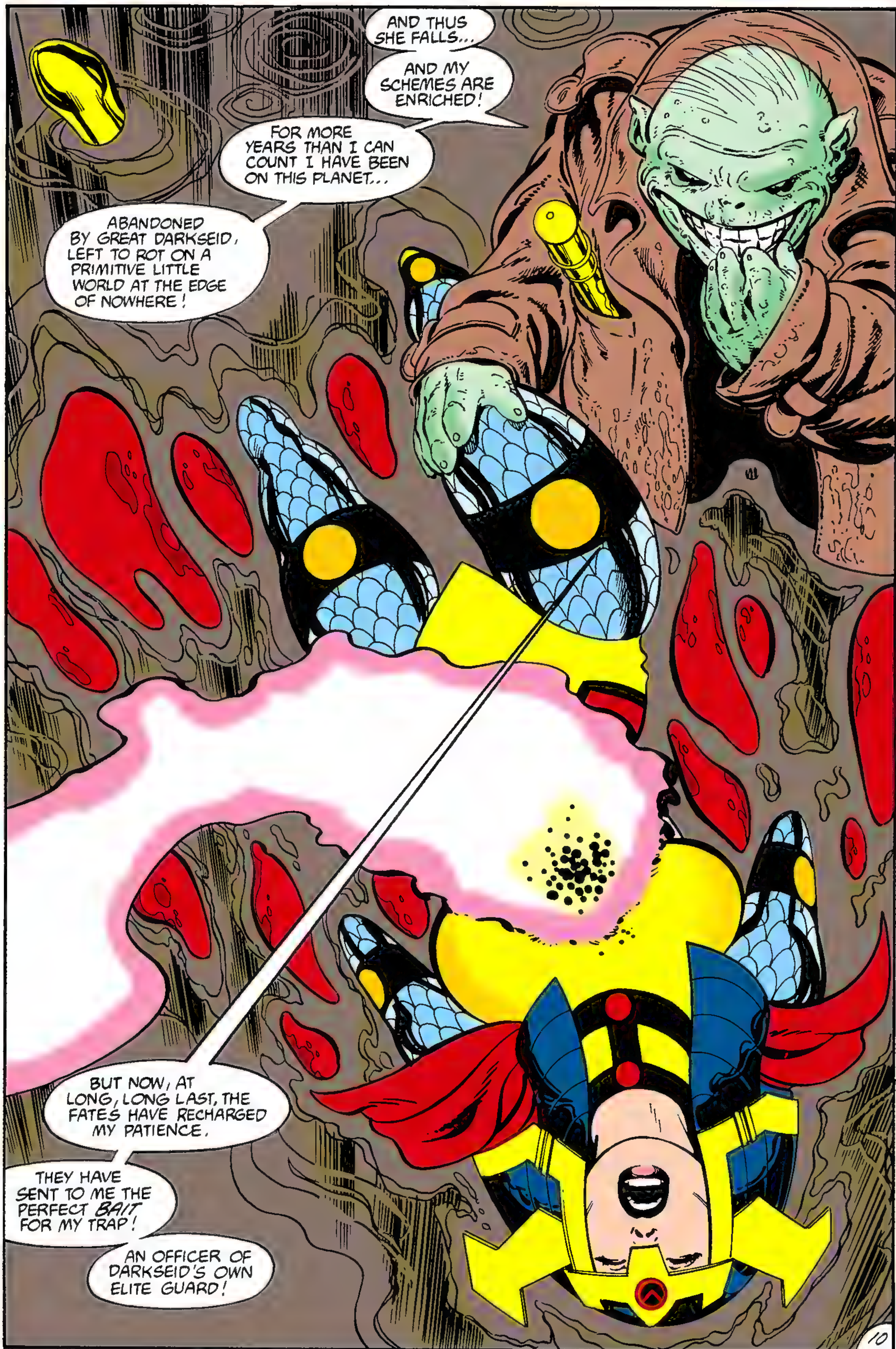
!!!



AND
NOW...

NO!
CORPSE...
DISTRACTED
ME...

AHGH!!



AND THUS SHE FALLS...

AND MY SCHEMES ARE ENRICHED!

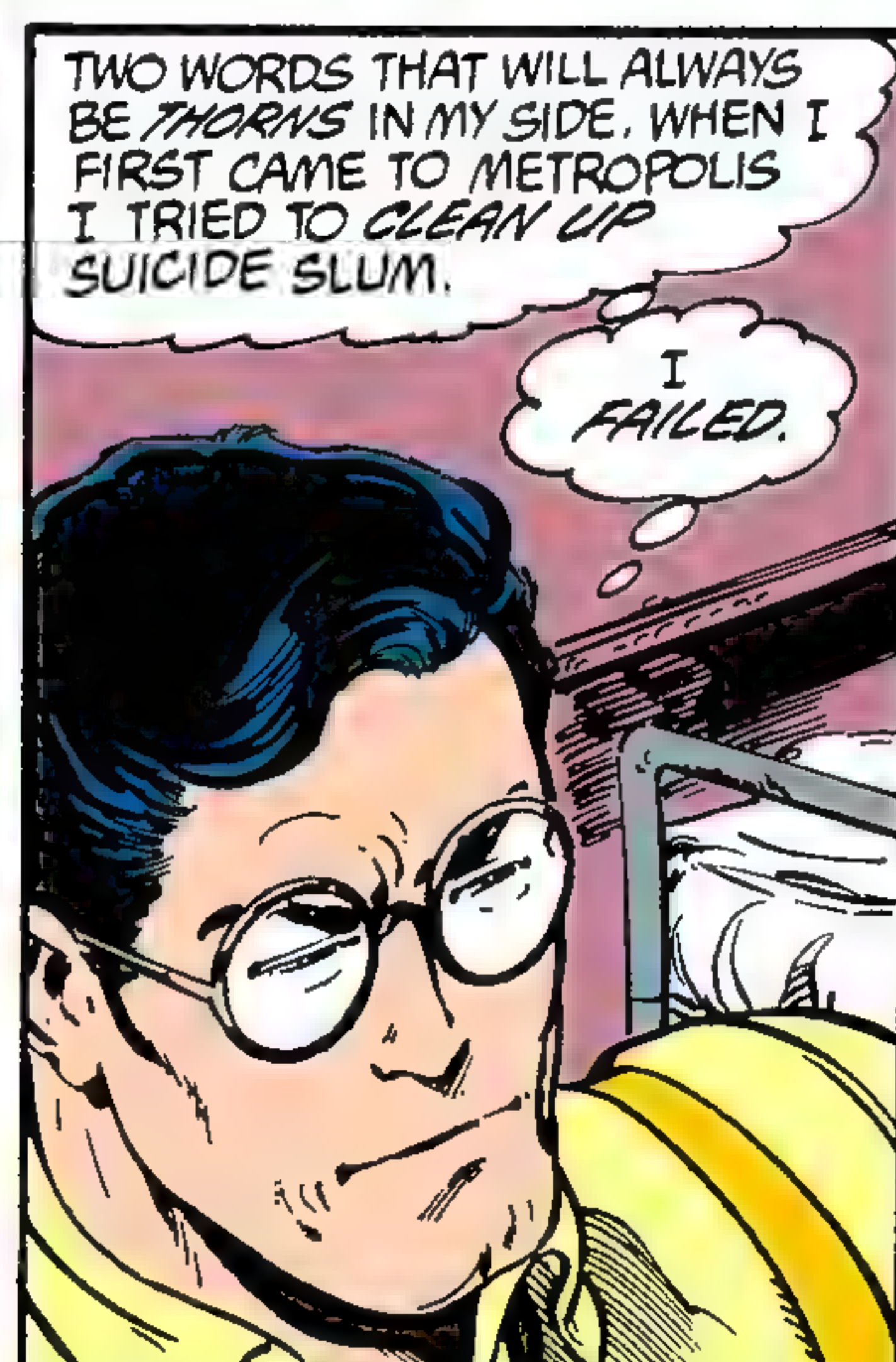
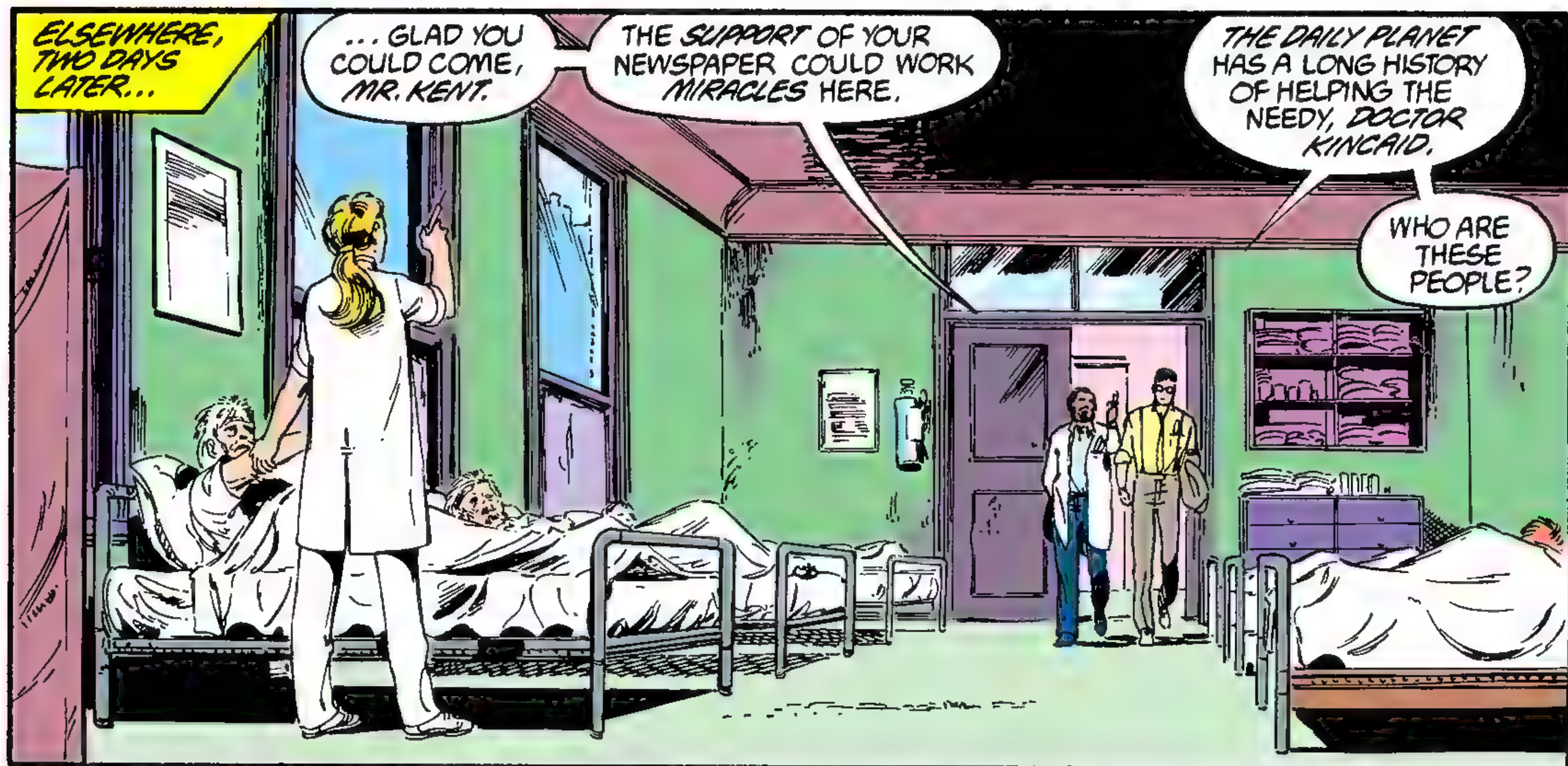
FOR MORE YEARS THAN I CAN COUNT I HAVE BEEN ON THIS PLANET...

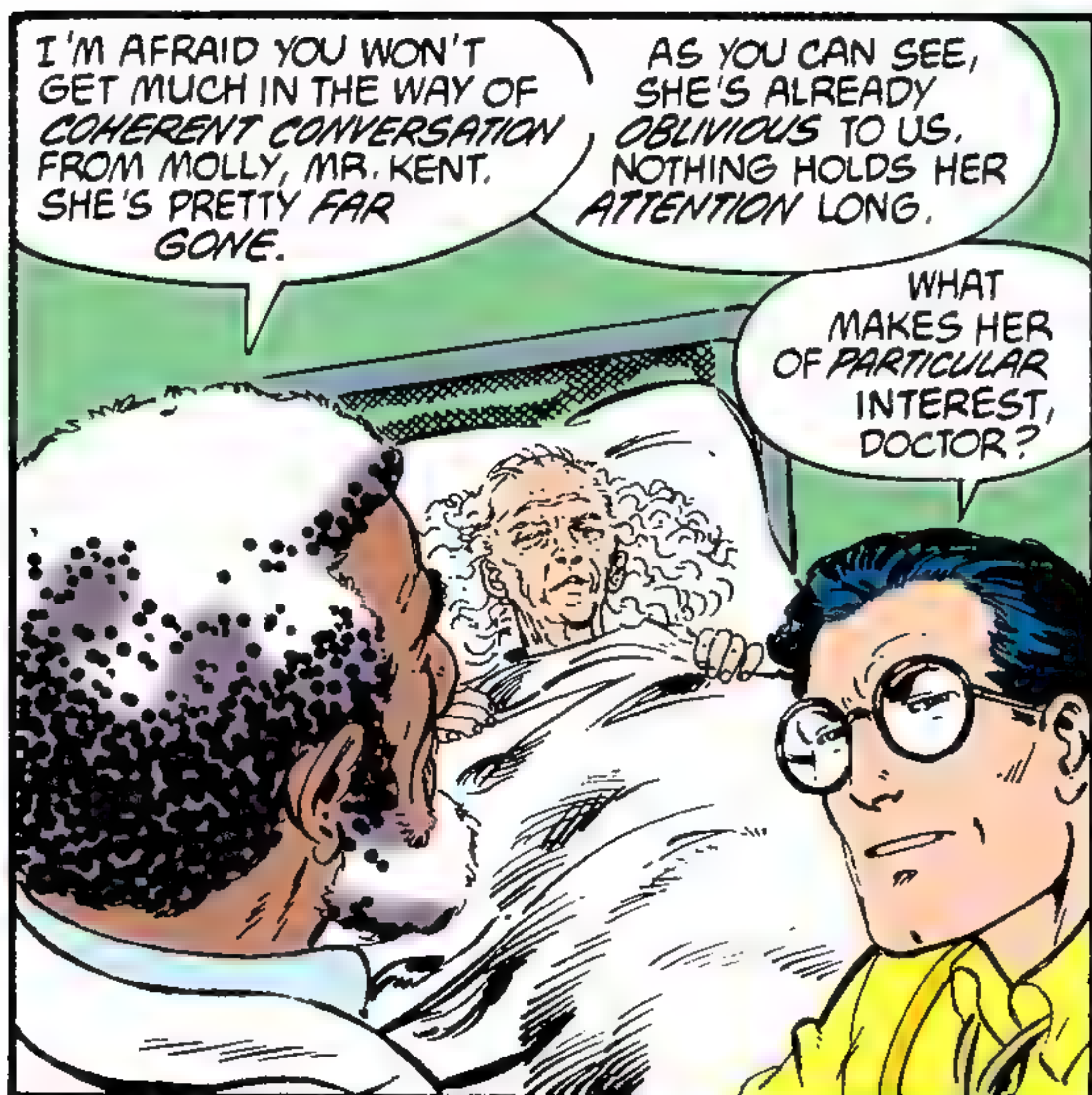
ABANDONED BY GREAT DARKSEID, LEFT TO ROT ON A PRIMITIVE LITTLE WORLD AT THE EDGE OF NOWHERE!

BUT NOW, AT LONG, LONG LAST, THE FATES HAVE RECHARGED MY PATIENCE.

THEY HAVE SENT TO ME THE PERFECT BAIT FOR MY TRAP!

AN OFFICER OF DARKSEID'S OWN ELITE GUARD!

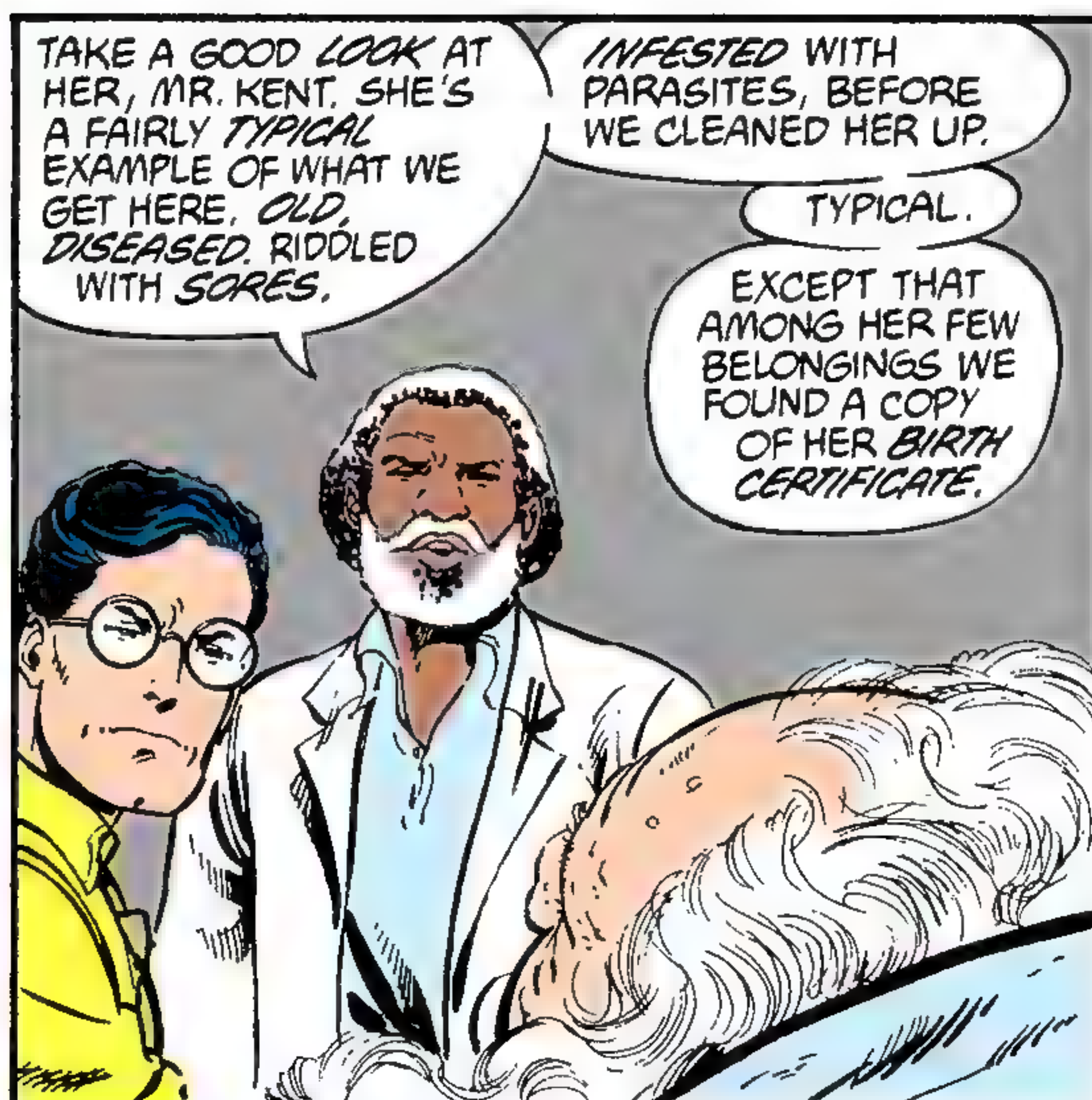




I'M AFRAID YOU WON'T GET MUCH IN THE WAY OF COHERENT CONVERSATION FROM MOLLY, MR. KENT. SHE'S PRETTY FAR GONE.

AS YOU CAN SEE, SHE'S ALREADY OBLIVIOUS TO US. NOTHING HOLDS HER ATTENTION LONG.

WHAT MAKES HER OF PARTICULAR INTEREST, DOCTOR?



TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT HER, MR. KENT. SHE'S A FAIRLY TYPICAL EXAMPLE OF WHAT WE GET HERE. OLD, DISEASED, RIDDLED WITH SORES.

INFESTED WITH PARASITES, BEFORE WE CLEANED HER UP.

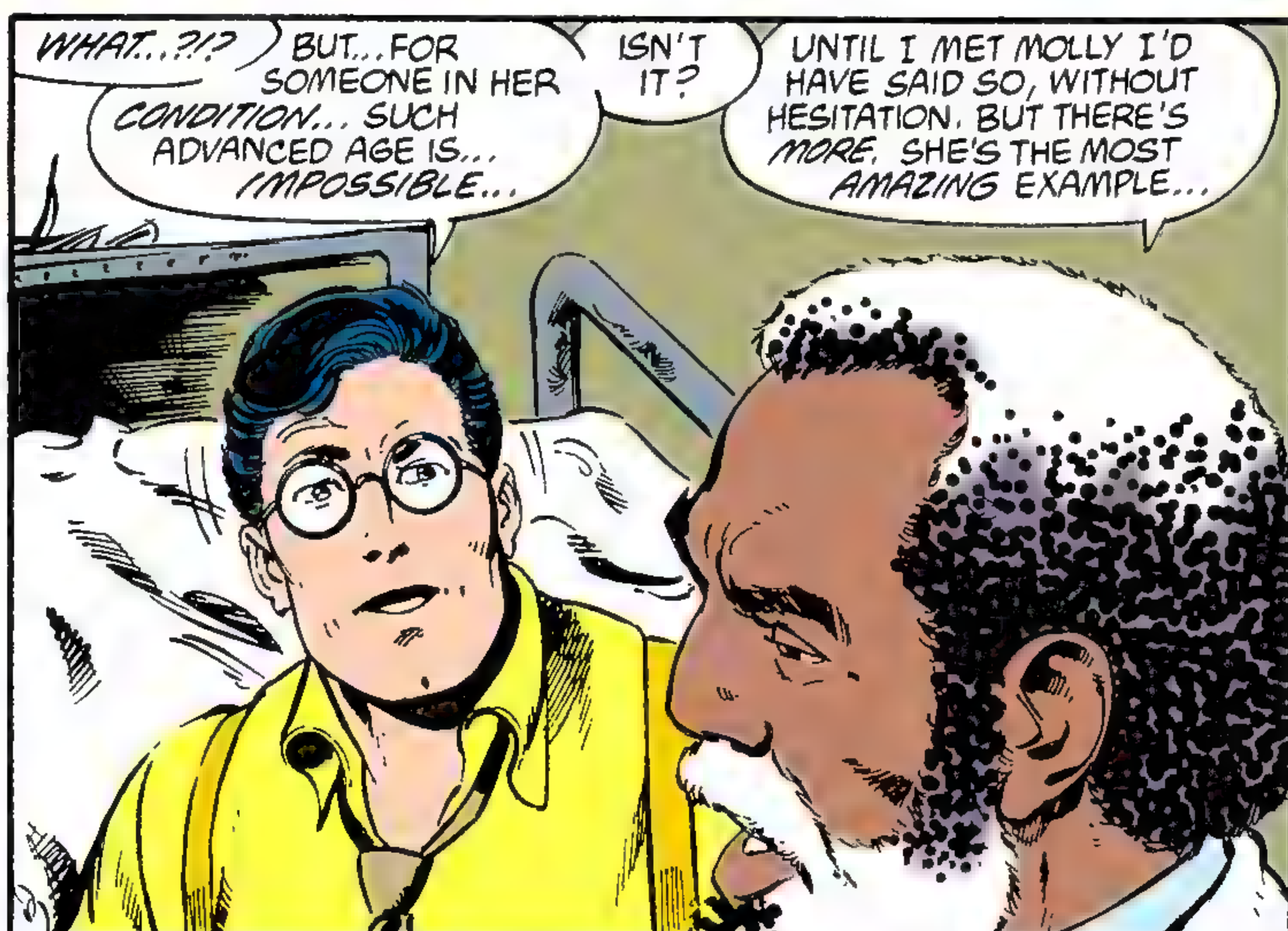
TYPICAL.

EXCEPT THAT AMONG HER FEW BELONGINGS WE FOUND A COPY OF HER BIRTH CERTIFICATE.



MOLLY WAS BORN IN 1866, MR. KENT.

SHE'S ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY ONE YEARS OLD!!

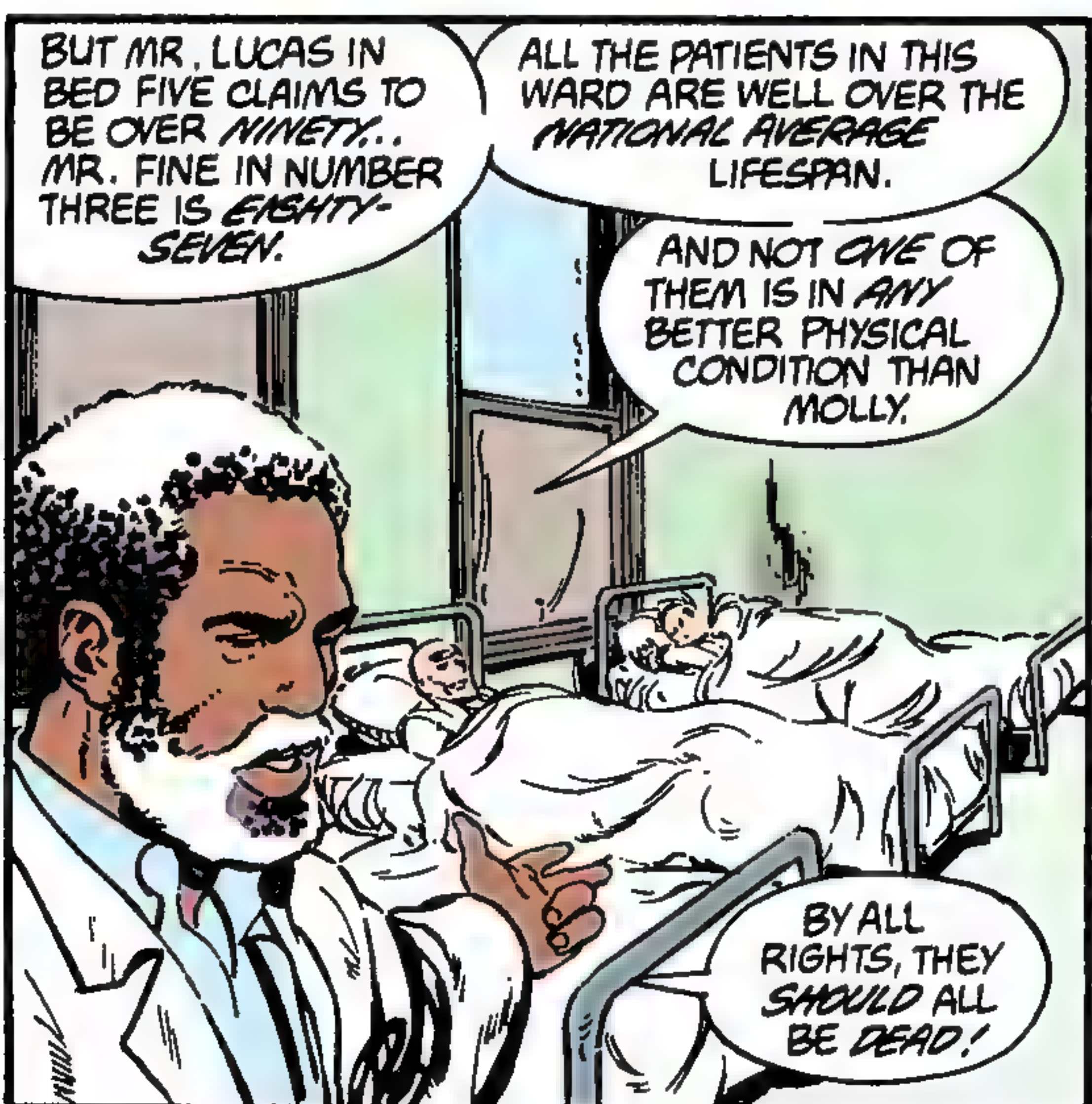


WHAT...?!!

BUT...FOR SOMEONE IN HER CONDITION... SUCH ADVANCED AGE IS... IMPOSSIBLE...

ISN'T IT?

UNTIL I MET MOLLY I'D HAVE SAID SO, WITHOUT HESITATION. BUT THERE'S MORE. SHE'S THE MOST AMAZING EXAMPLE...

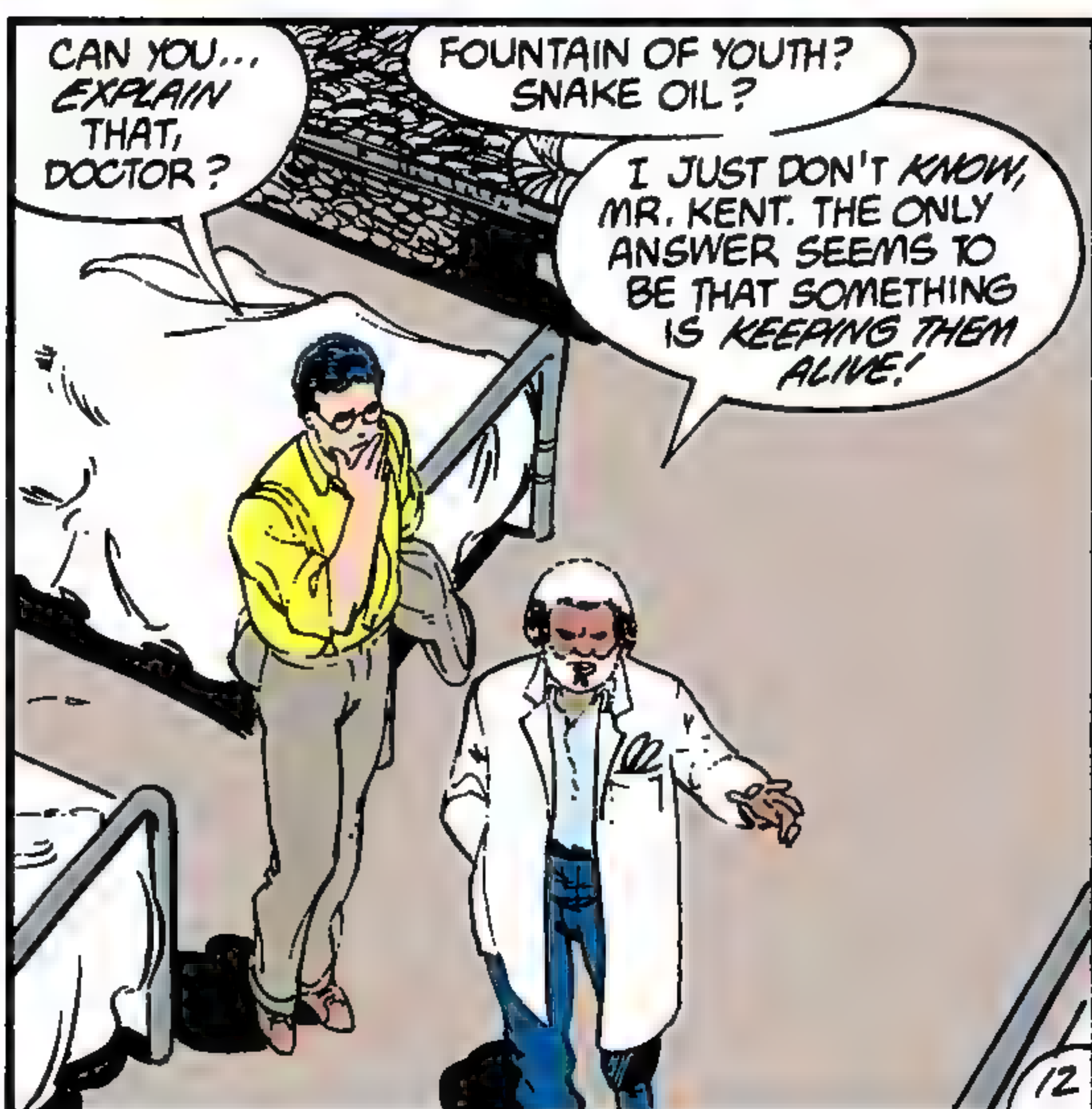


BUT MR. LUCAS IN BED FIVE CLAIMS TO BE OVER NINETY... MR. FINE IN NUMBER THREE IS EIGHTY-SEVEN.

ALL THE PATIENTS IN THIS WARD ARE WELL OVER THE NATIONAL AVERAGE LIFESPAN.

AND NOT ONE OF THEM IS IN ANY BETTER PHYSICAL CONDITION THAN MOLLY.

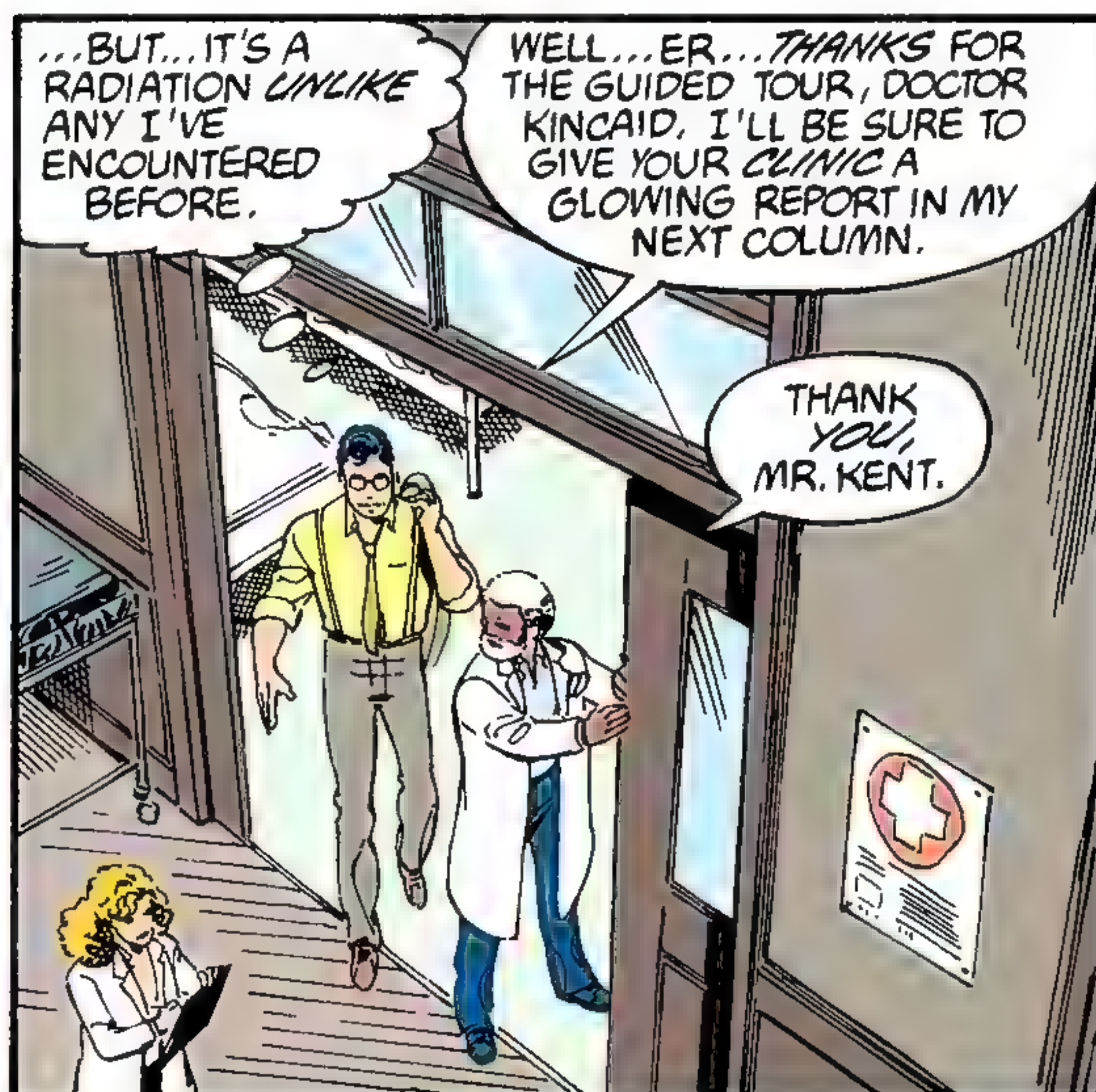
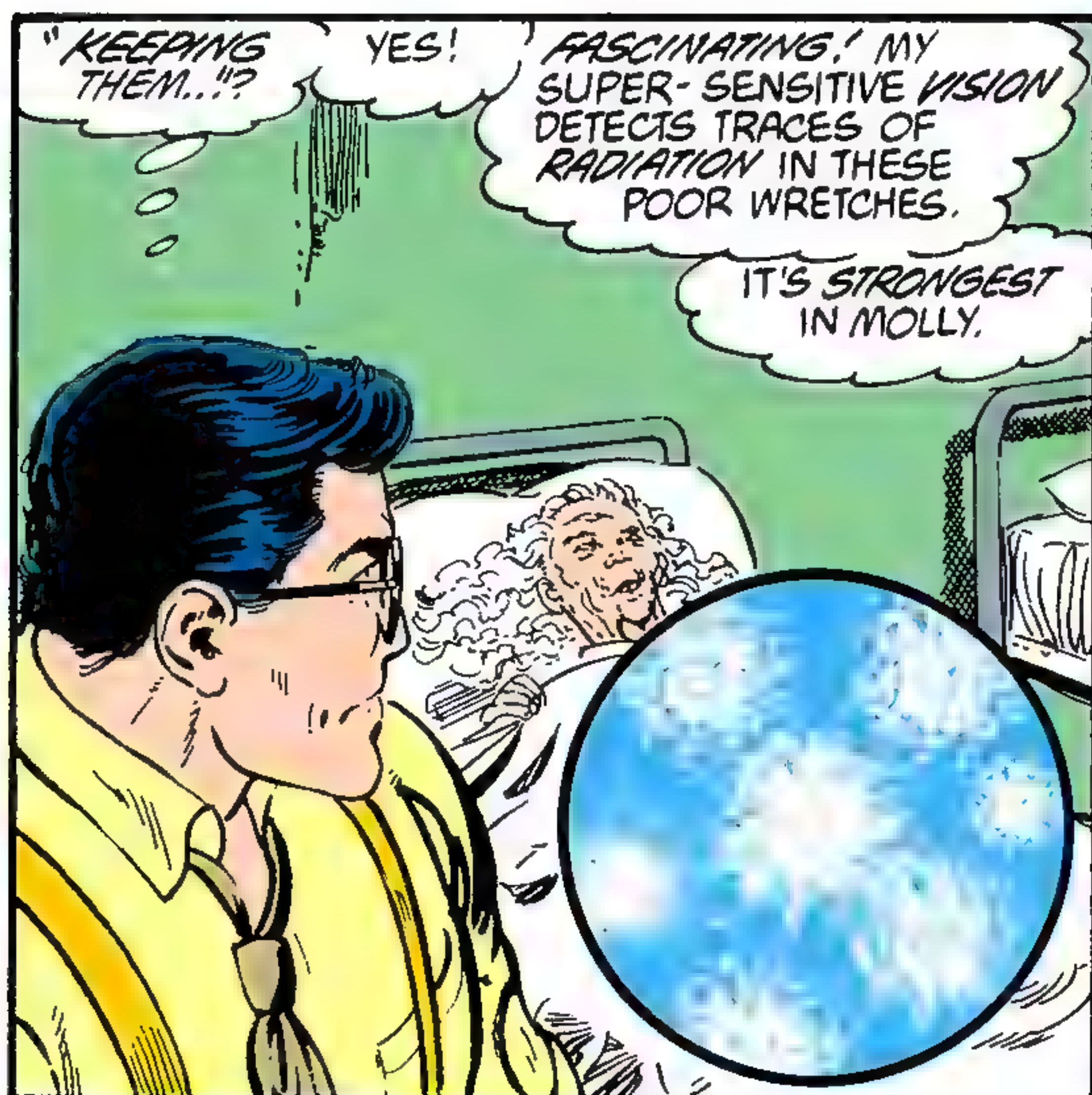
BY ALL RIGHTS, THEY SHOULD ALL BE DEAD!

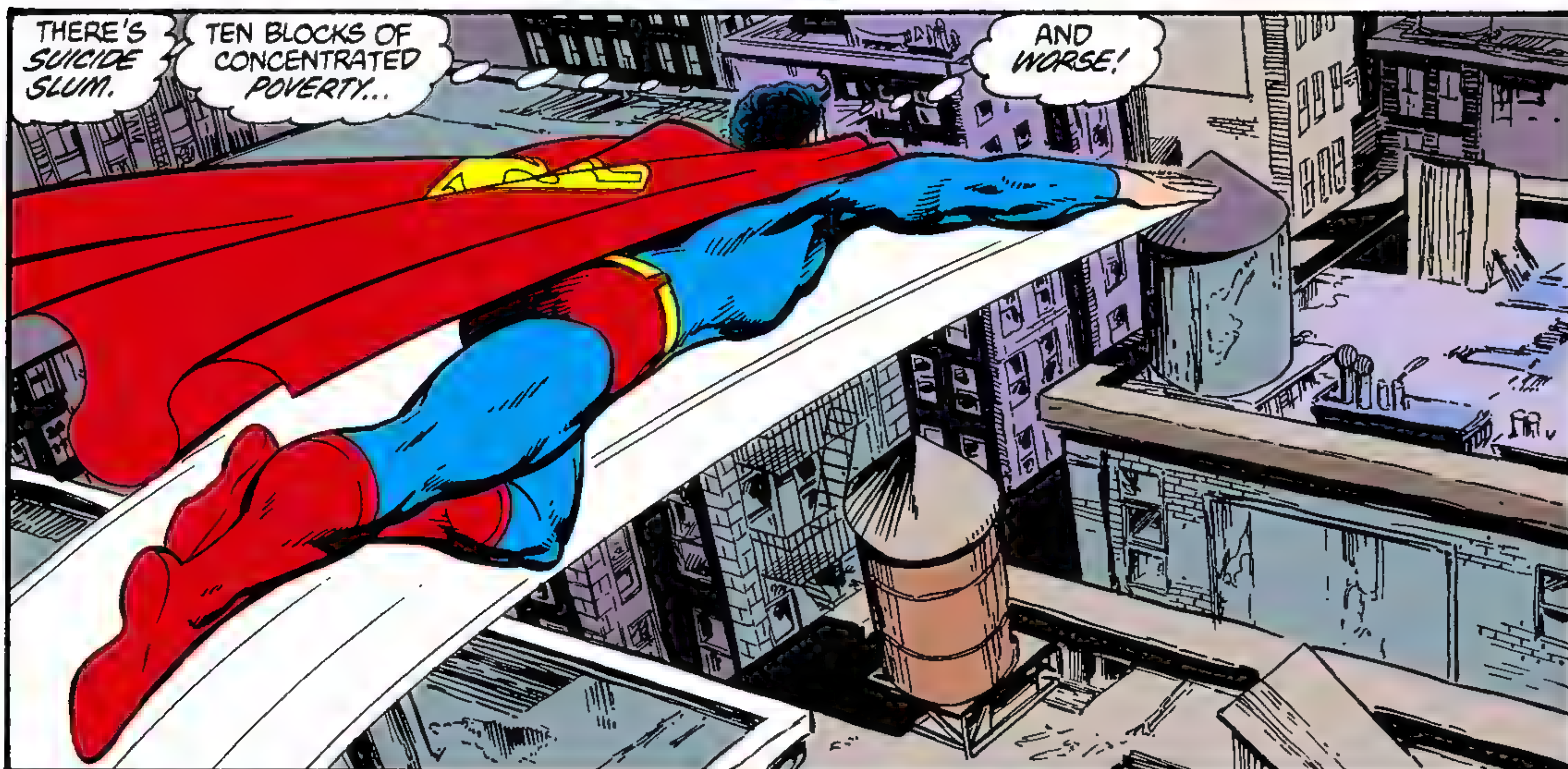


CAN YOU... EXPLAIN THAT, DOCTOR?

FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH? SNAKE OIL?

I JUST DON'T KNOW, MR. KENT. THE ONLY ANSWER SEEMS TO BE THAT SOMETHING IS KEEPING THEM ALIVE!

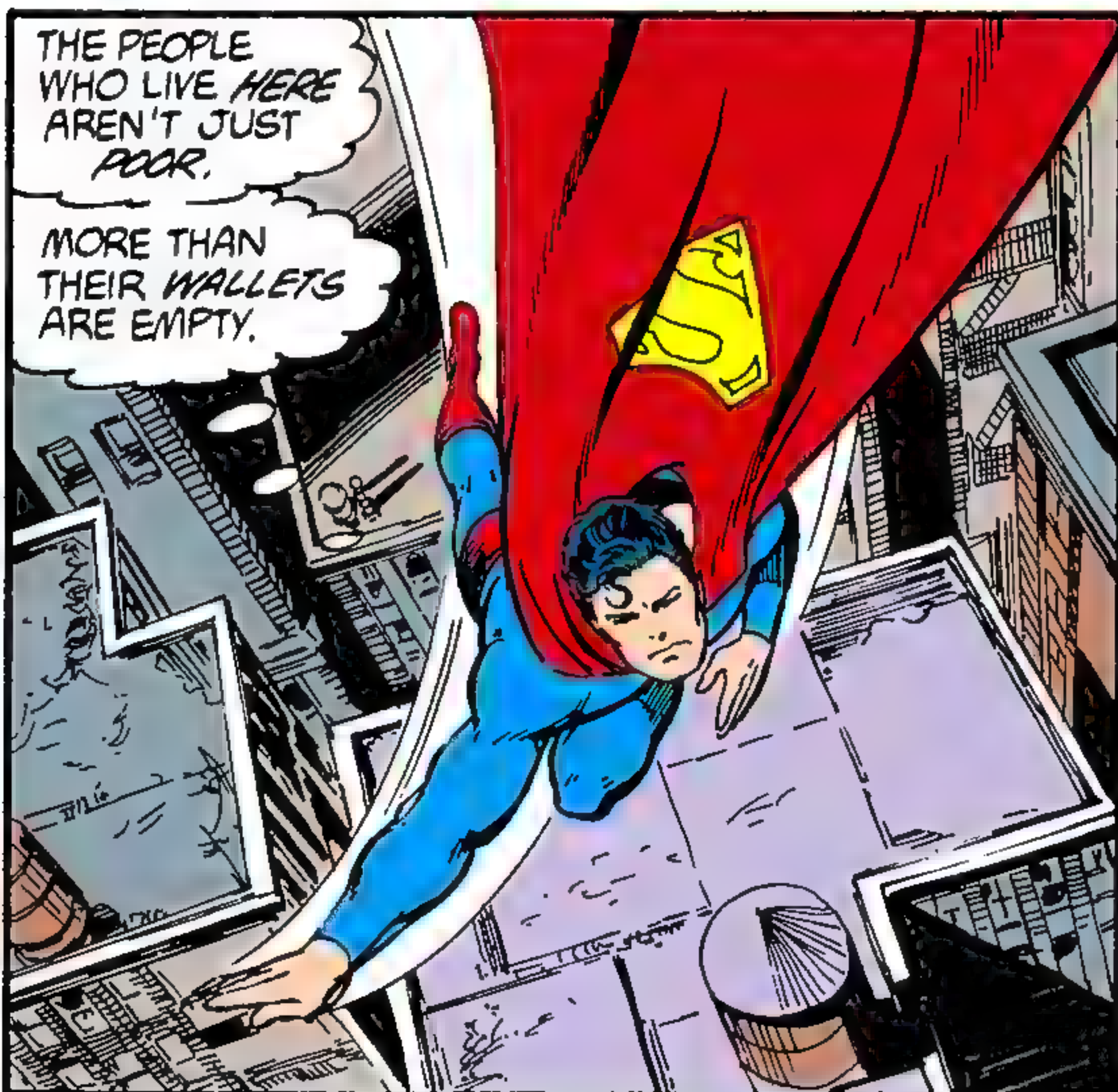




THERE'S
SUICIDE
SLUM.

TEN BLOCKS OF
CONCENTRATED
POVERTY...

AND
WORSE!



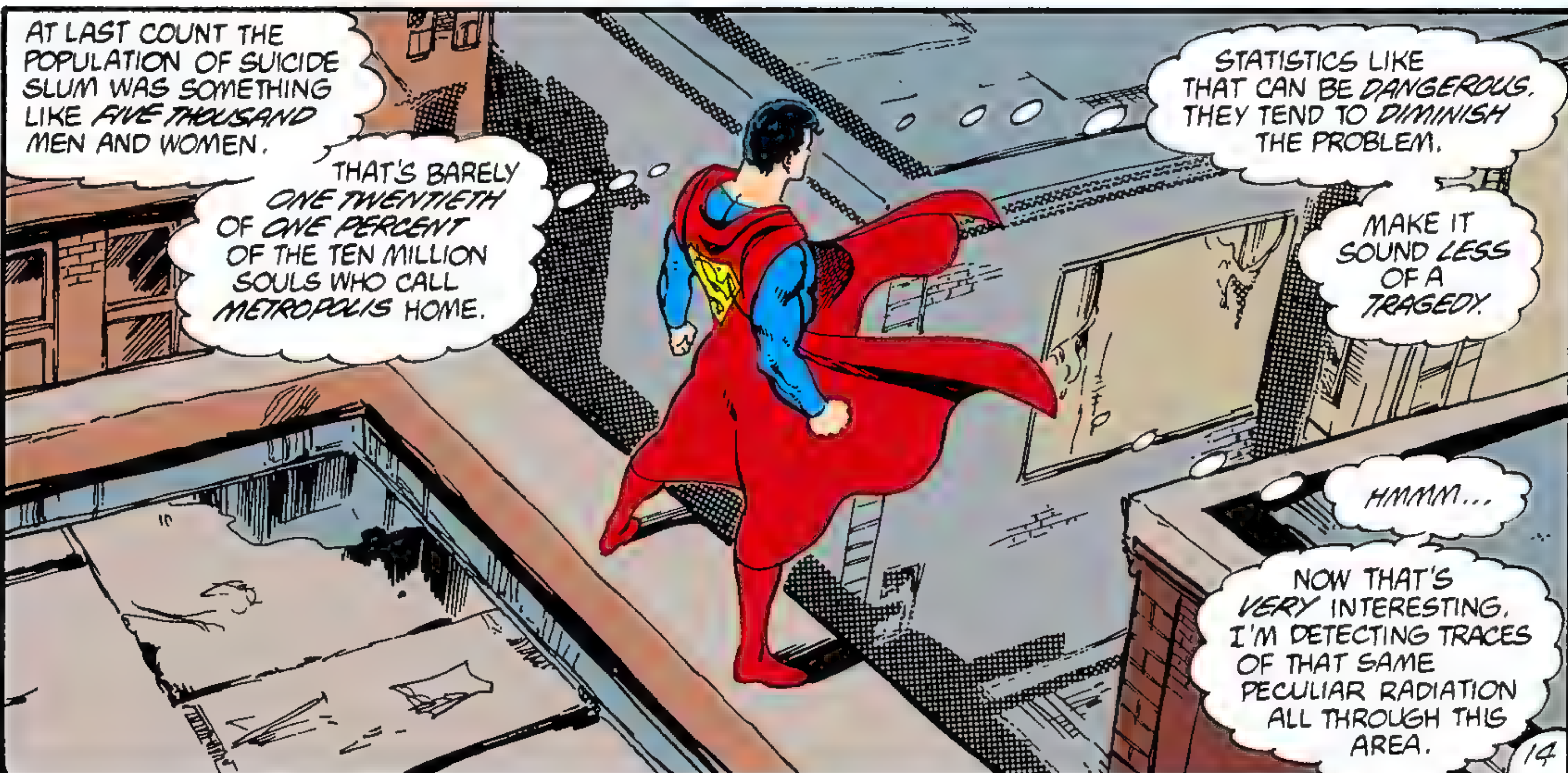
THE PEOPLE
WHO LIVE HERE
AREN'T JUST
POOR.

MORE THAN
THEIR WALLET'S
ARE EMPTY.



THEY'RE THE
FORGOTTEN ONES.
THE ONES WHO'VE
LOST THE GAME
OF LIFE.

THE ONES
WHO'VE HAD
EVERY SCRAP
OF HOPE
GROUND OUT
OF THEM.



AT LAST COUNT THE
POPULATION OF SUICIDE
SLUM WAS SOMETHING
LIKE FIVE THOUSAND
MEN AND WOMEN.

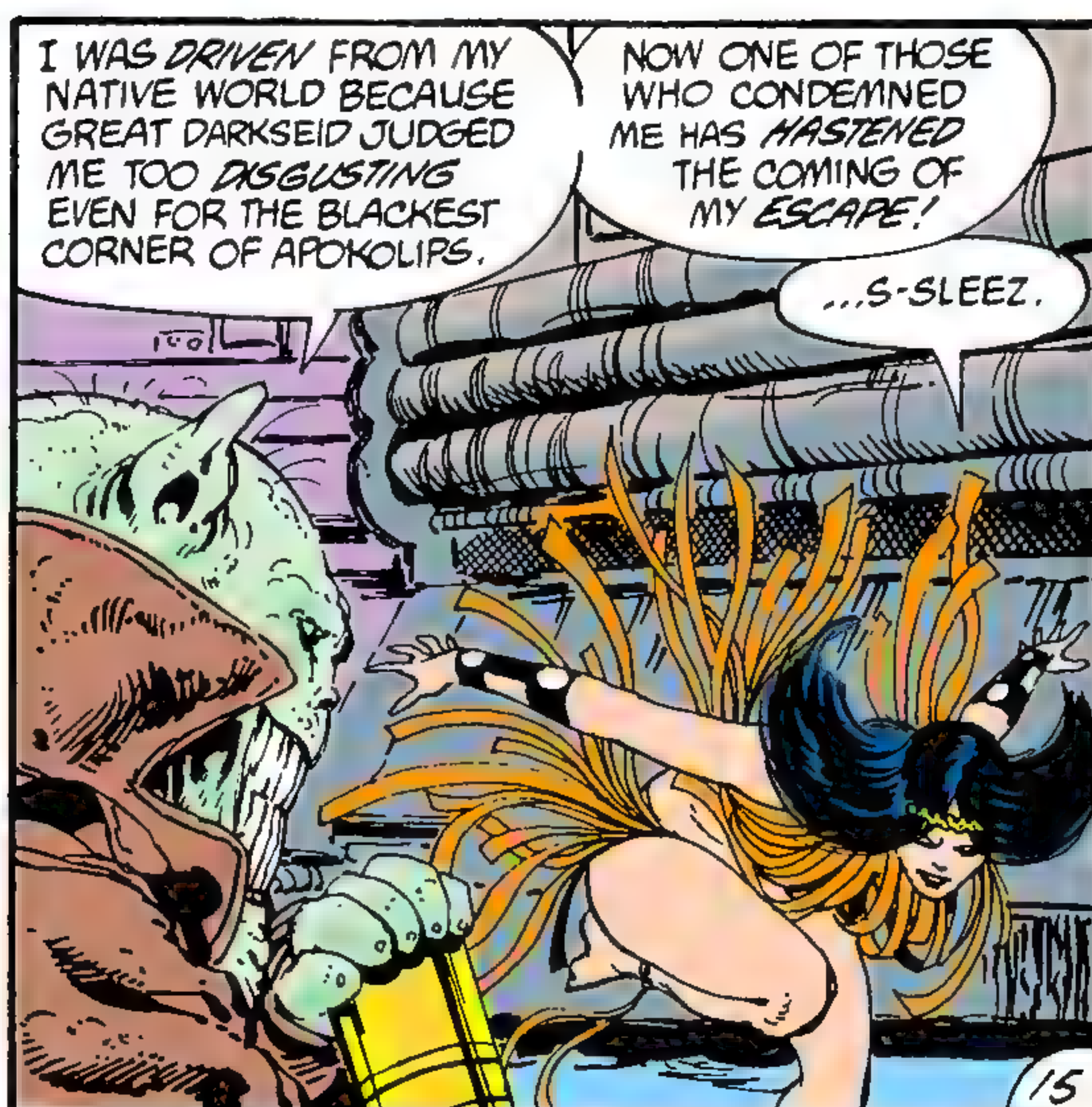
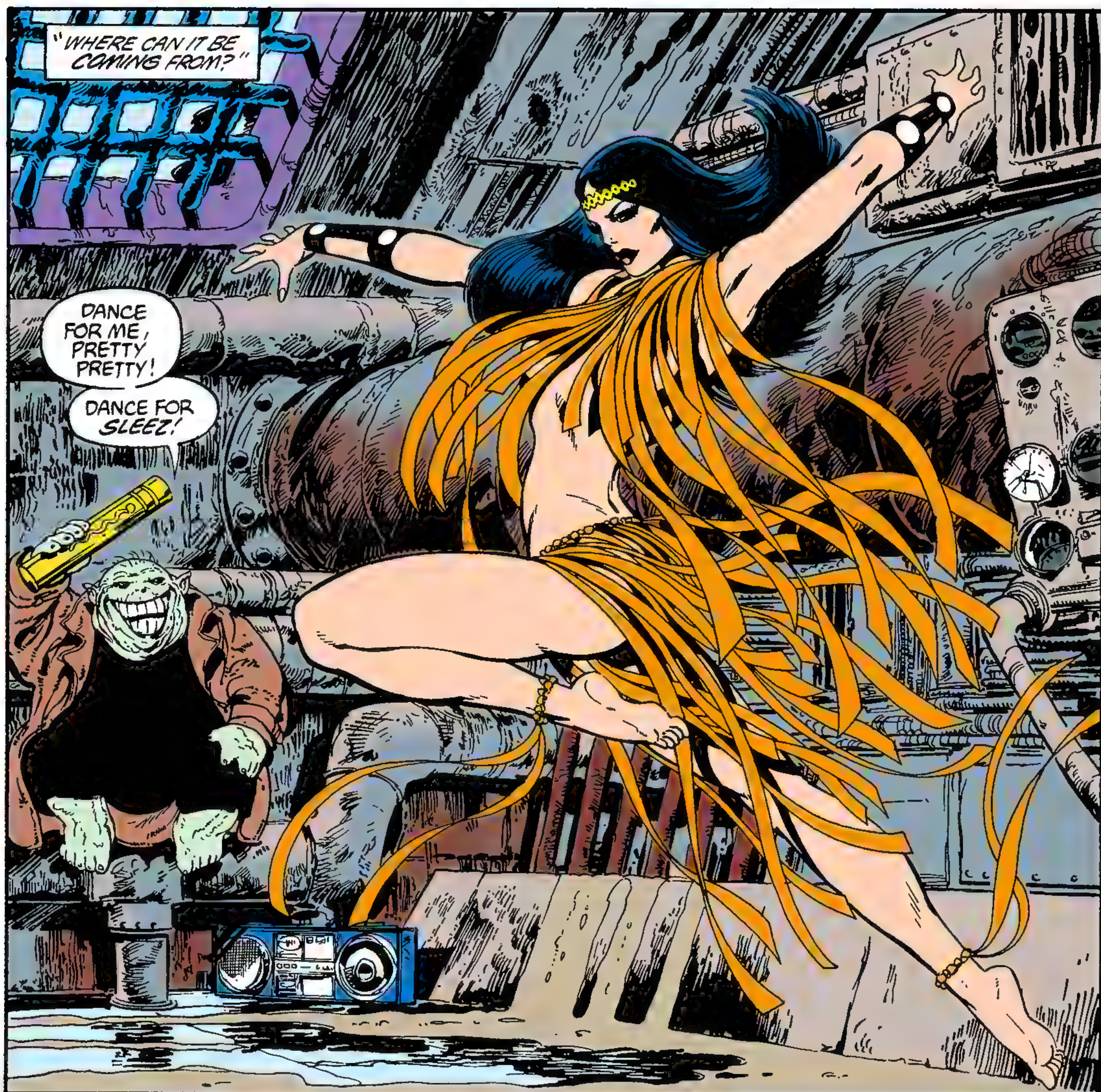
THAT'S BARELY
ONE TWENTIETH
OF ONE PERCENT
OF THE TEN MILLION
SOULS WHO CALL
METROPOLIS HOME.

STATISTICS LIKE
THAT CAN BE DANGEROUS.
THEY TEND TO DIMINISH
THE PROBLEM.

MAKE IT
SOUND LESS
OF A
TRAGEDY.

HMMM...

NOW THAT'S
VERY INTERESTING.
I'M DETECTING TRACES
OF THAT SAME
PECULIAR RADIATION
ALL THROUGH THIS
AREA.





YOU SPEAK?

YOUR STRENGTH OF WILL IS GREAT INDEED, DAUGHTER OF APOKOLIPS.

WH-WHO ARE YOU?

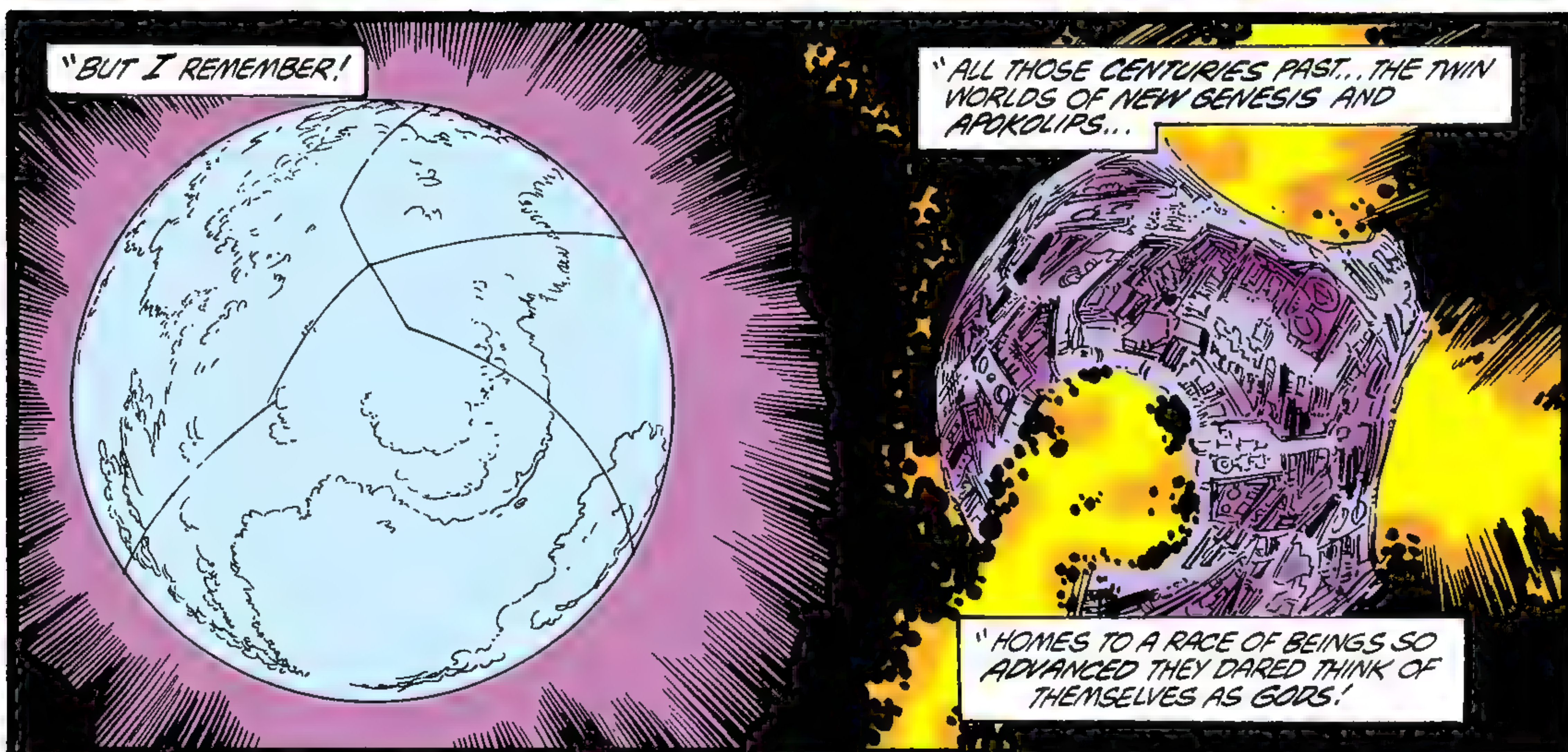
I HAVE...NEVER HEARD THE NAME OF...*SLEEP* SPOKEN ON APOKOLIPS.



PERHAPS NOT. IT HAS BEEN SO VERY LONG!

AND MY FALL WAS SO COMPLETE!

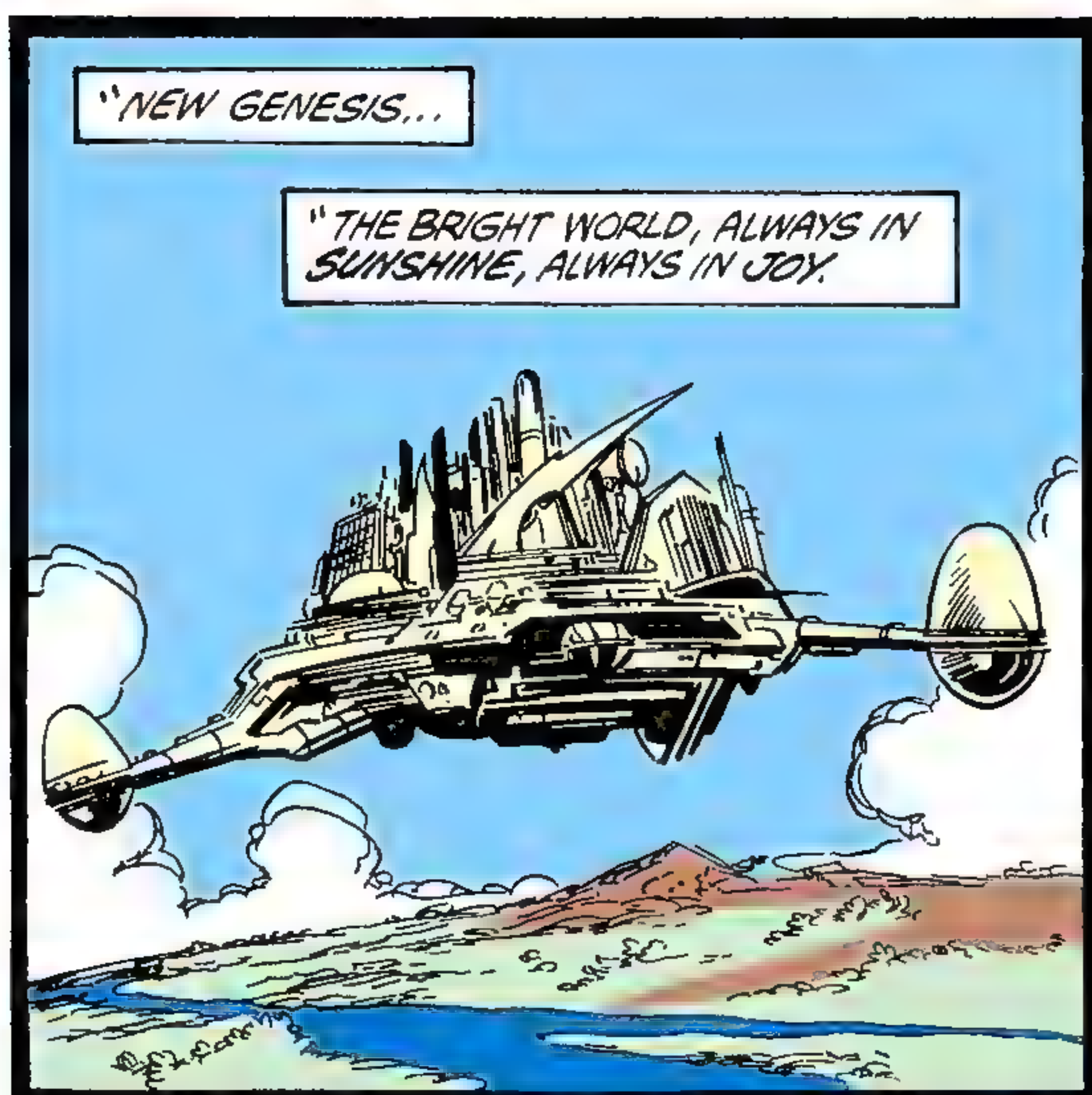
SO UTTERLY WITHOUT HOPE OF REDEMPTION!



"BUT I REMEMBER!

"ALL THOSE CENTURIES PAST... THE TWIN WORLDS OF NEW GENESIS AND APOKOLIPS...

"HOMES TO A RACE OF BEINGS SO ADVANCED THEY DARED THINK OF THEMSELVES AS GODS!"



"NEW GENESIS..."

"THE BRIGHT WORLD, ALWAYS IN SUNSHINE, ALWAYS IN JOY."



"APOKOLIPS."

"HER DARK SISTER, WHERE LOVE DIES AND GRIEF IS EVERY MAN'S SHADOW."



"IN THE SWELTERING DARKNESS OF THE LOWEST LEVELS OF THAT WORLD, I FIRST CAME TO SELF-AWARENESS.

"I LIVED. I THOUGHT, AND I KNEW I HAD POWER!"



"POWER ENOUGH TO BRING ME UNDER THE WATCHFUL EYE OF DARKSEID!"

"A YOUNG DARKSEID, THEN. NOT YET MASTER OF EITHER APOKOLIPS OR HIS OWN DARK POWERS.



"HE MADE ME HIS SERVANT, HIS AIDE... EVEN HIS COUNCILLOR.

"WE LEARNED MUCH FROM EACH OTHER. MUCH OF THE HIDDEN FACE OF HUMANITY.

"DARKSEID POINTED OUT TO ME THE PATHWAYS TO REALMS WHERE MY POWER BURNED BRIGHT!"



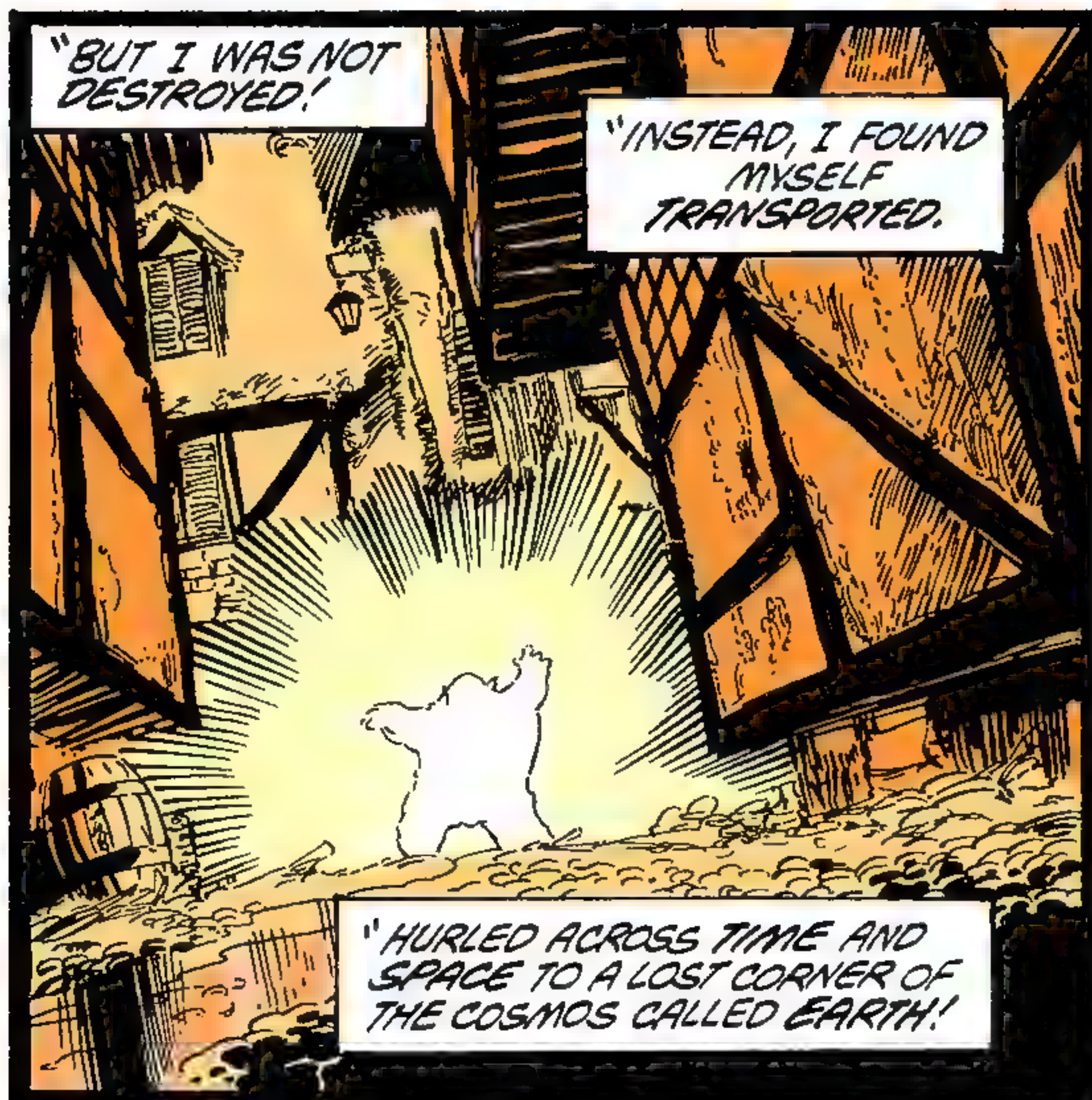
"BUT THERE CAME A TIME OF CHANGES. PETTY CRUELITIES AMUSED HIM LESS AND LESS. HIS MIND TURNED TO THE GREATER WORKINGS OF THE UNIVERSE!"

"I FELL FROM FAVOR.



"ON THAT DAY WAS I THE FIRST TO KNOW THE TOUCH OF DARKSEID'S OMEGA BEAMS!"

"FOR AN INSTANT THAT SEEMED AN ETERNITY I WAS LESS THAN NOTHING!"



"BUT I WAS NOT DESTROYED!"

"INSTEAD, I FOUND MYSELF TRANSPORTED."

"HURLED ACROSS TIME AND SPACE TO A LOST CORNER OF THE COSMOS CALLED EARTH!"



"AND HERE I STAYED, WAITING THROUGH THE LONG MARCH OF YEARS..."

"WAITING FOR THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE TO TURN MY WAY AGAIN..."



AND NOW IT HAS!

FOR WITH YOU AS MY CAPTIVE...

AND THE MEGA-ROD IN MY HAND...



NOTHING CAN STAND AGAINST ME!

NOTHING!!

...NO... PLEASE...

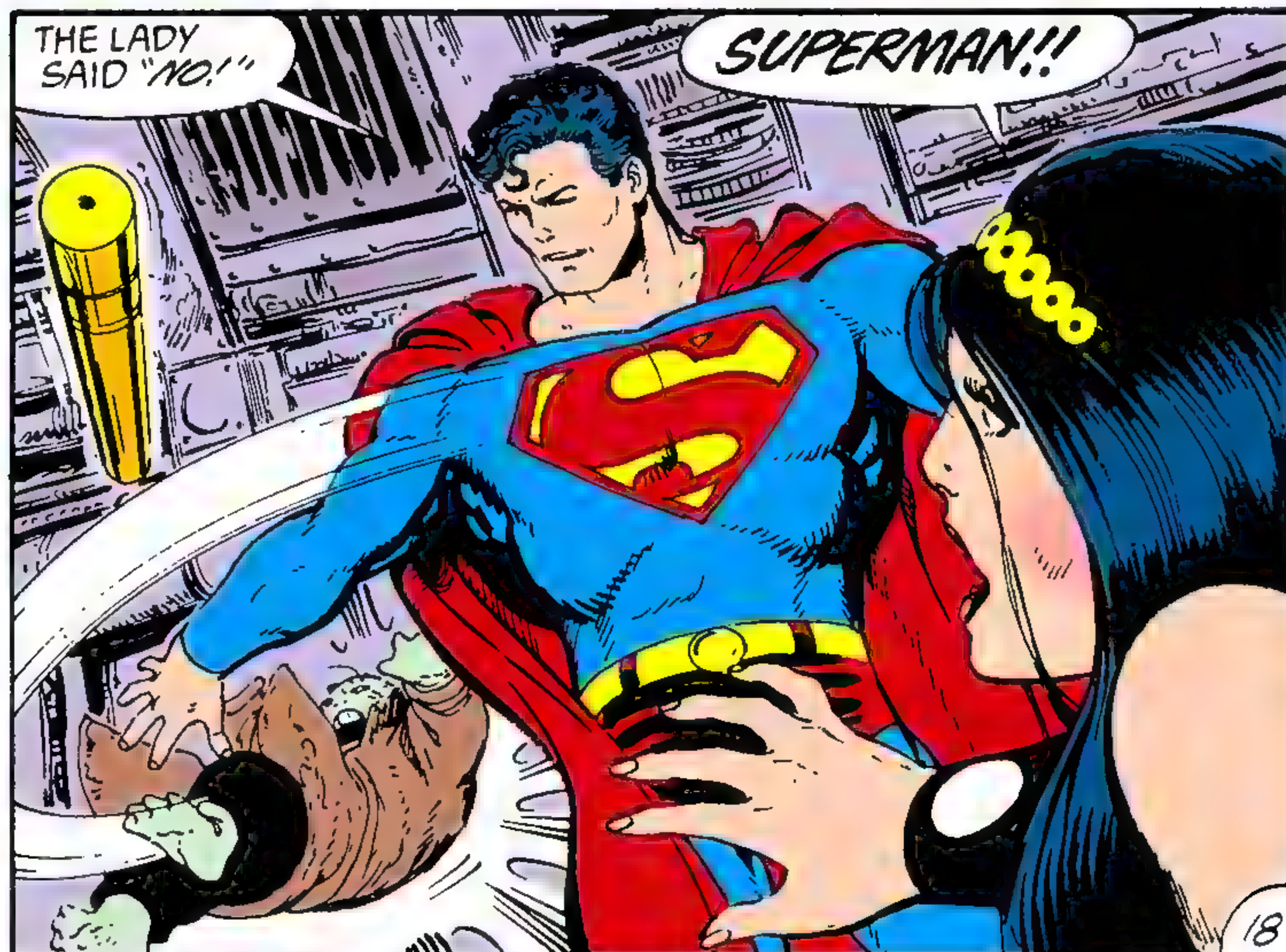
...NOT AGAIN...



HEY THERE, FELLA...

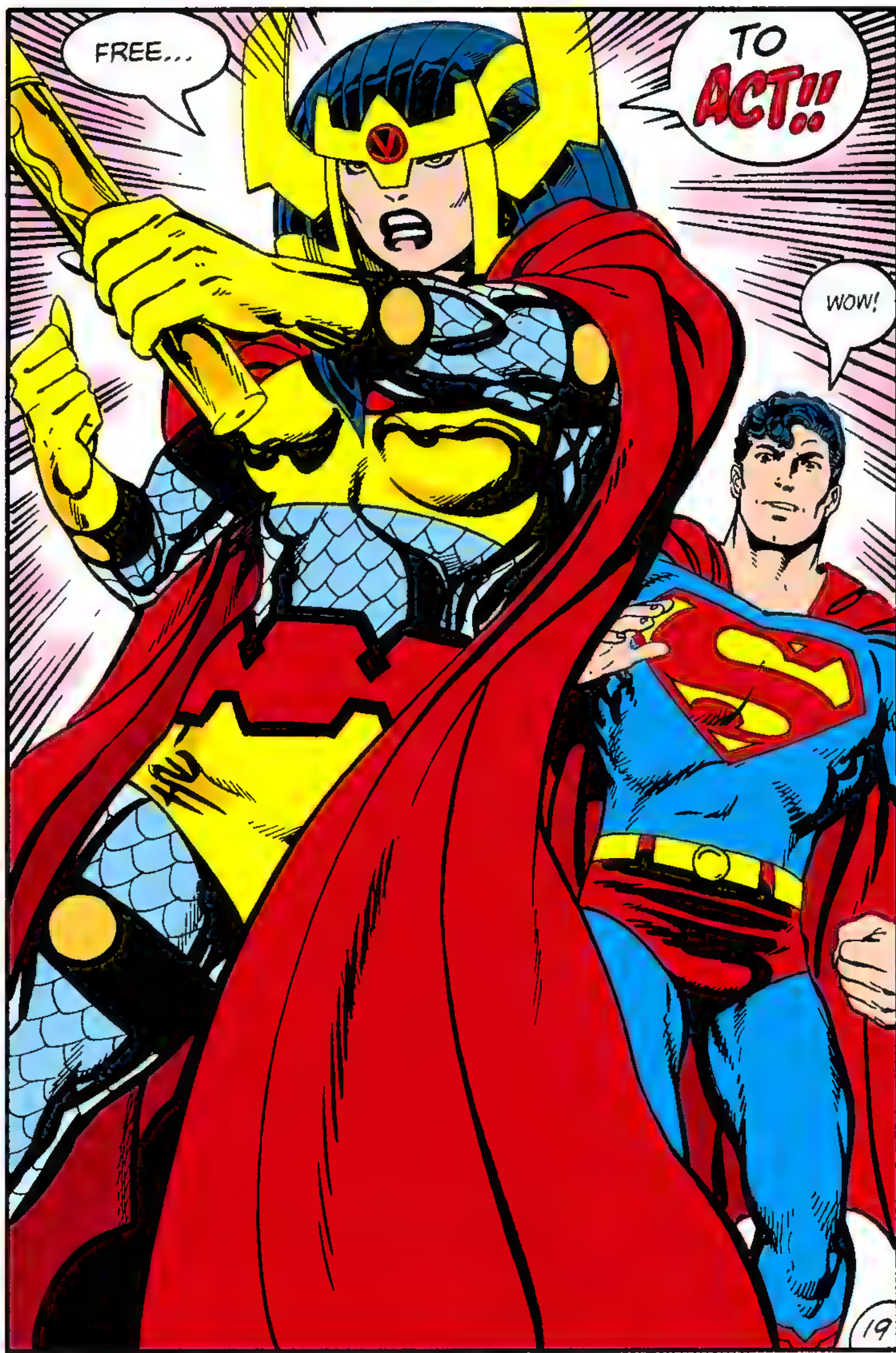
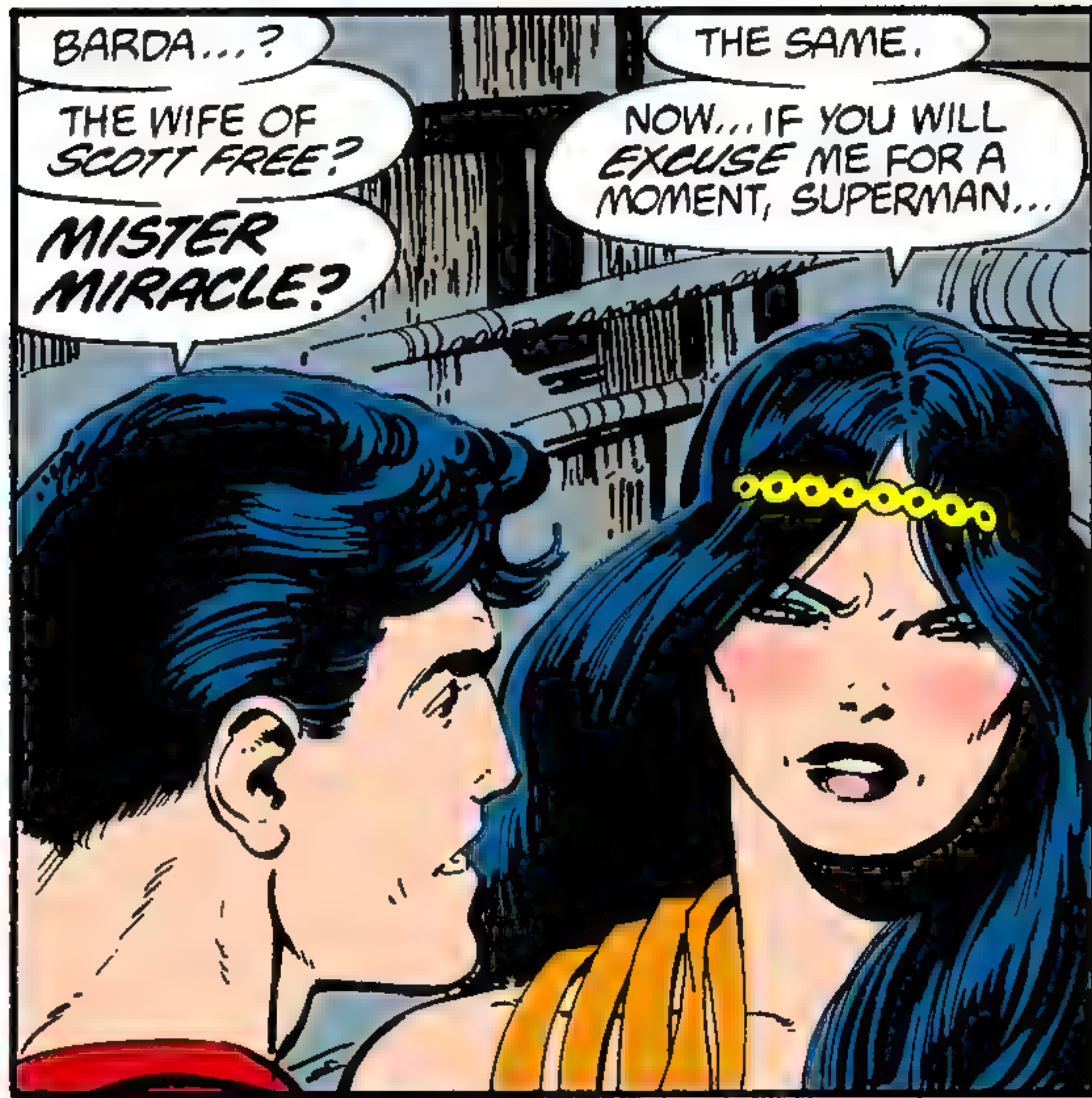
EH...??

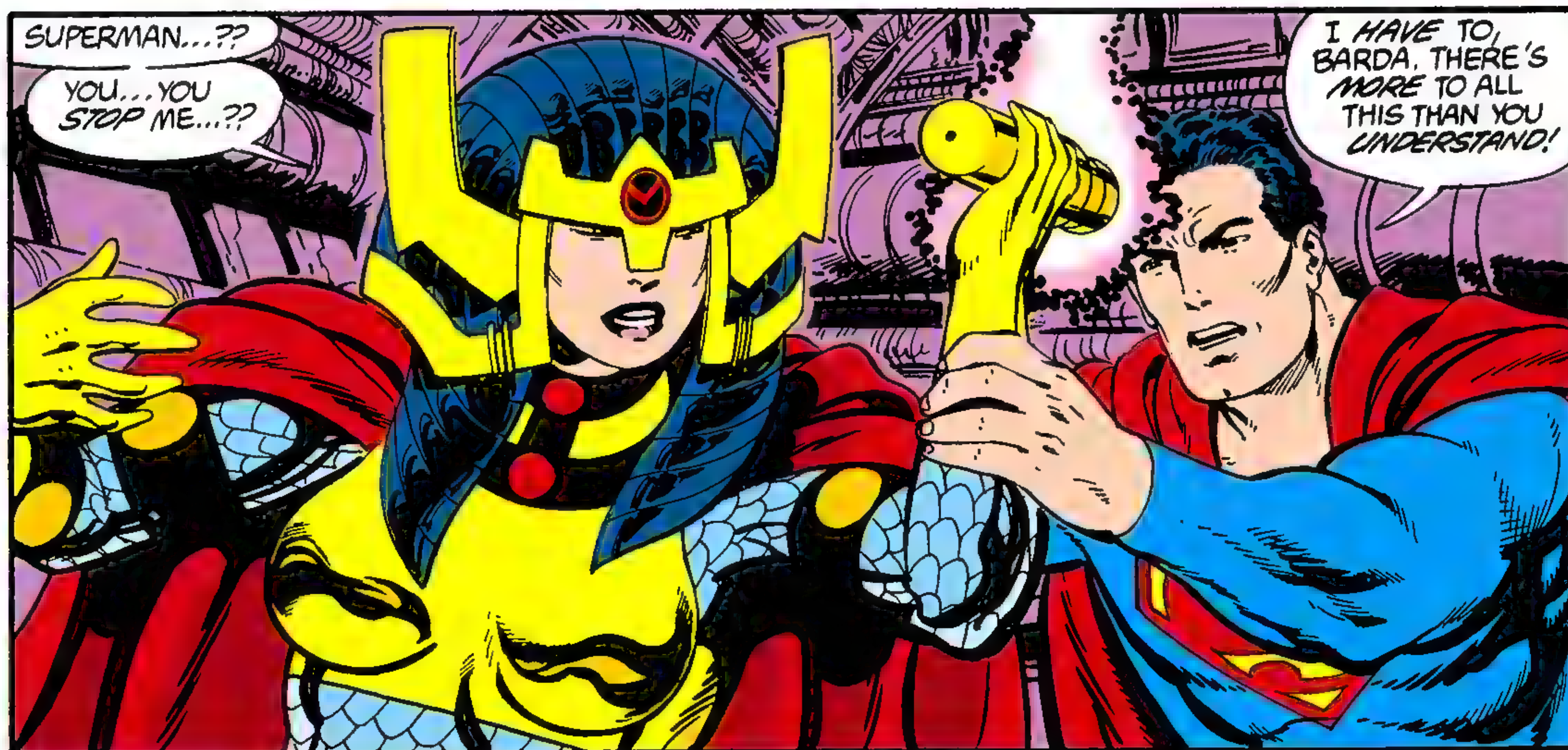
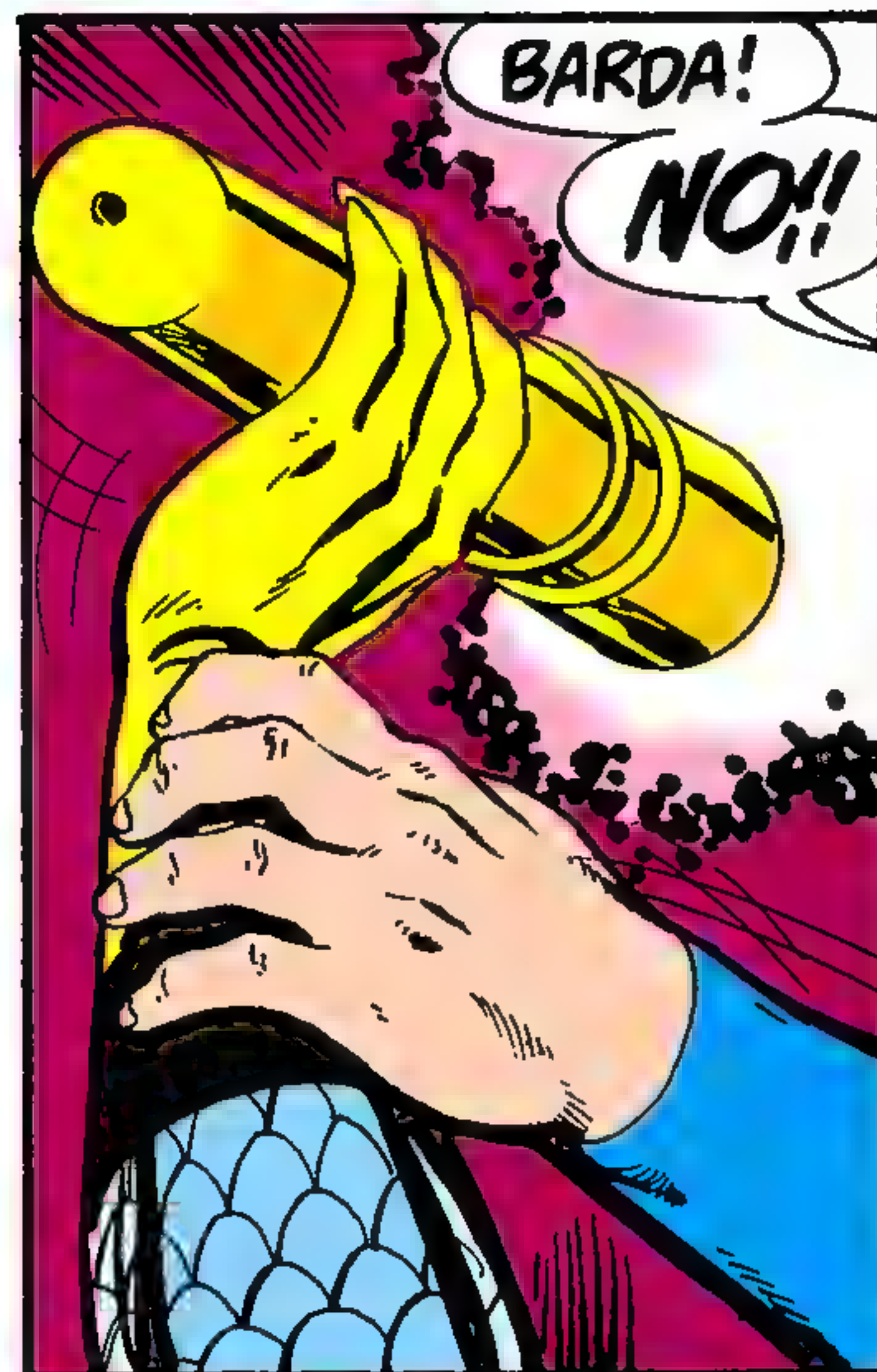
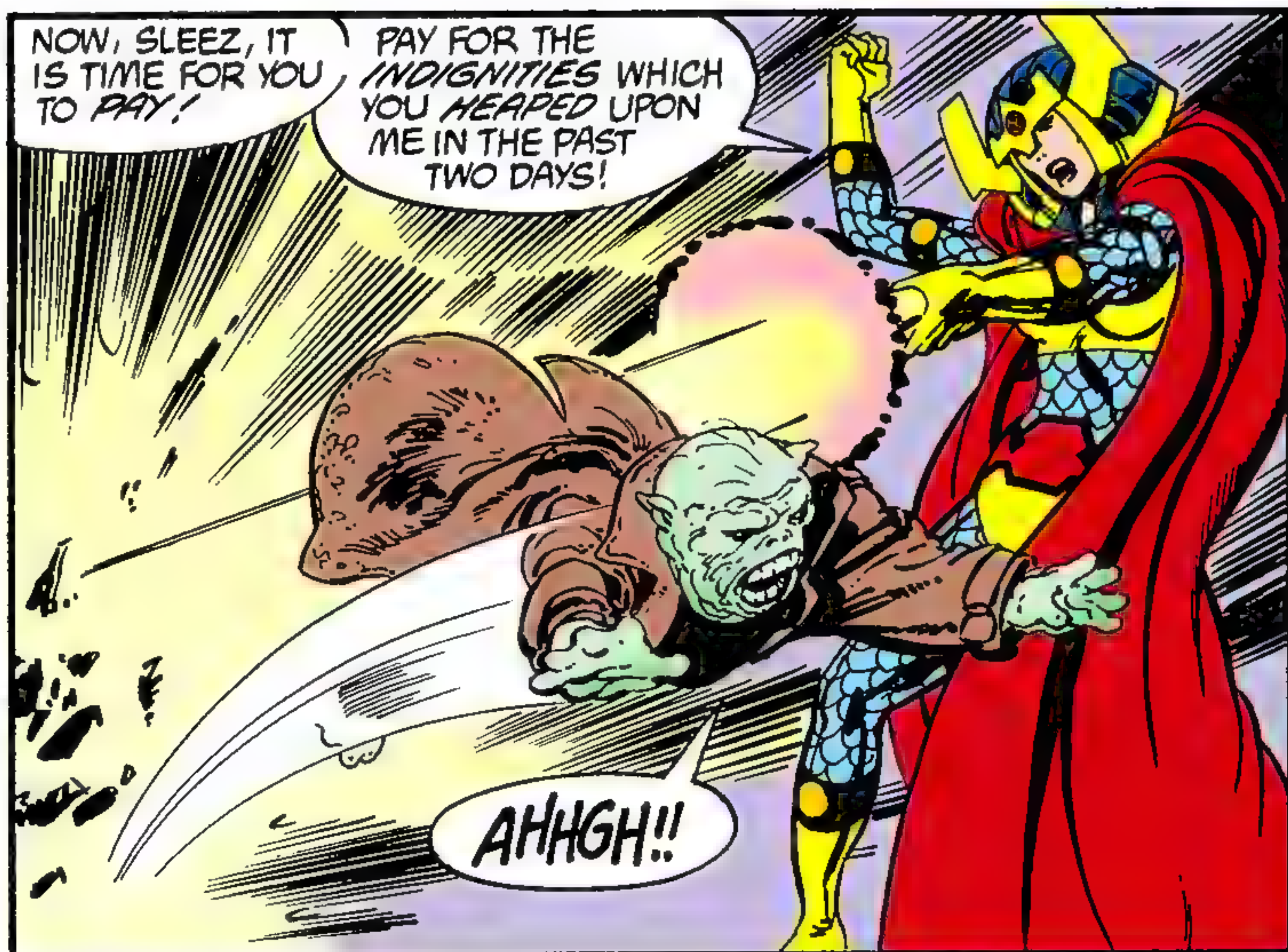
YOU'RE NOT PAYING ATTENTION.

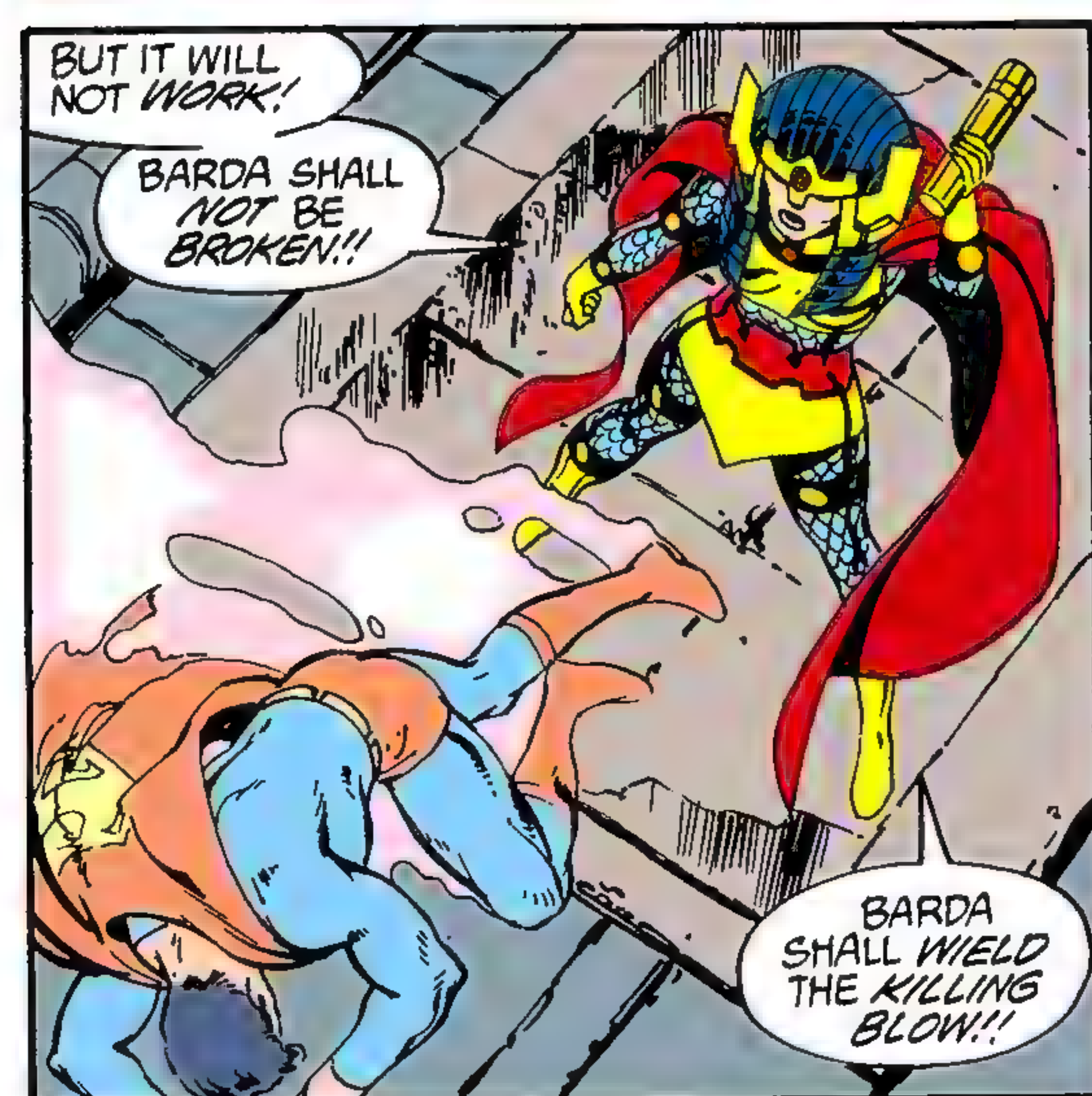
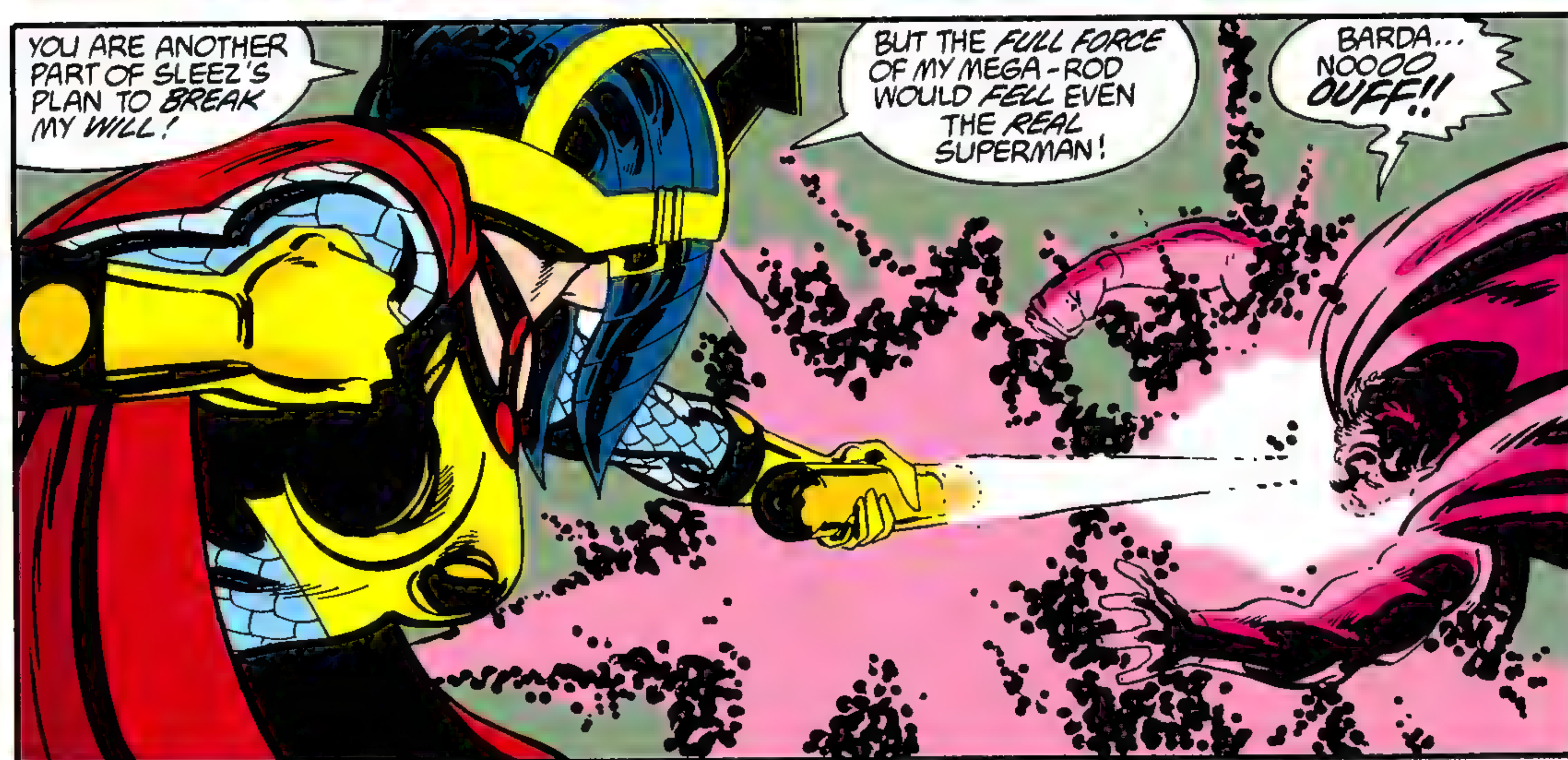
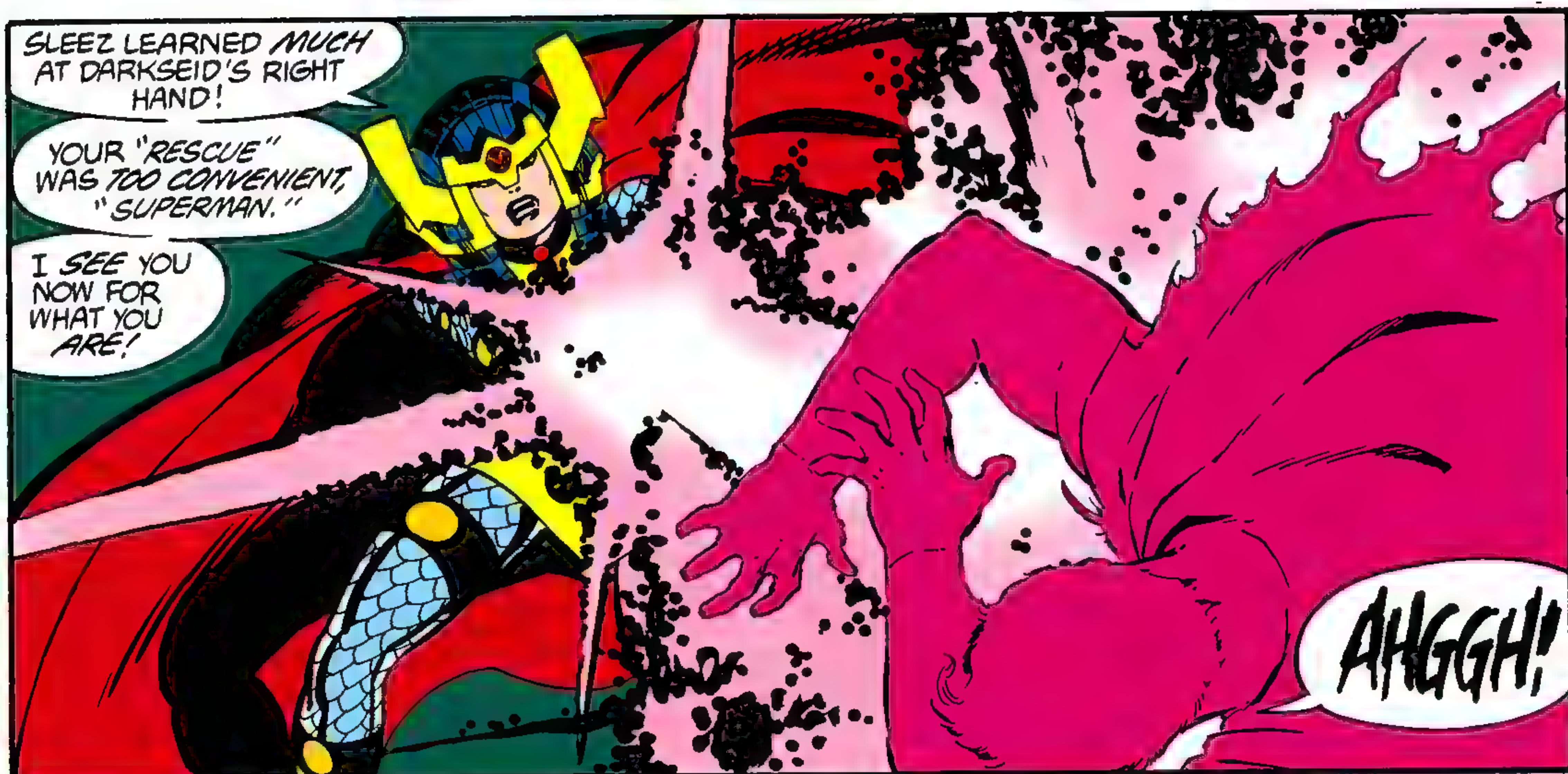


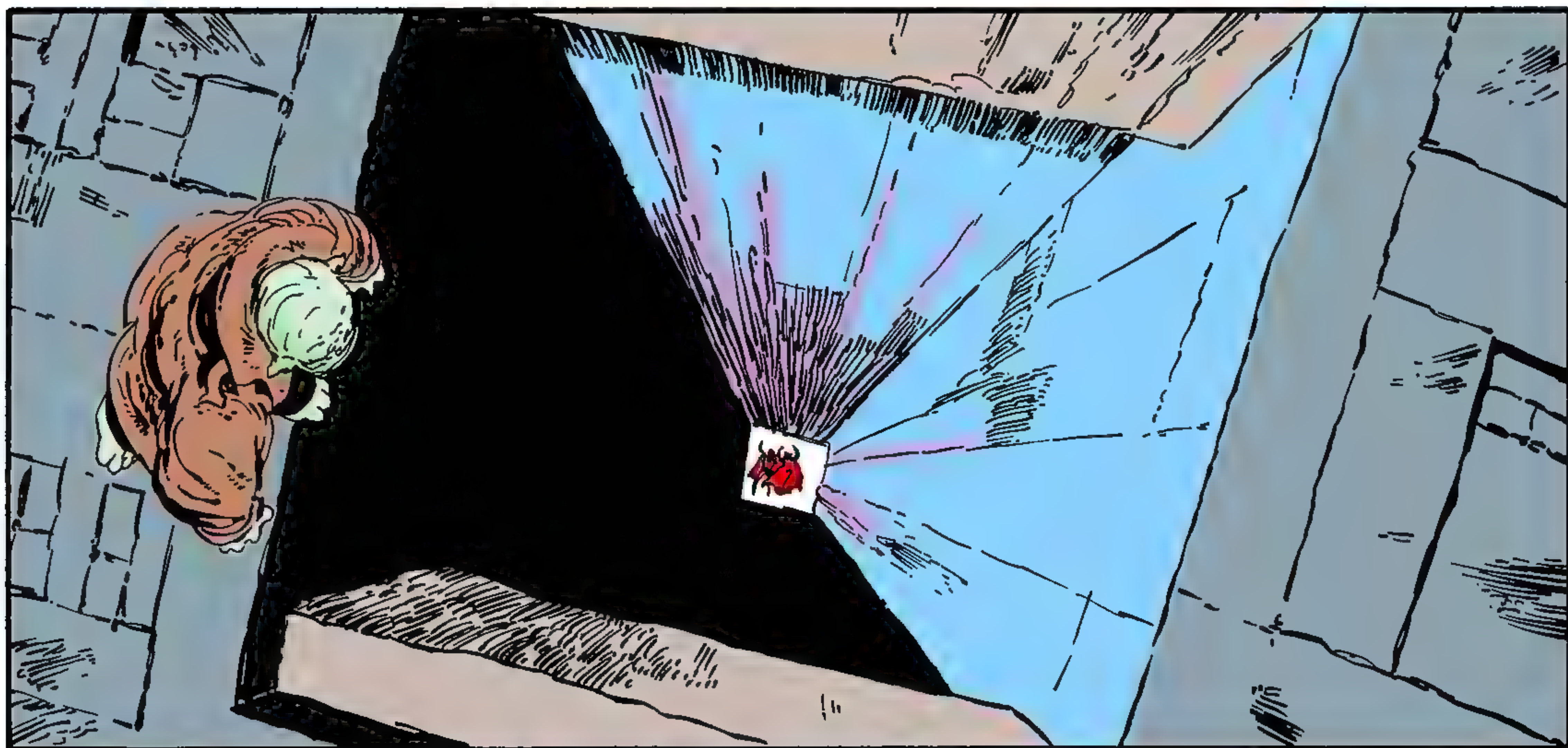
THE LADY SAID "NO!"

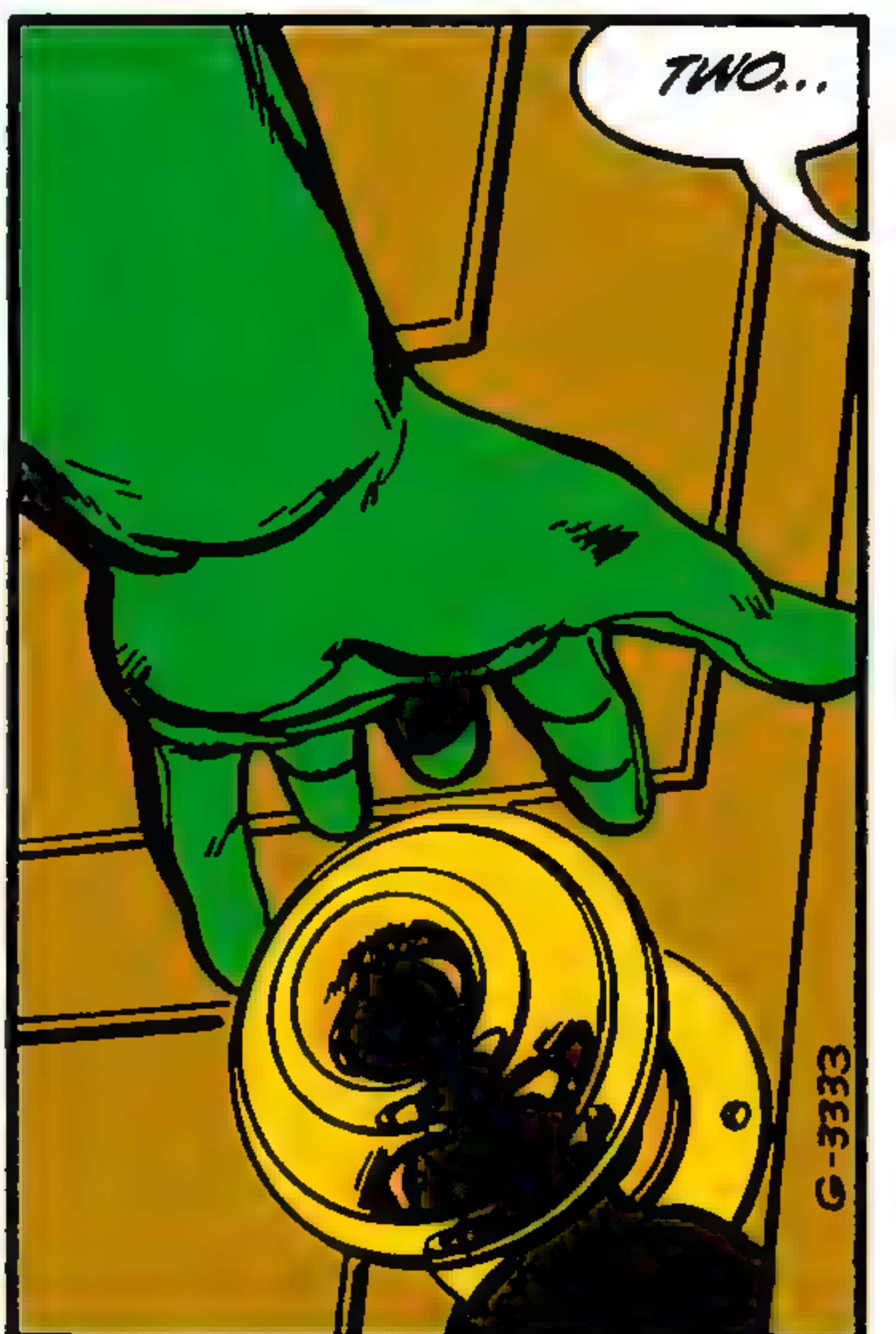
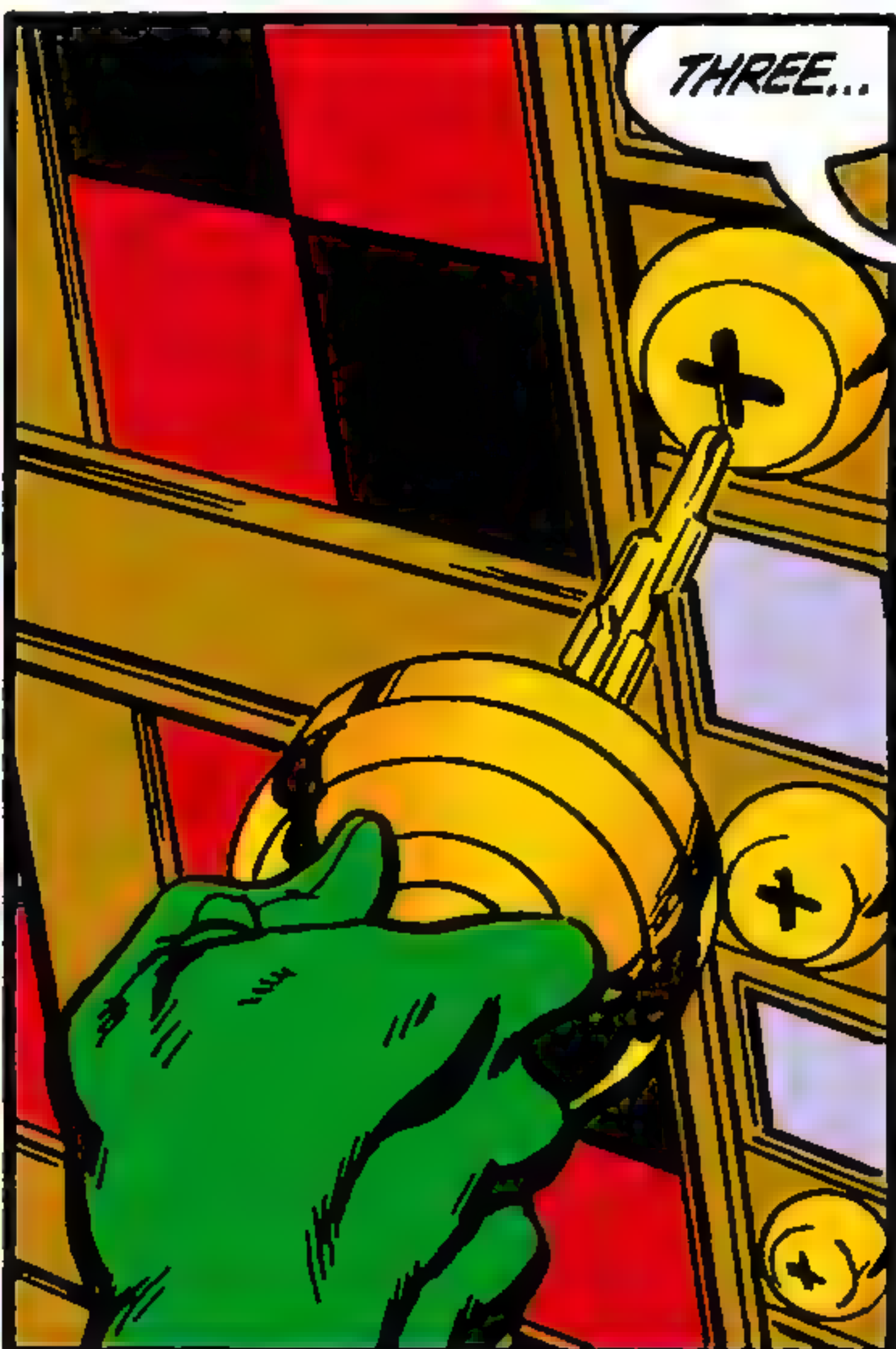
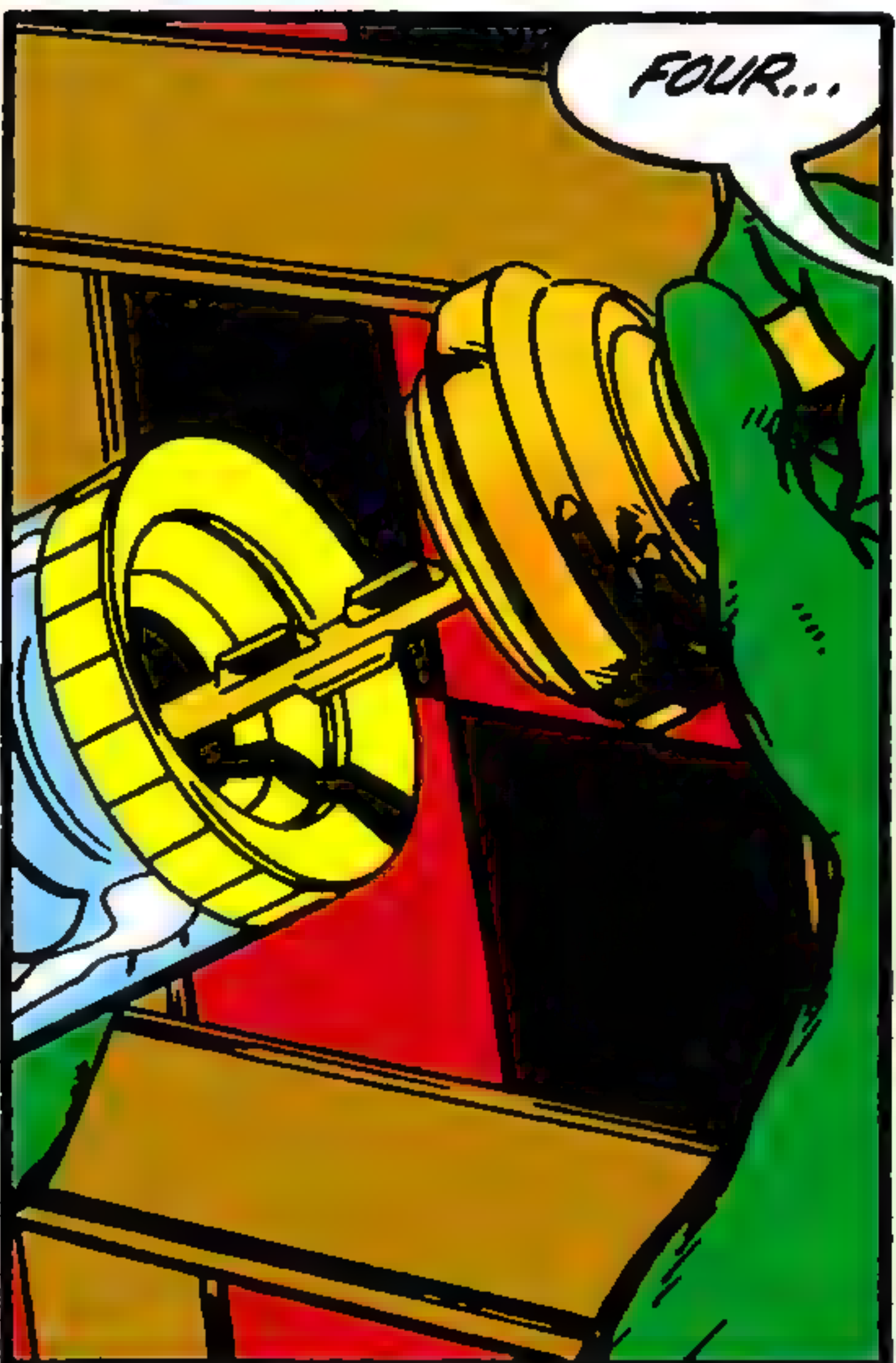
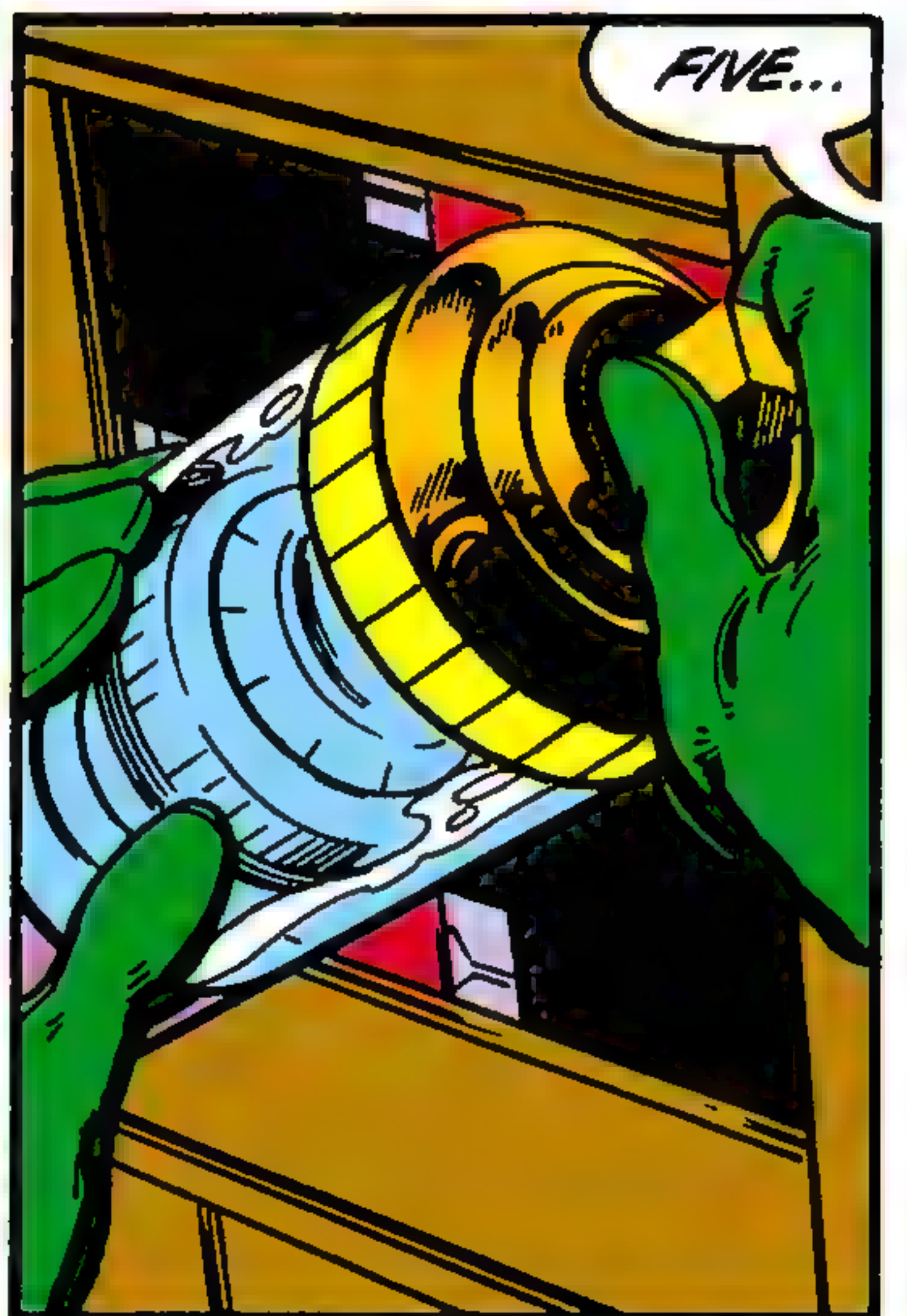
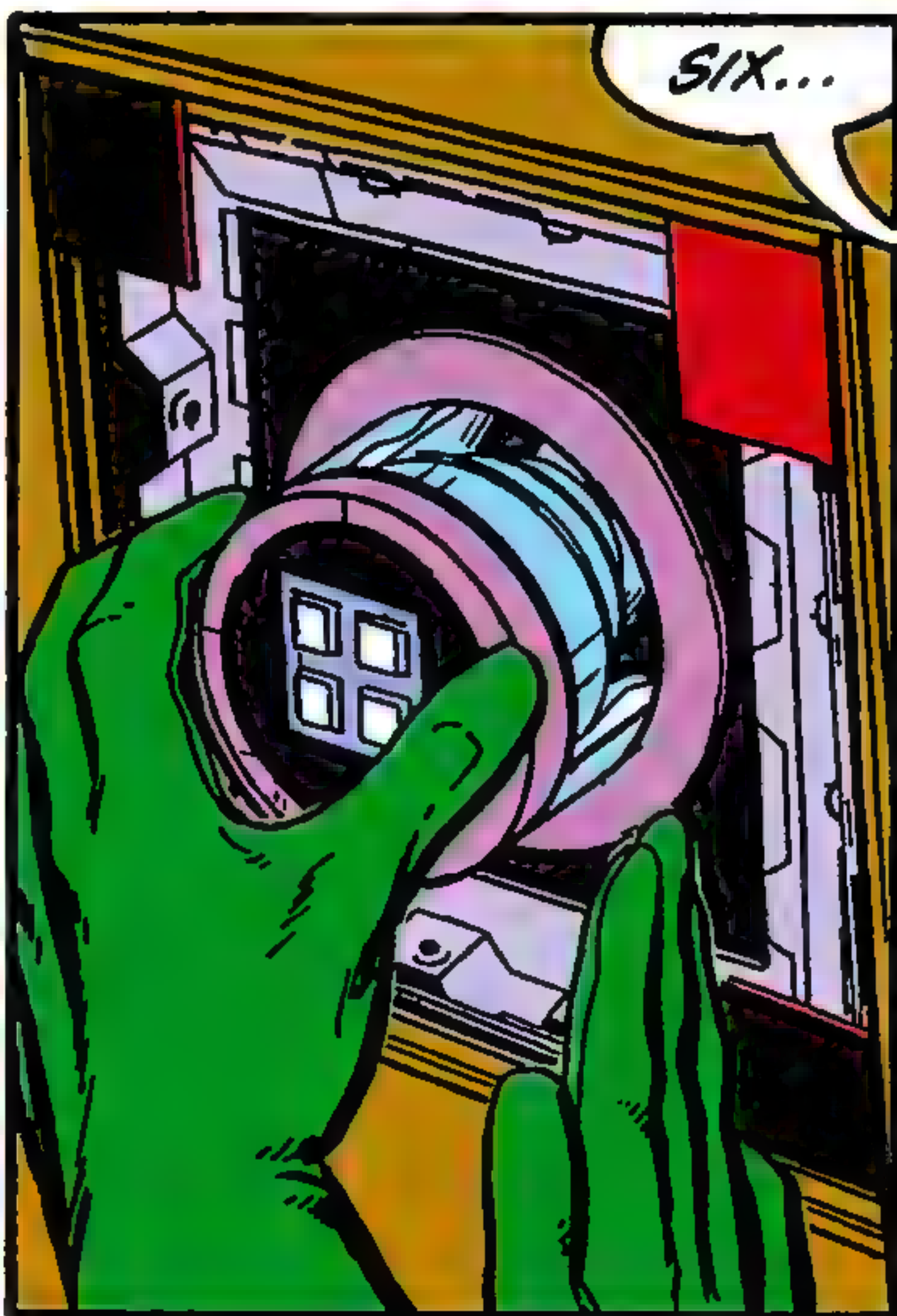
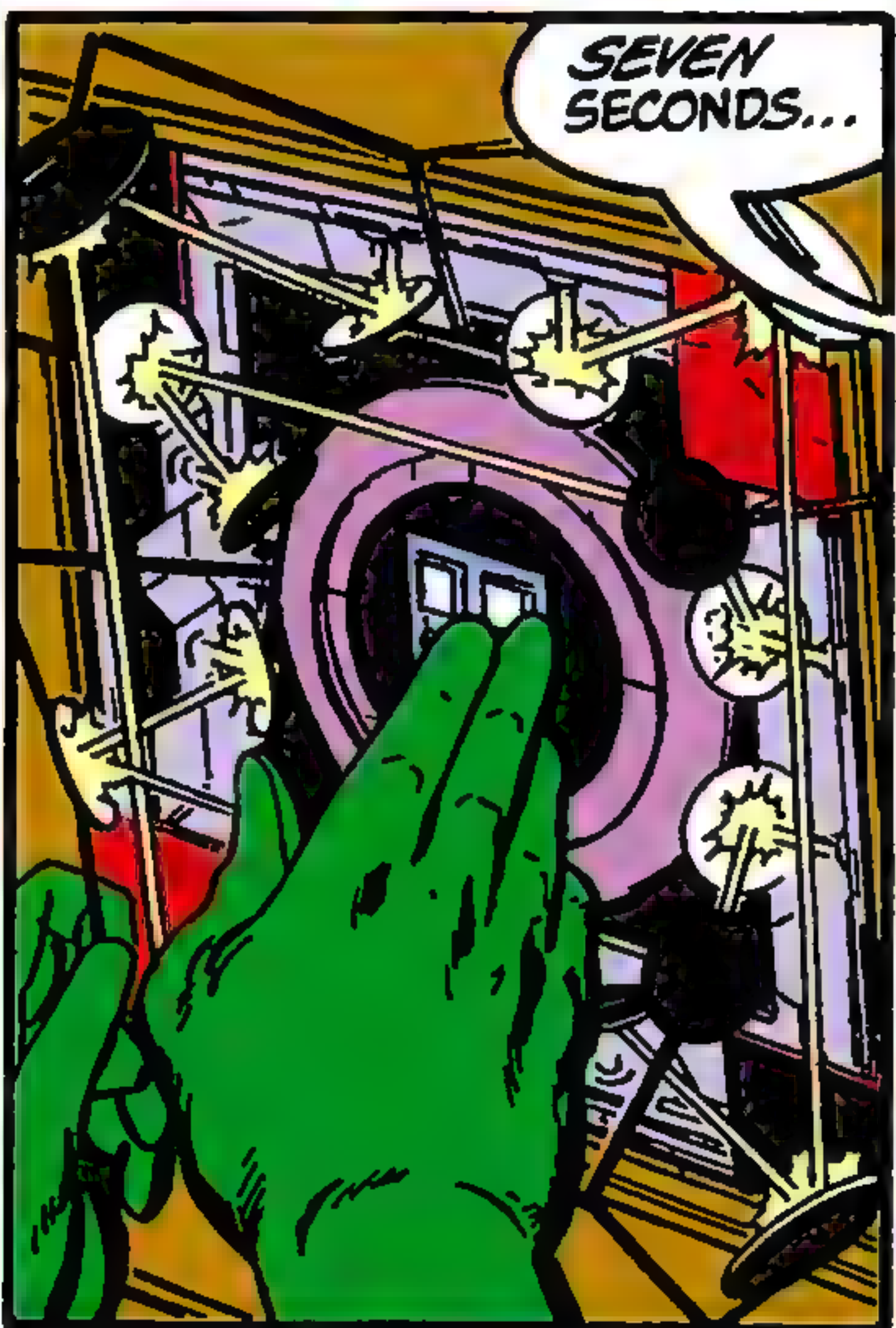
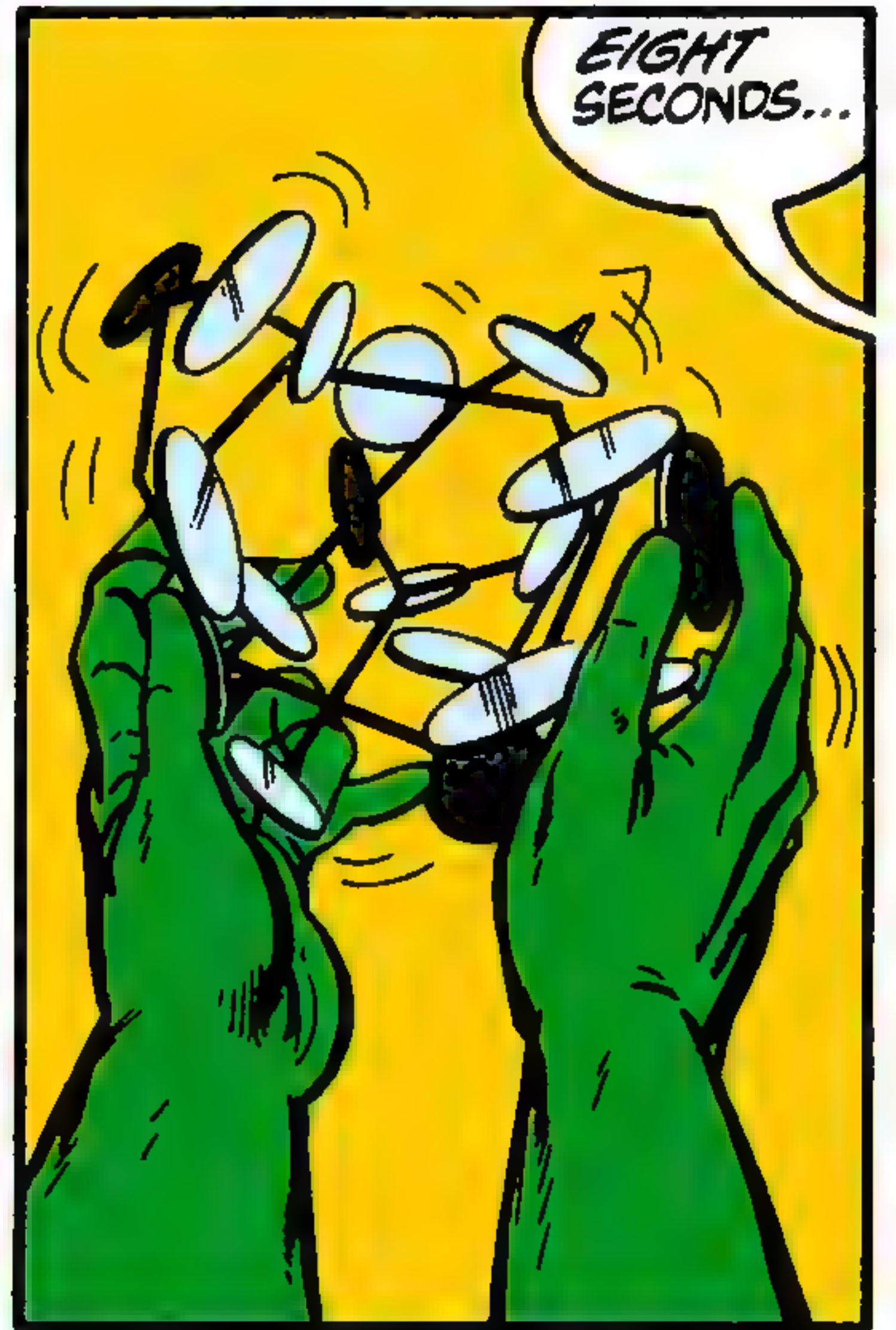
SUPERMAN!!

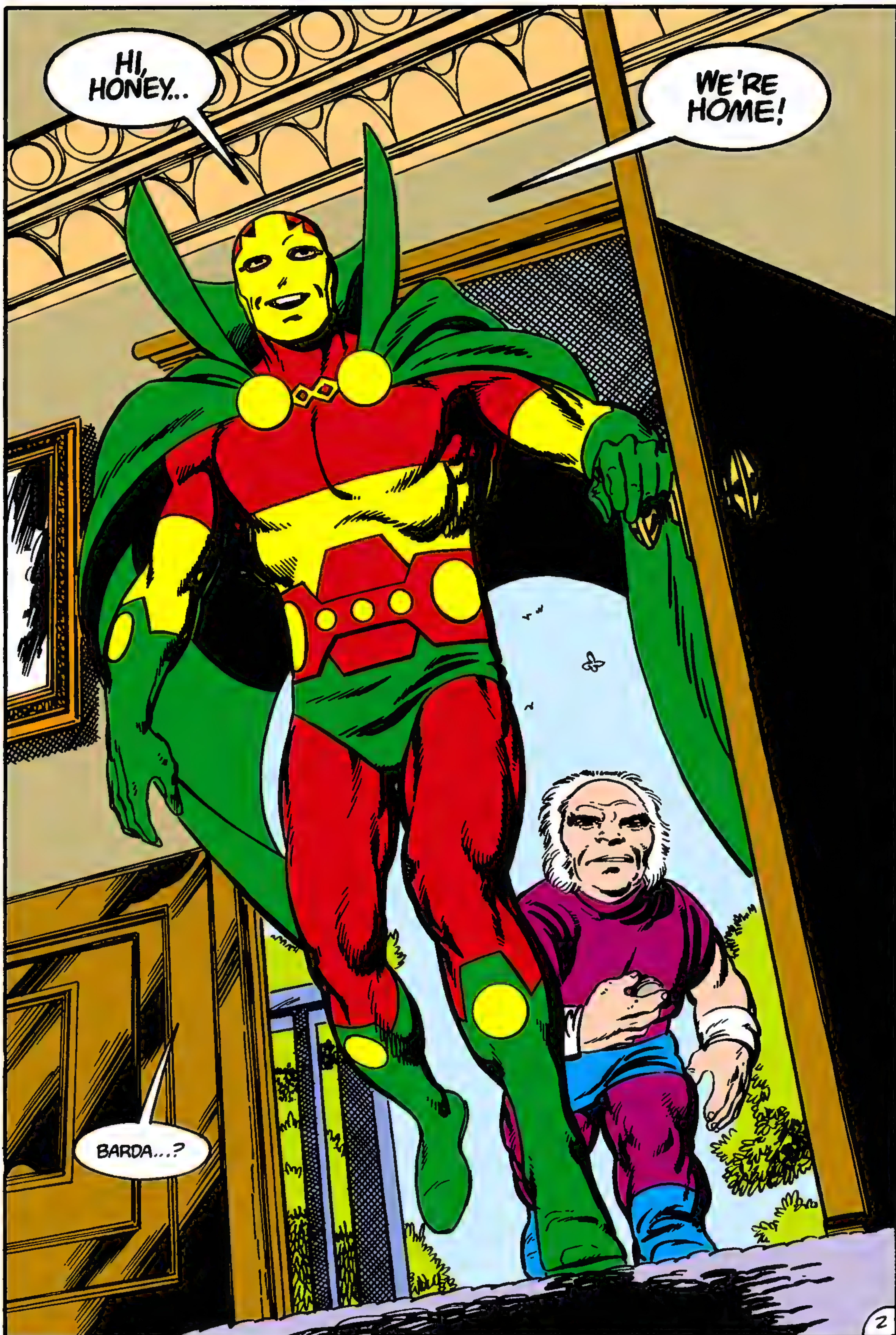










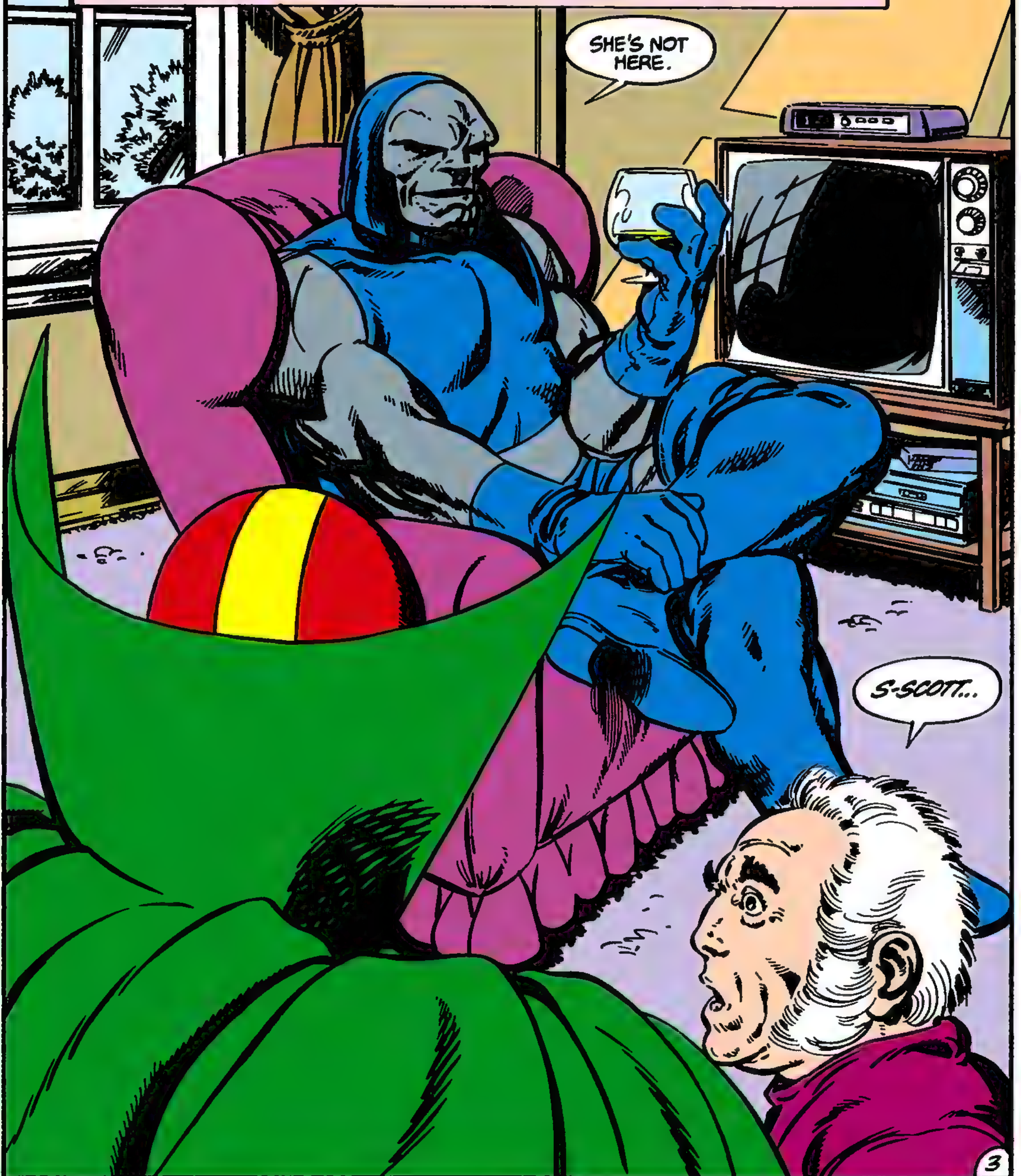


THE SUICIDE SNARE

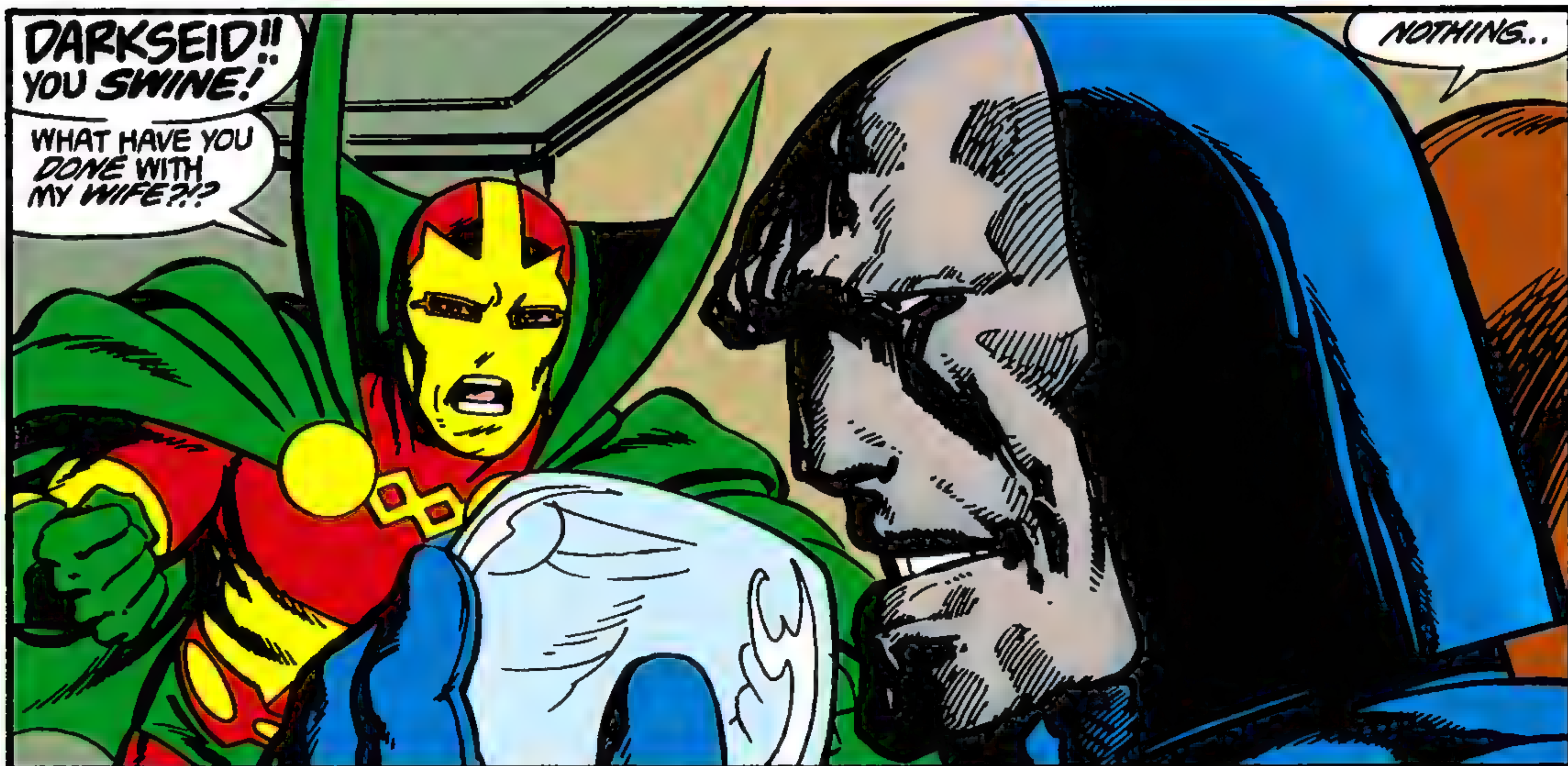
Story, pencils & figure inks: *John Byrne* Background inks: *Keith Williams* Lettering: *Costanza* Coloring: *Tom Zlotko* Editing: *Michael Carlin*

SUPERMAN created by JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER

MISTER MIRACLE created by JACK KIRBY



ACTION COMICS 583 (USPS 004-480). Published monthly by DC Comics Inc., 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10103. Second class postage paid at New York, NY and at additional mailing offices. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to ACTION COMICS DC Comics, Inc., Subscription Dept., P.O. Box 1981, New York, NY 10185. Annual subscription rate \$9.00. Outside U.S.A. \$11.00 in U.S. funds. Copyright © 1987 DC Comics Inc. All Rights Reserved. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof are trademarks of DC Comics Inc. Advertising Representative: Print Advertising Representatives Inc., 356 Lexington Avenue, New York, NY 10017 (212) 391-1400. Printed in U.S.A. DC Comics Inc. A Warner Communications Company



**DARKSEID!!
YOU SWINE!**

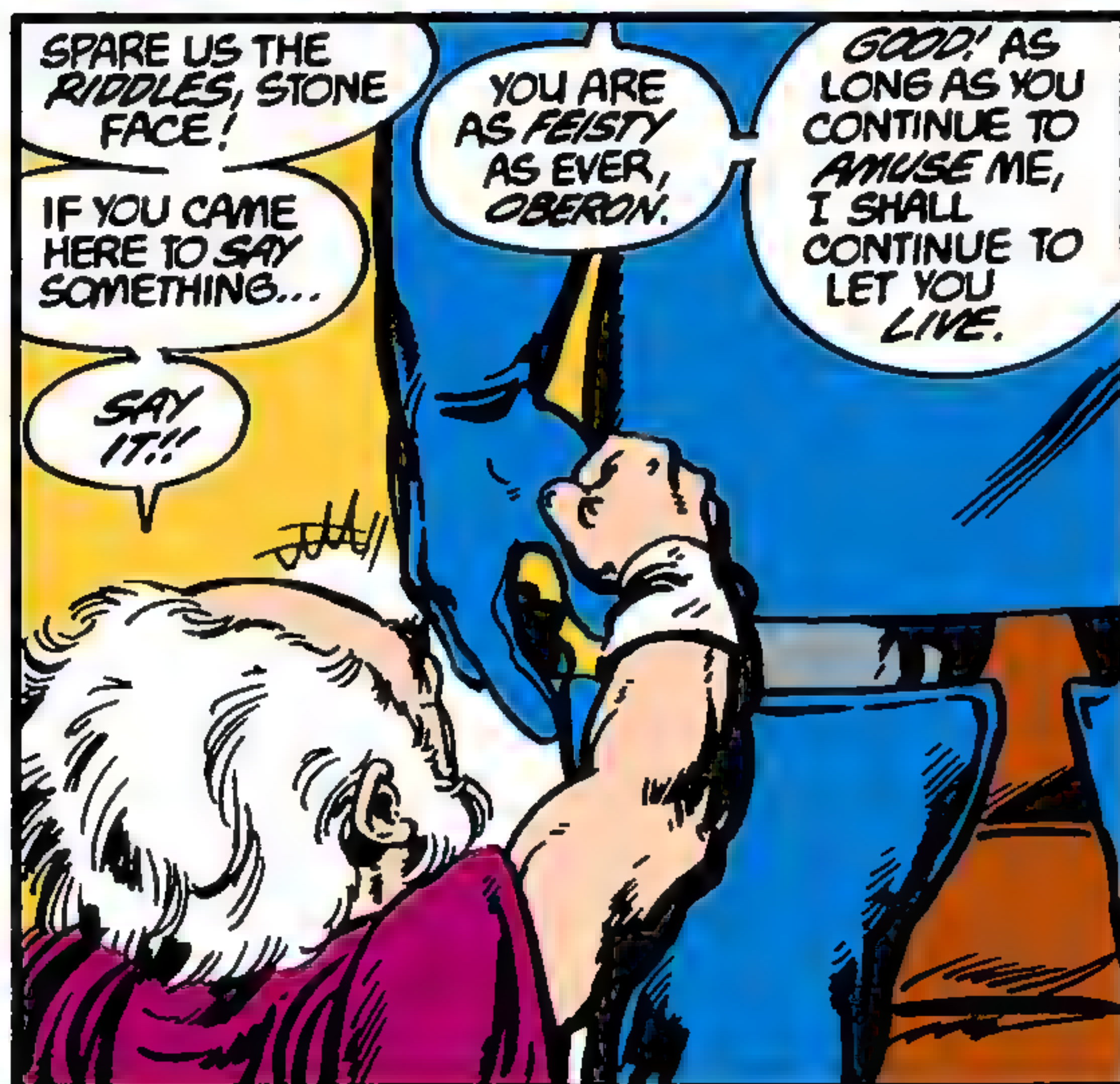
WHAT HAVE YOU
DONE WITH
MY WIFE?!

NOTHING...



AT LEAST,
NOTHING
DIRECTLY...

HOWEVER, BIG BARDIA IS IN
DIRE STRAITS, AND WOULD
NOT BE, BUT FOR MY ACTIONS...



SPARE US THE
RIDDLES, STONE
FACE!

IF YOU CAME
HERE TO SAY
SOMETHING...

SAY
IT!!

YOU ARE
AS FEISTY
AS EVER,
OBERON.

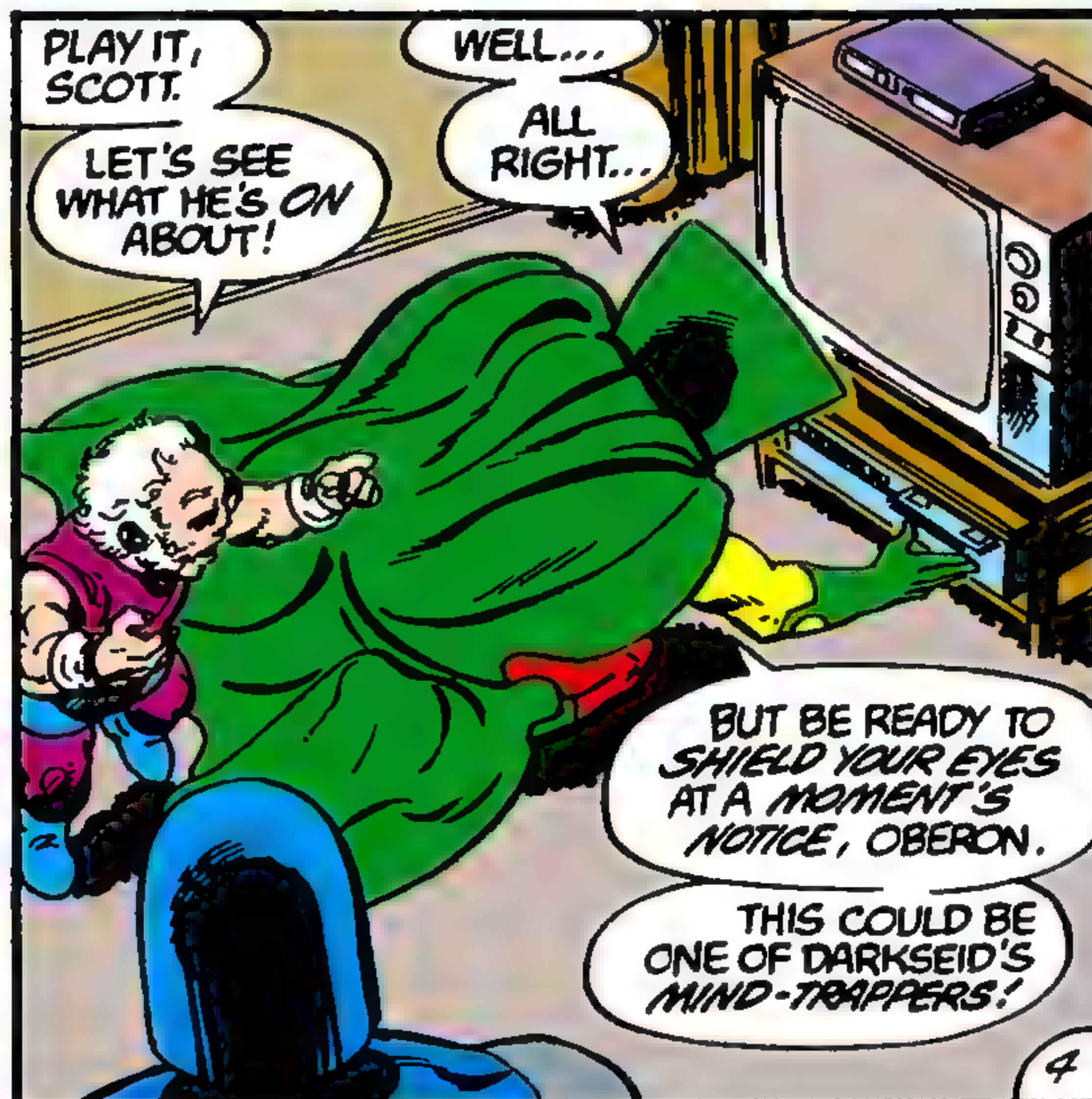
GODD! AS
LONG AS YOU
CONTINUE TO
AMUSE ME,
I SHALL
CONTINUE TO
LET YOU
LIVE.



NOW, AS TO THE
MATTER AT
HAND...

THIS WILL
ANSWER AT
LEAST SOME
OF YOUR
QUESTIONS...

A...VIDEO-
TAPE...??



PLAY IT,
SCOTT.

LET'S SEE
WHAT HE'S ON
ABOUT!

WELL...

ALL
RIGHT...

BUT BE READY TO
SHIELD YOUR EYES
AT A MOMENT'S
NOTICE, OBERON.

THIS COULD BE
ONE OF DARKSEID'S
MIND-TRAPPERS!



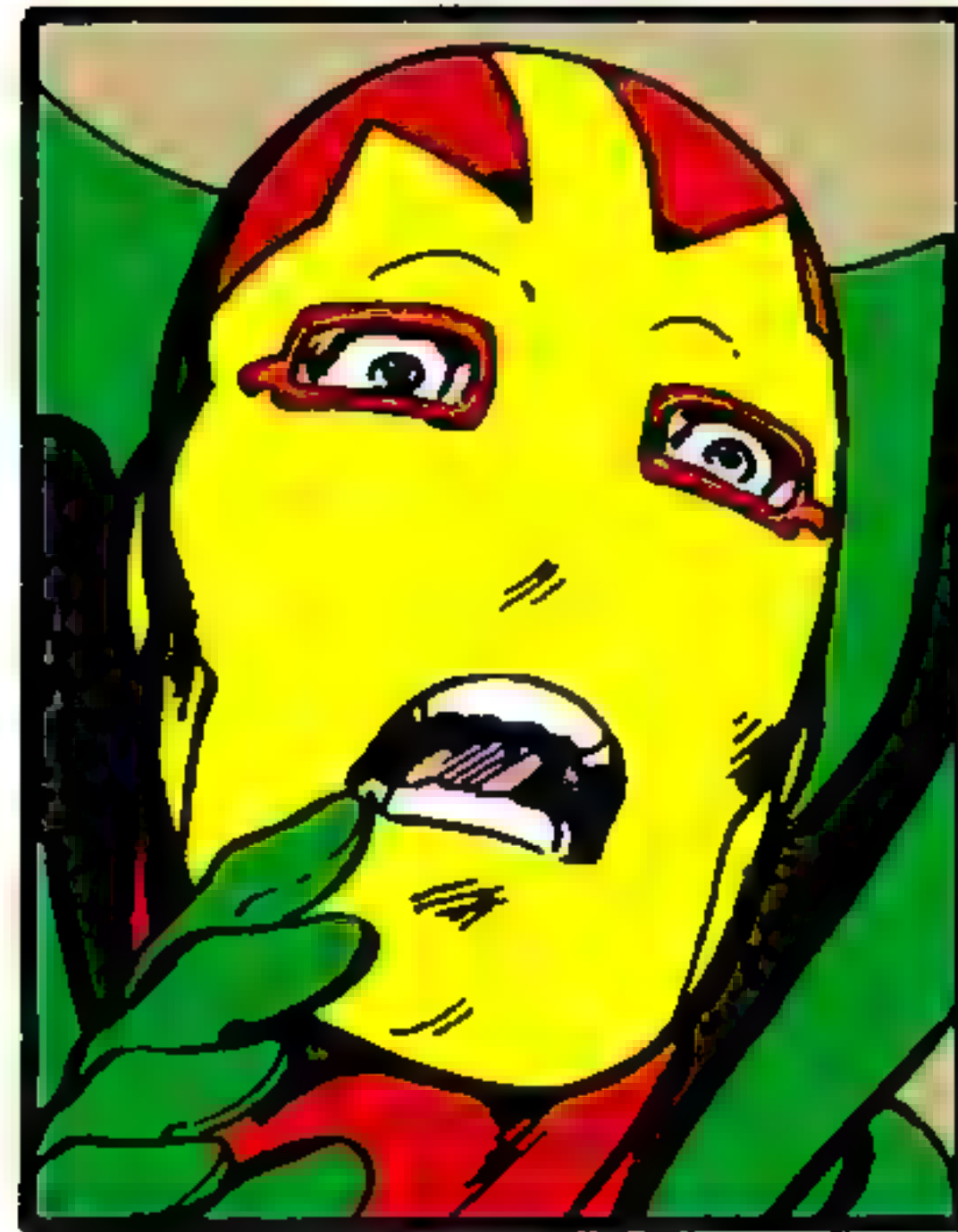
HMPH! WHAT IS THIS TAPE? CAN'T SAY MUCH FOR THE PRODUCTION VALUES!



LOOKS LIKE IT WAS SHOT IN A SEWER... SCOTT! IS THAT BARDA??



IT IS!! I HARDLY RECOGNIZED HER UNDER THAT AWFUL MAKE-UP. WHAT'S SHE...



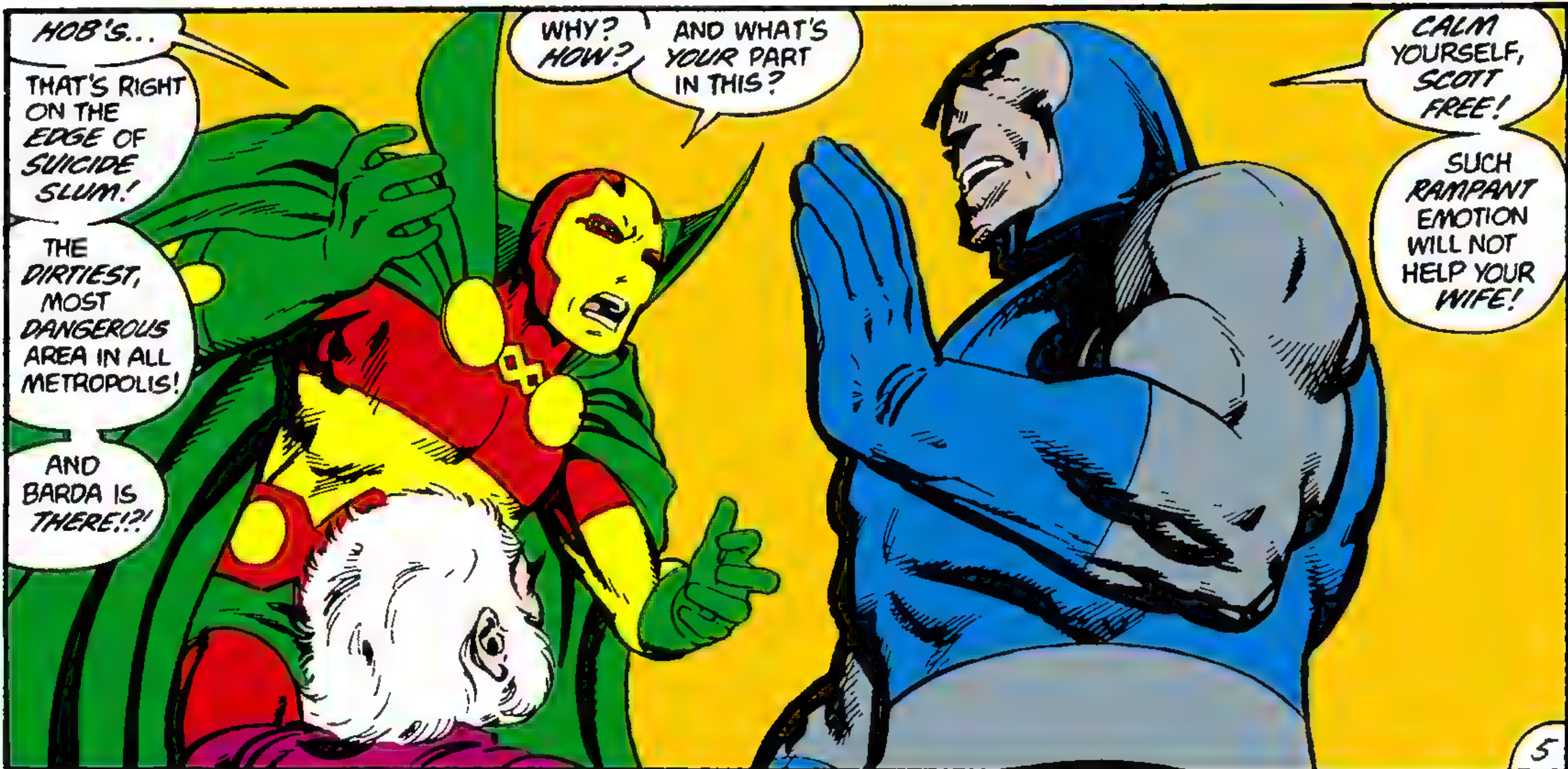
SCOTT...!!



MY AGENTS ACQUIRED THIS TELEVISUAL FEAST FROM A SMALL SHOP IN METROPOLIS.

A SHOP WHICH SPECIALIZES IN SUCH FARE.

IT IS LOCATED ON A BACK STREET CALLED HOB'S LANE.



HOB'S...

THAT'S RIGHT ON THE EDGE OF SUICIDE SLUM!

THE DIRTIEST, MOST DANGEROUS AREA IN ALL METROPOLIS!

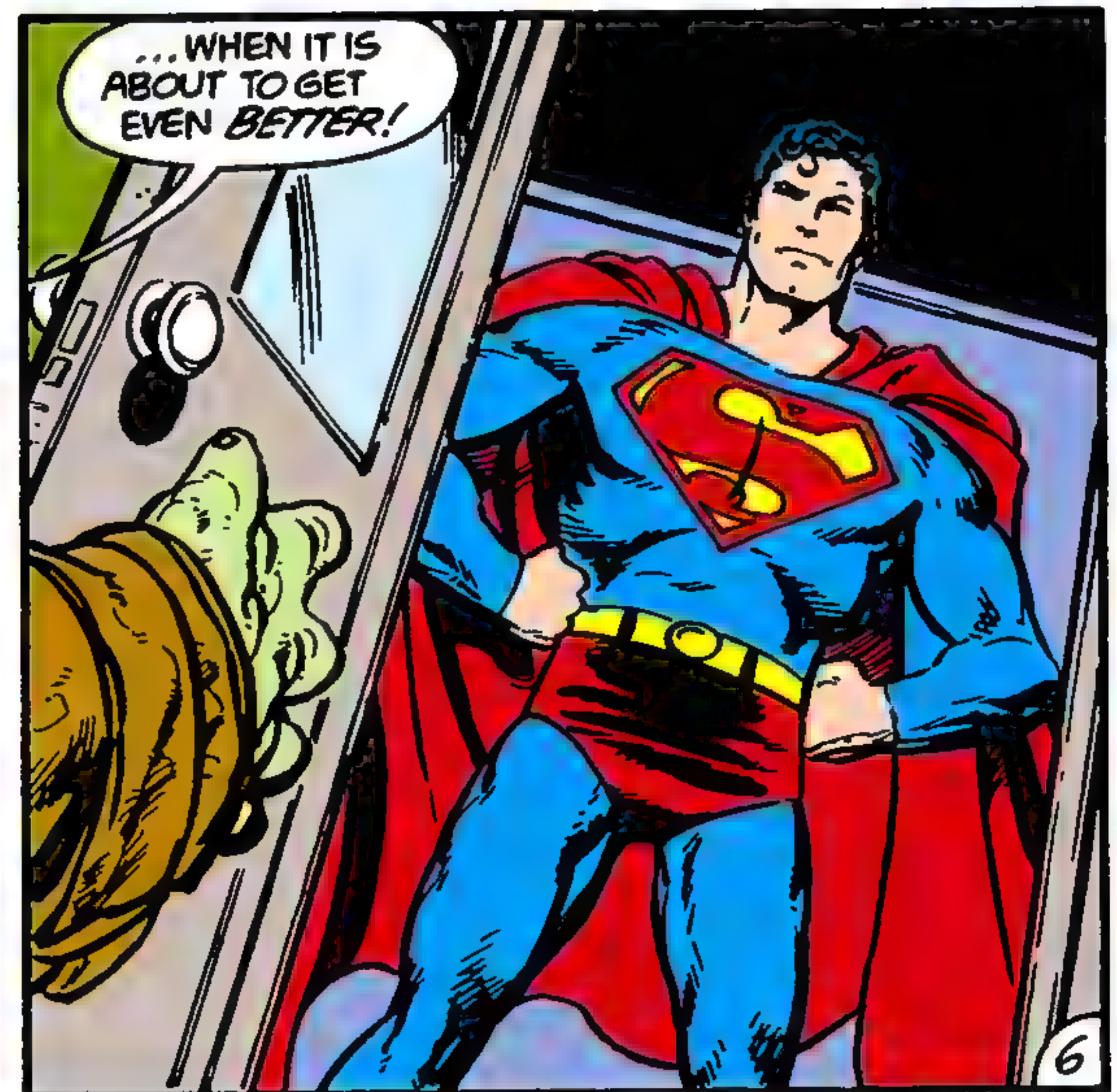
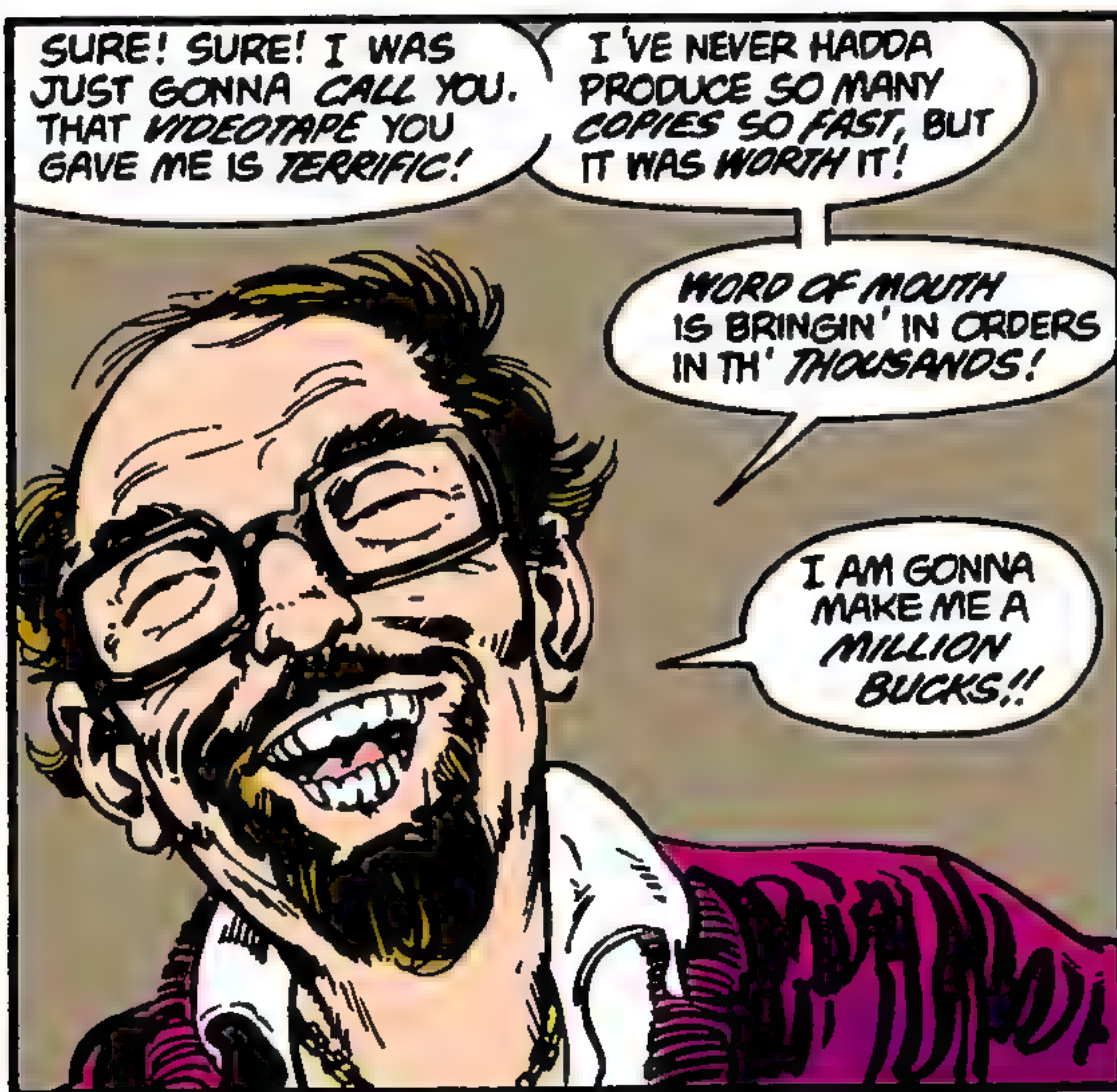
AND BARDA IS THERE!?!?

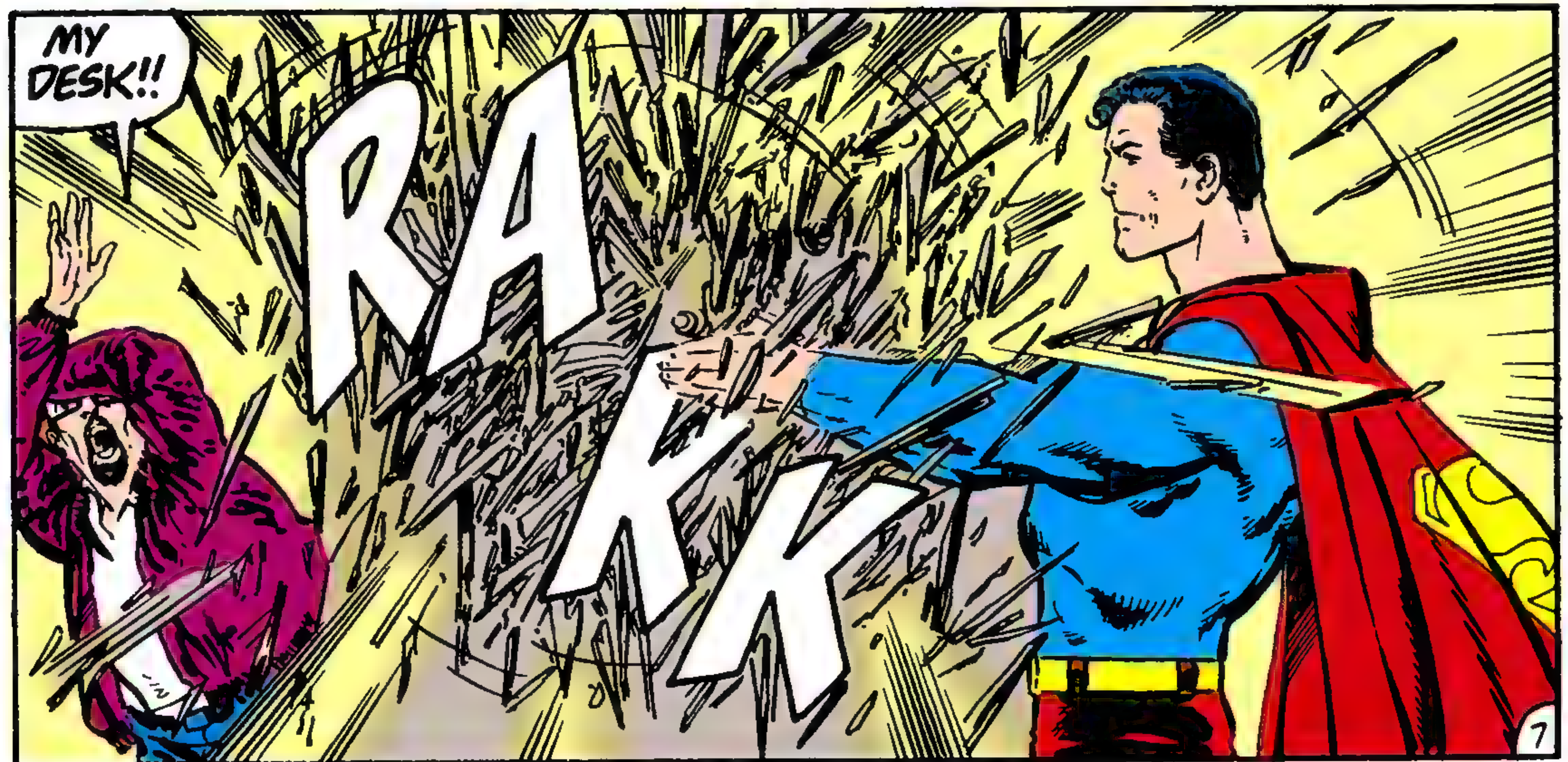
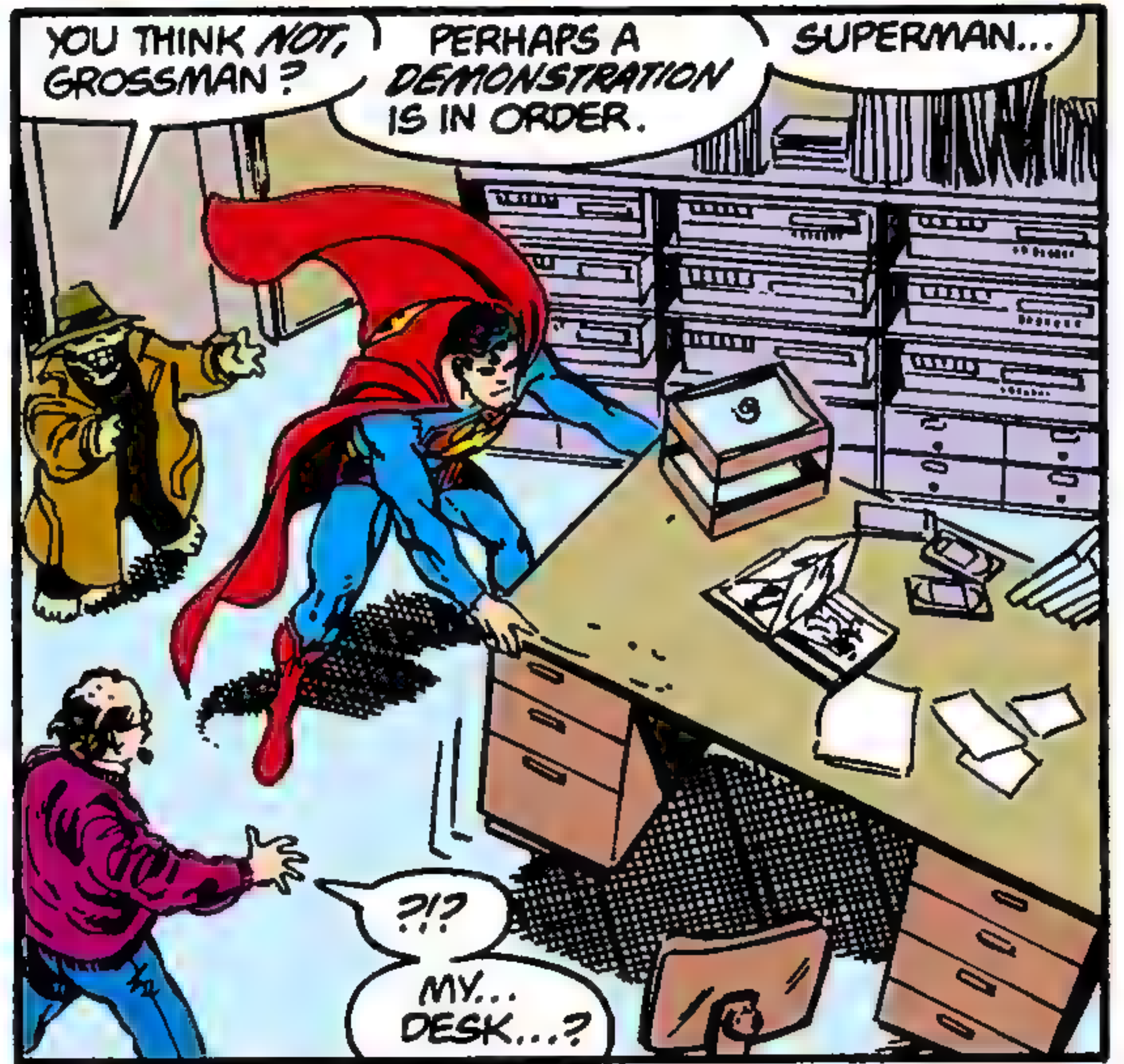
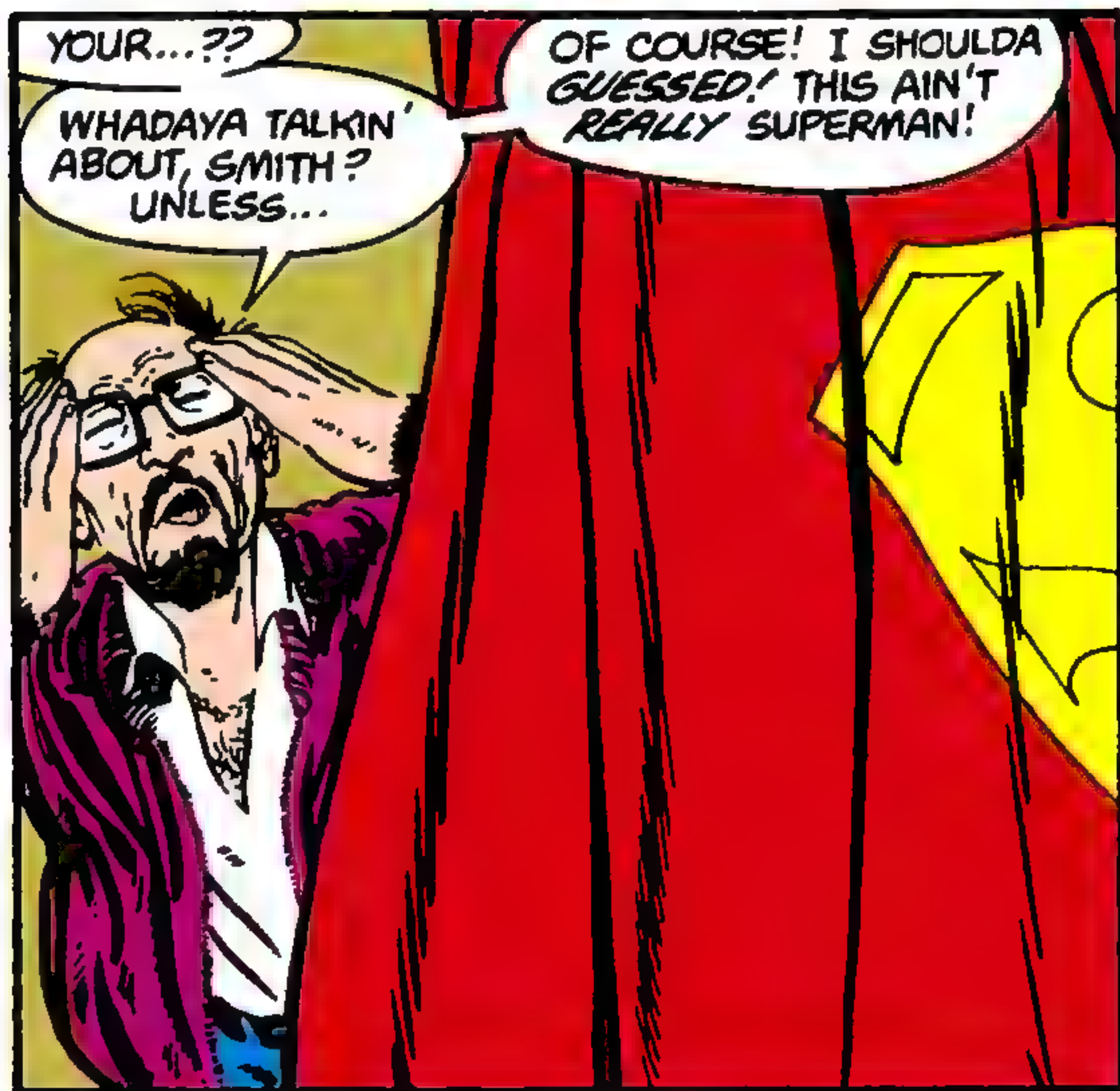
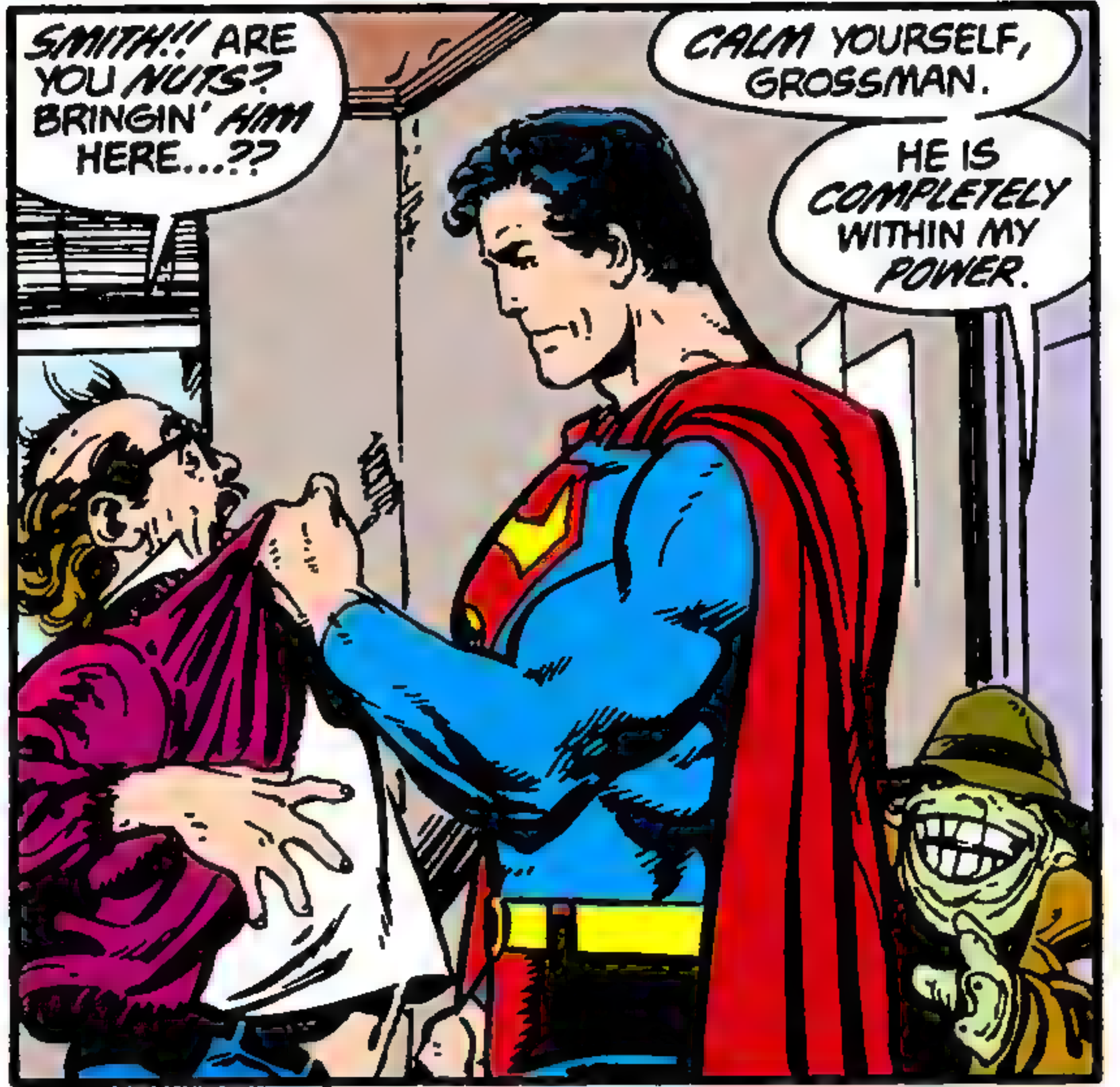
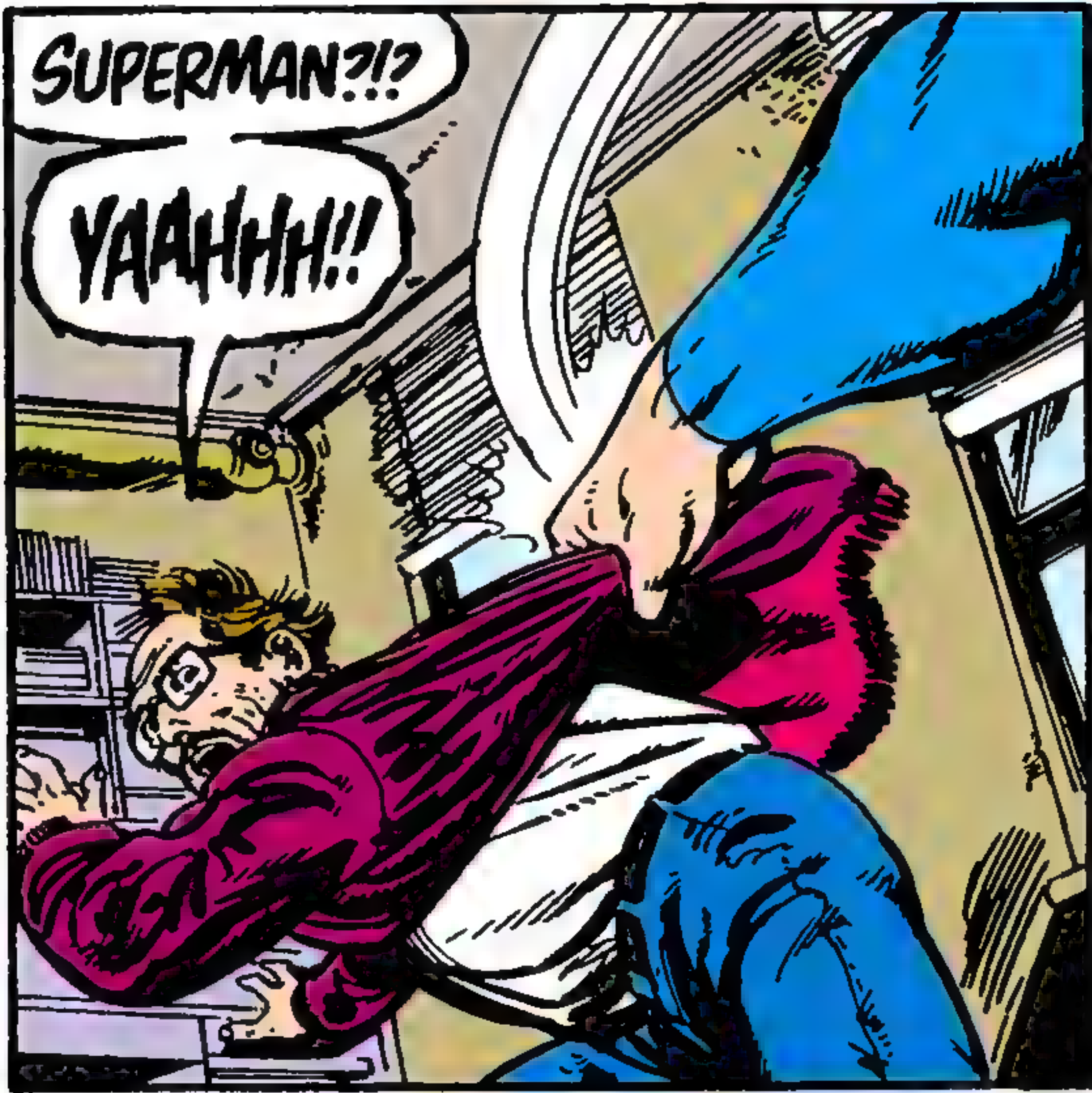
WHY? HOW?

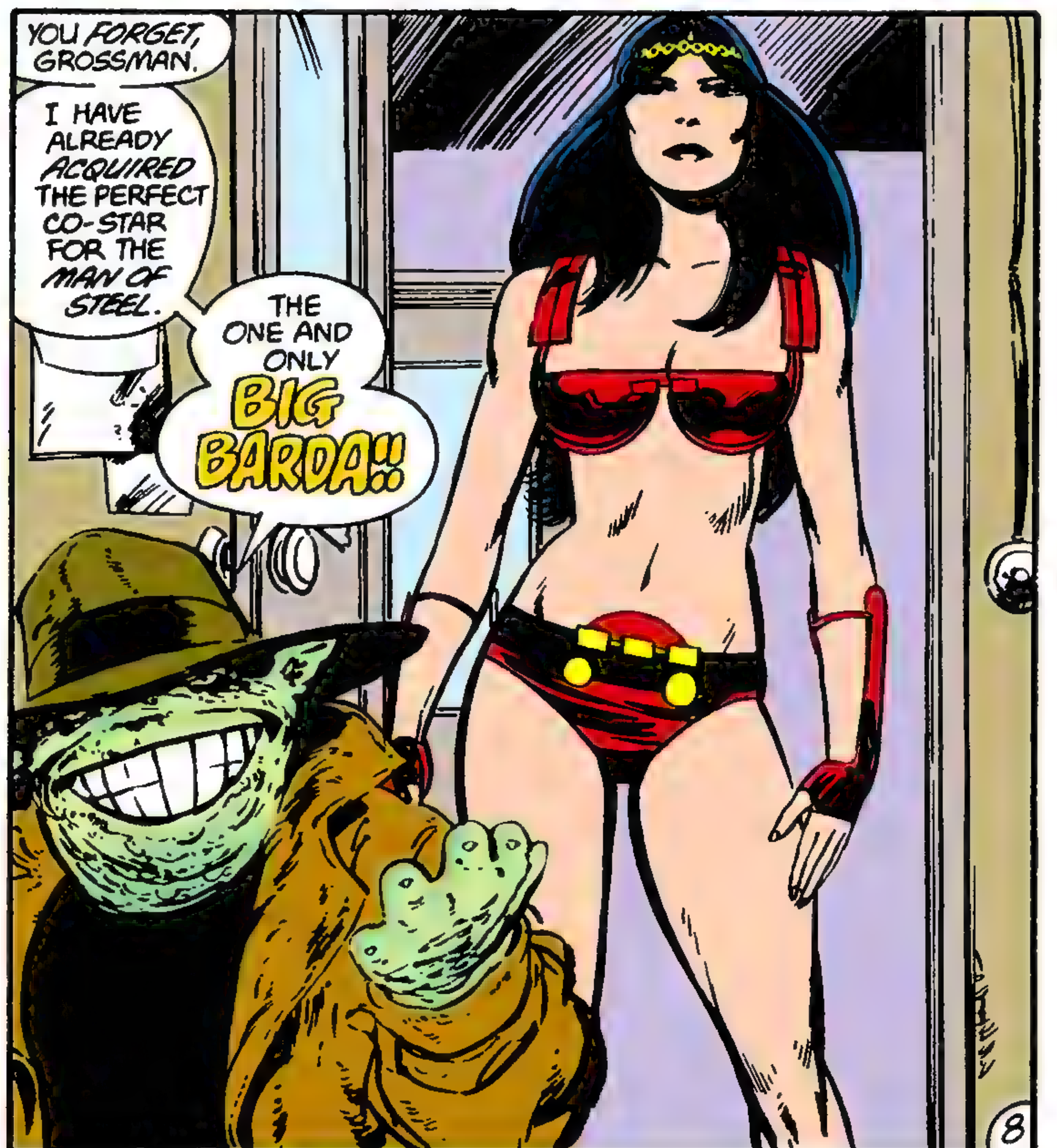
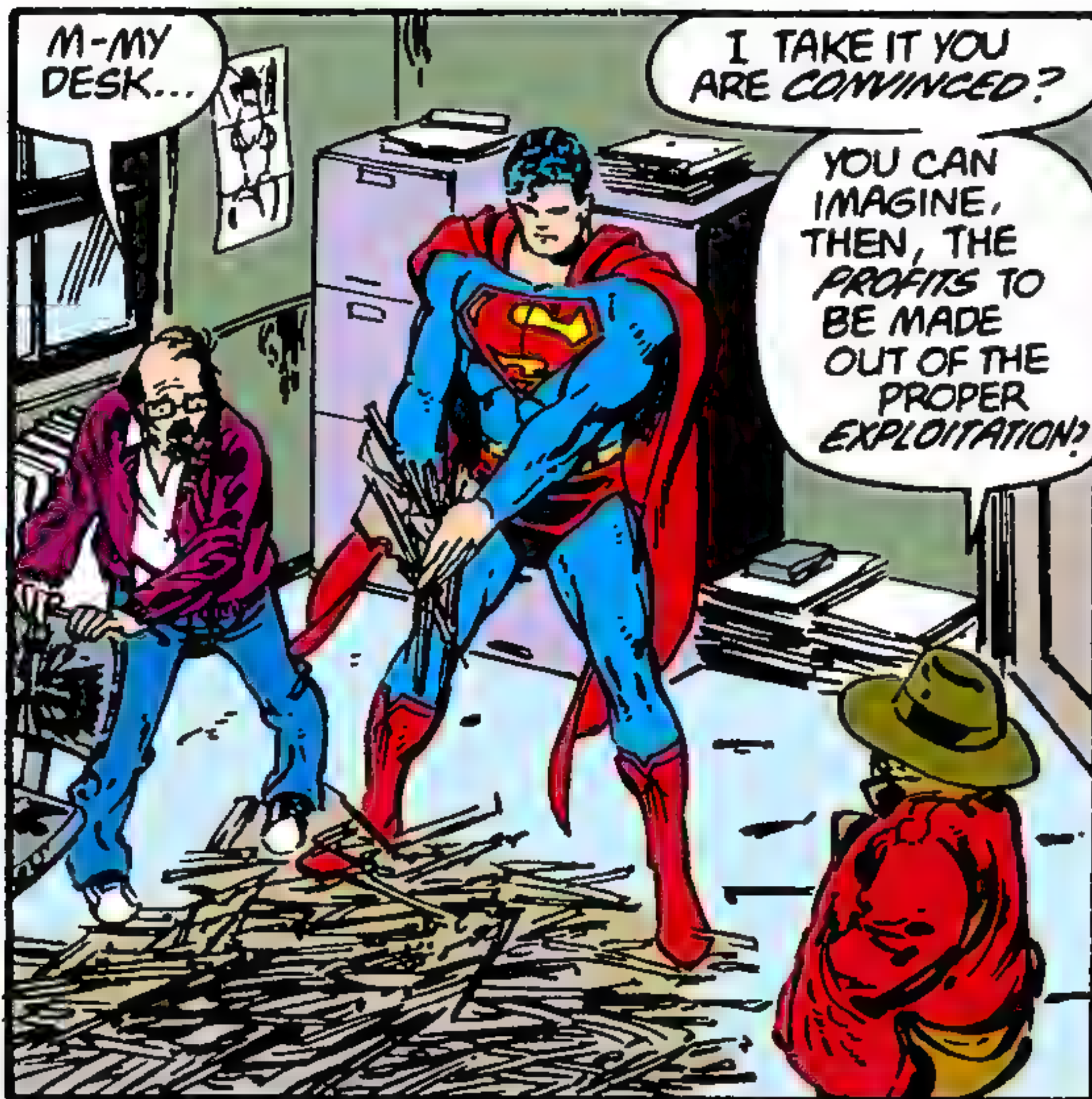
AND WHAT'S YOUR PART IN THIS?

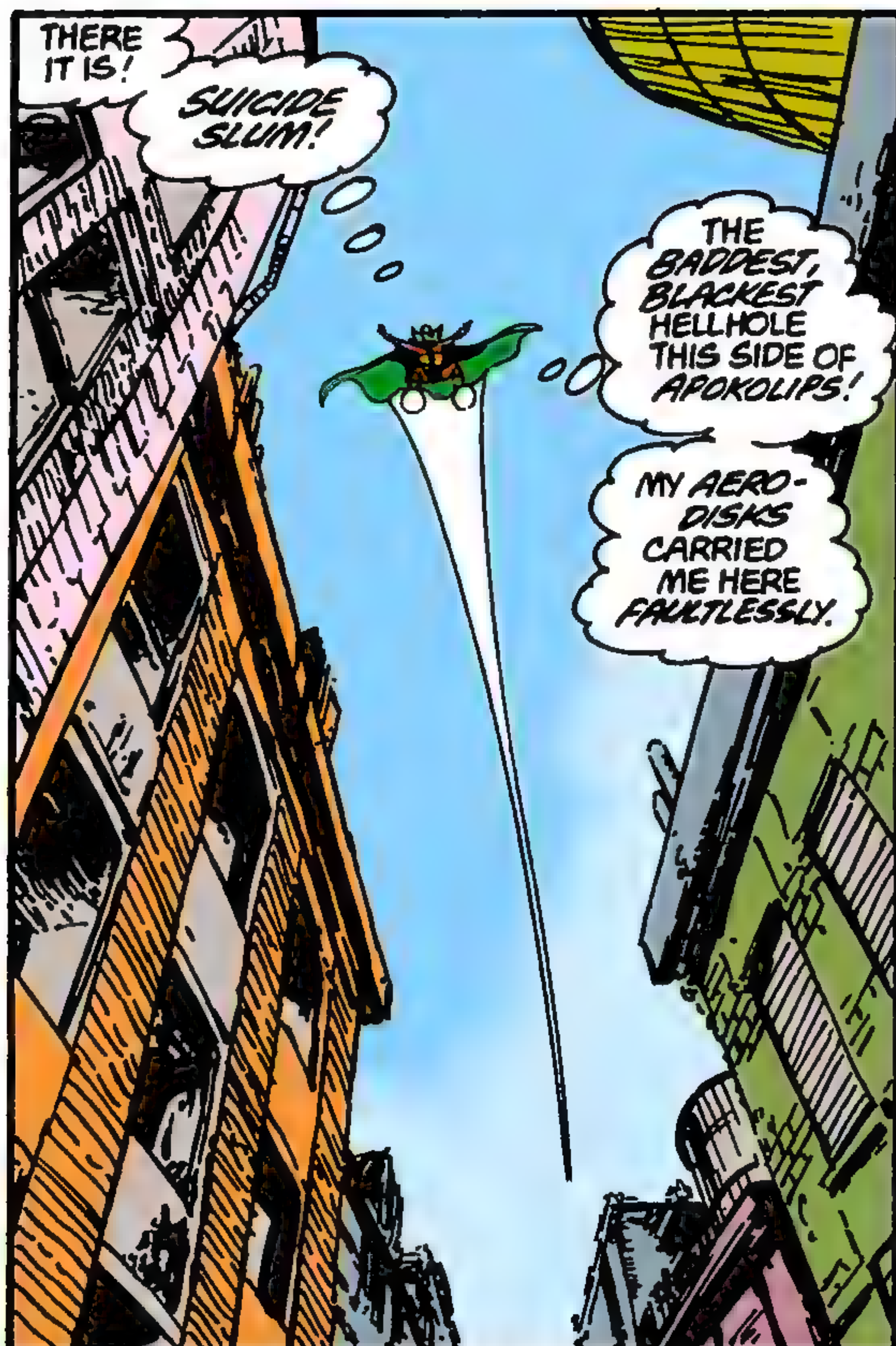
CALM YOURSELF, SCOTT FREE!

SUCH RAMPANT EMOTION WILL NOT HELP YOUR WIFE!









THERE IT IS!

SUICIDE SLUM!

THE BADDEST, BLACKEST HELLHOLE THIS SIDE OF APOKOLIPS!

MY AERO-DISKS CARRIED ME HERE FAULTLESSLY.



DARKSEID SAID BARDIA IS BEING HELD SOMEWHERE DOWN THERE.

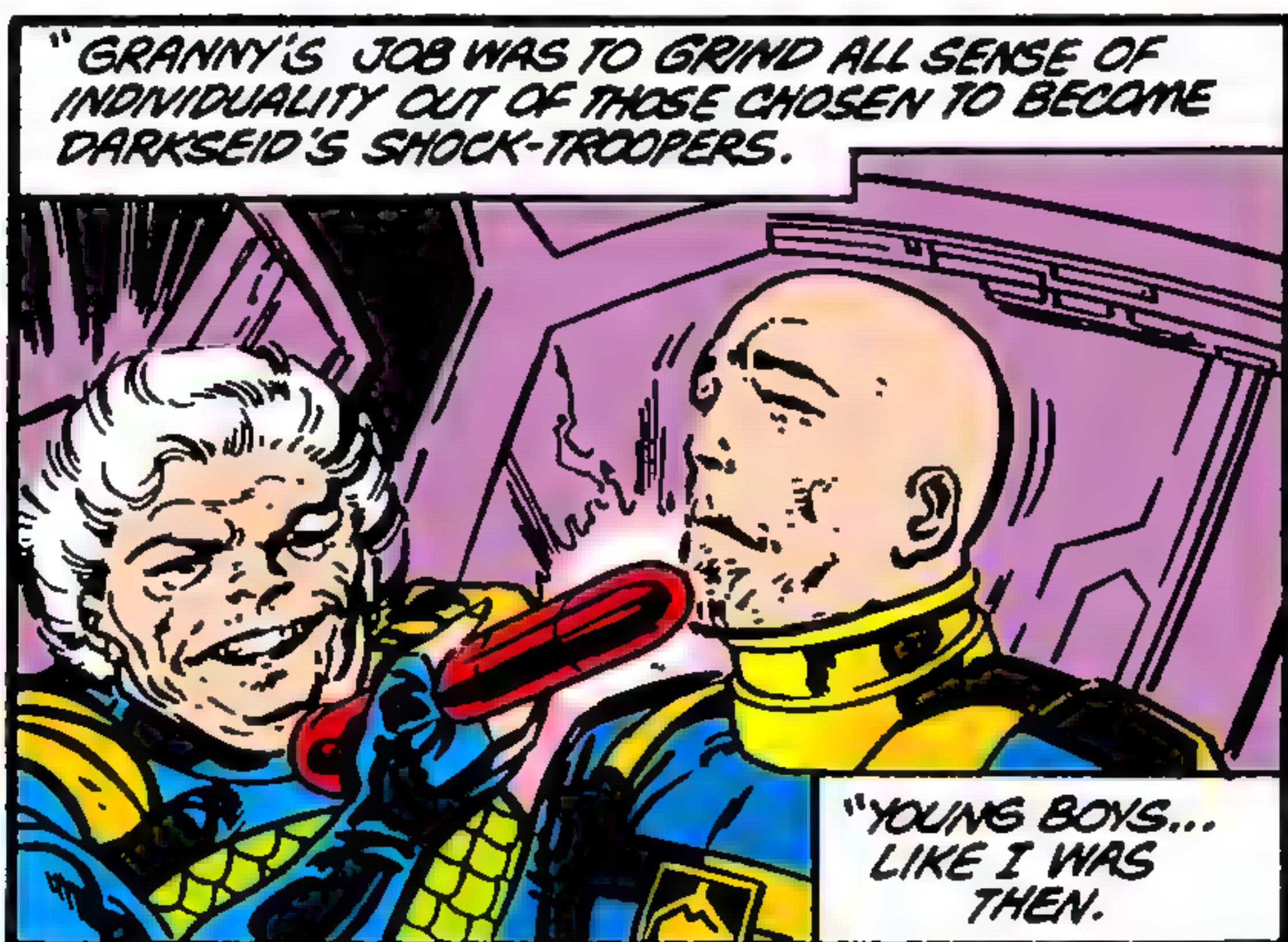
I BELIEVE HIM.

I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY HE'D TELL ME.

THIS ISN'T NEARLY SUBTLE ENOUGH TO BE ONE OF HIS TRAPS!

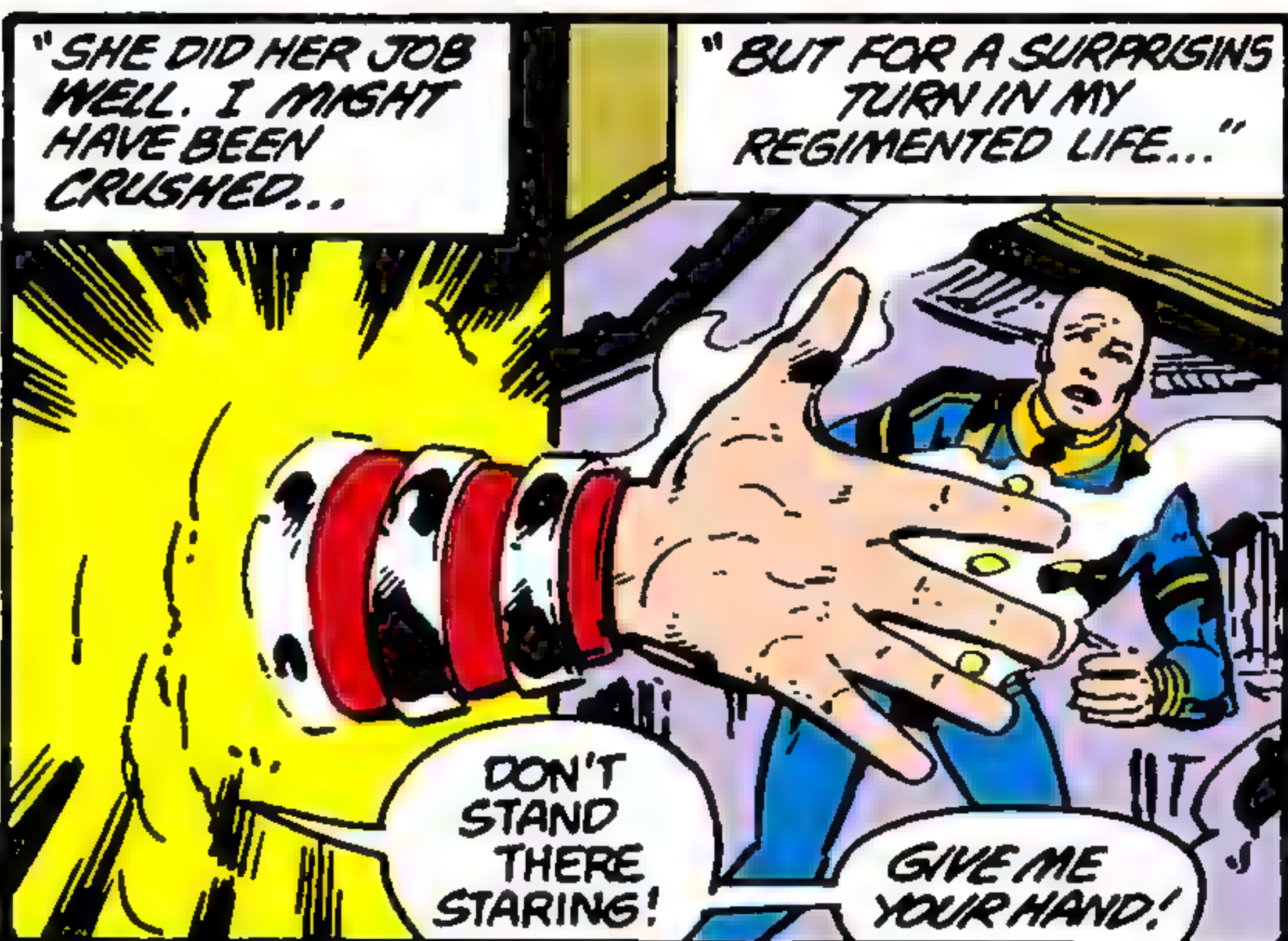


"I LEARNED WELL THE WAYS OF DARKSEID, RAISED AS I WAS IN GRANNY GOODNESS' 'ORPHANAGE' ON THE PLANET APOKOLIPS!"



"GRANNY'S JOB WAS TO GRIND ALL SENSE OF INDIVIDUALITY OUT OF THOSE CHOSEN TO BECOME DARKSEID'S SHOCK-TROOPERS."

"YOUNG BOYS... LIKE I WAS THEN."



"SHE DID HER JOB WELL. I MIGHT HAVE BEEN CRUSHED..."

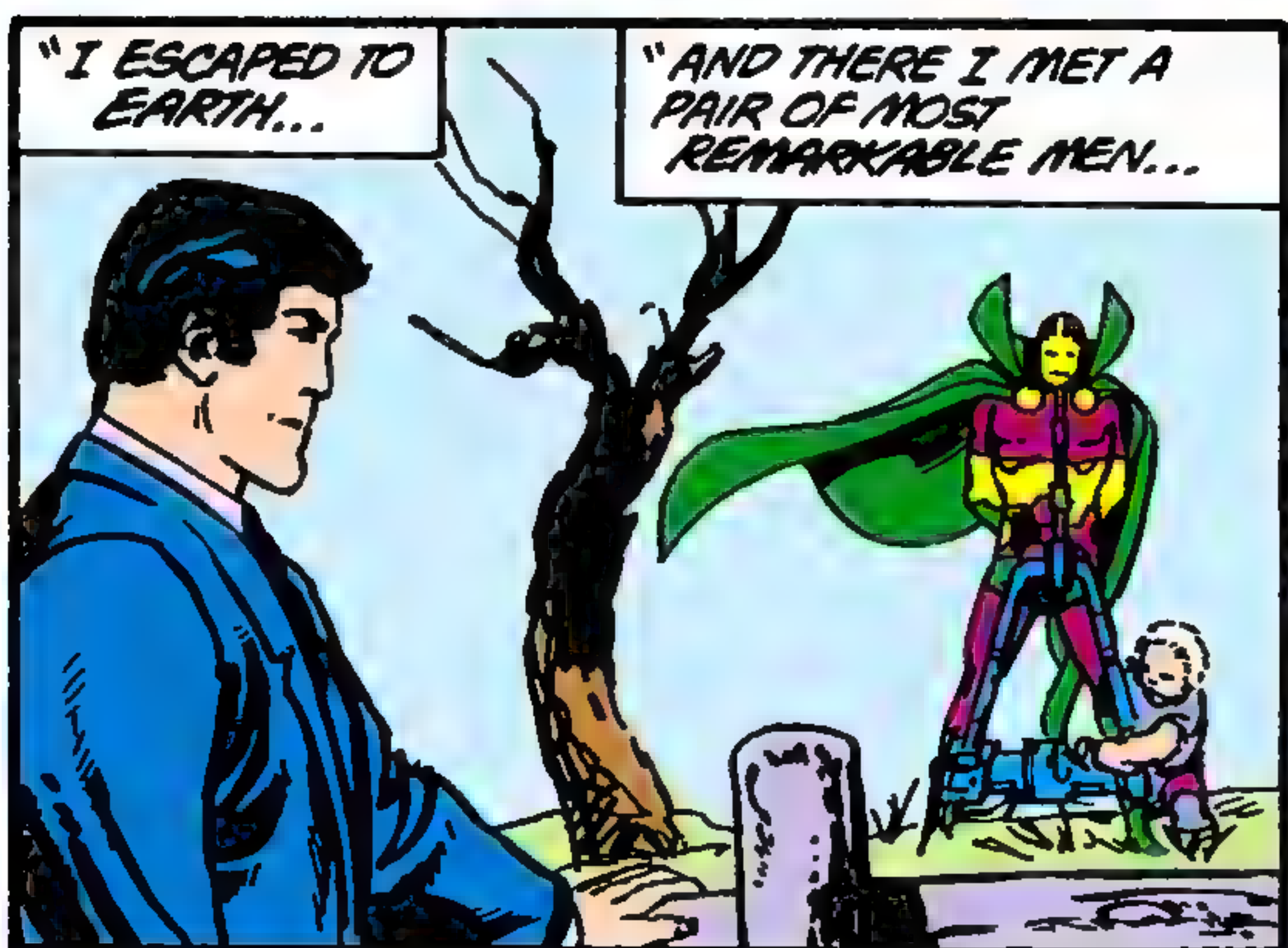
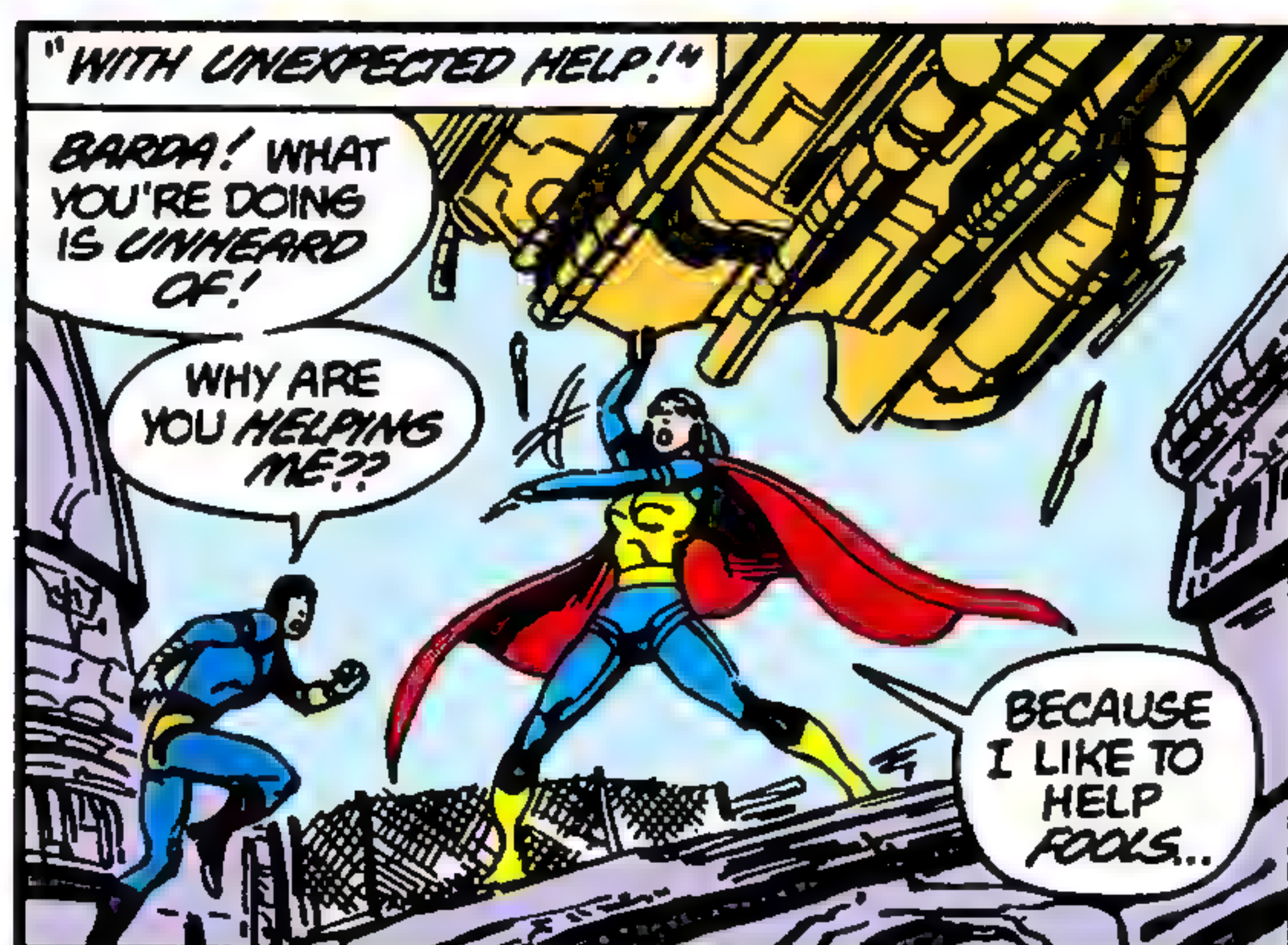
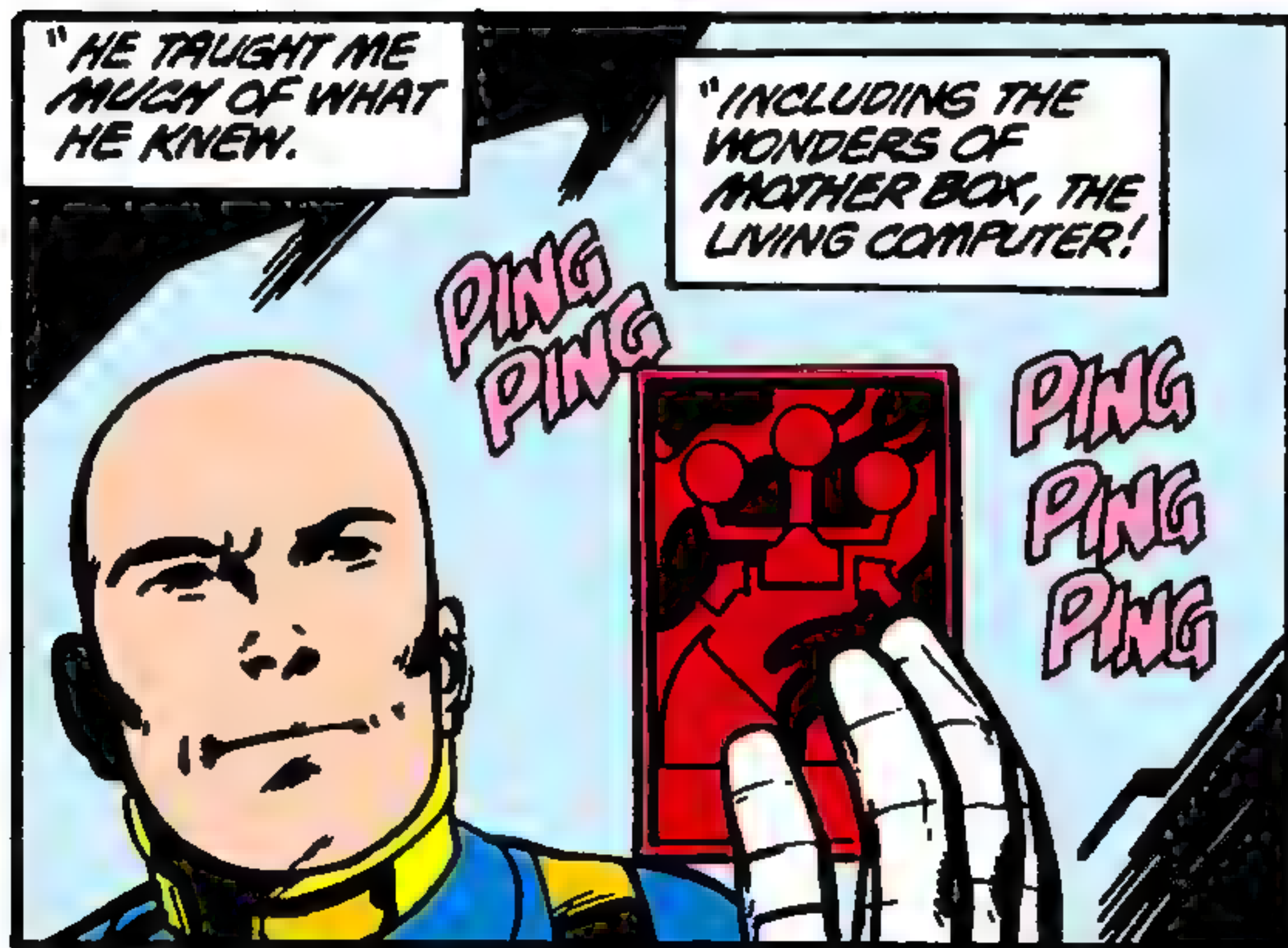
"BUT FOR A SURPRISING TURN IN MY REGIMENTED LIFE..."

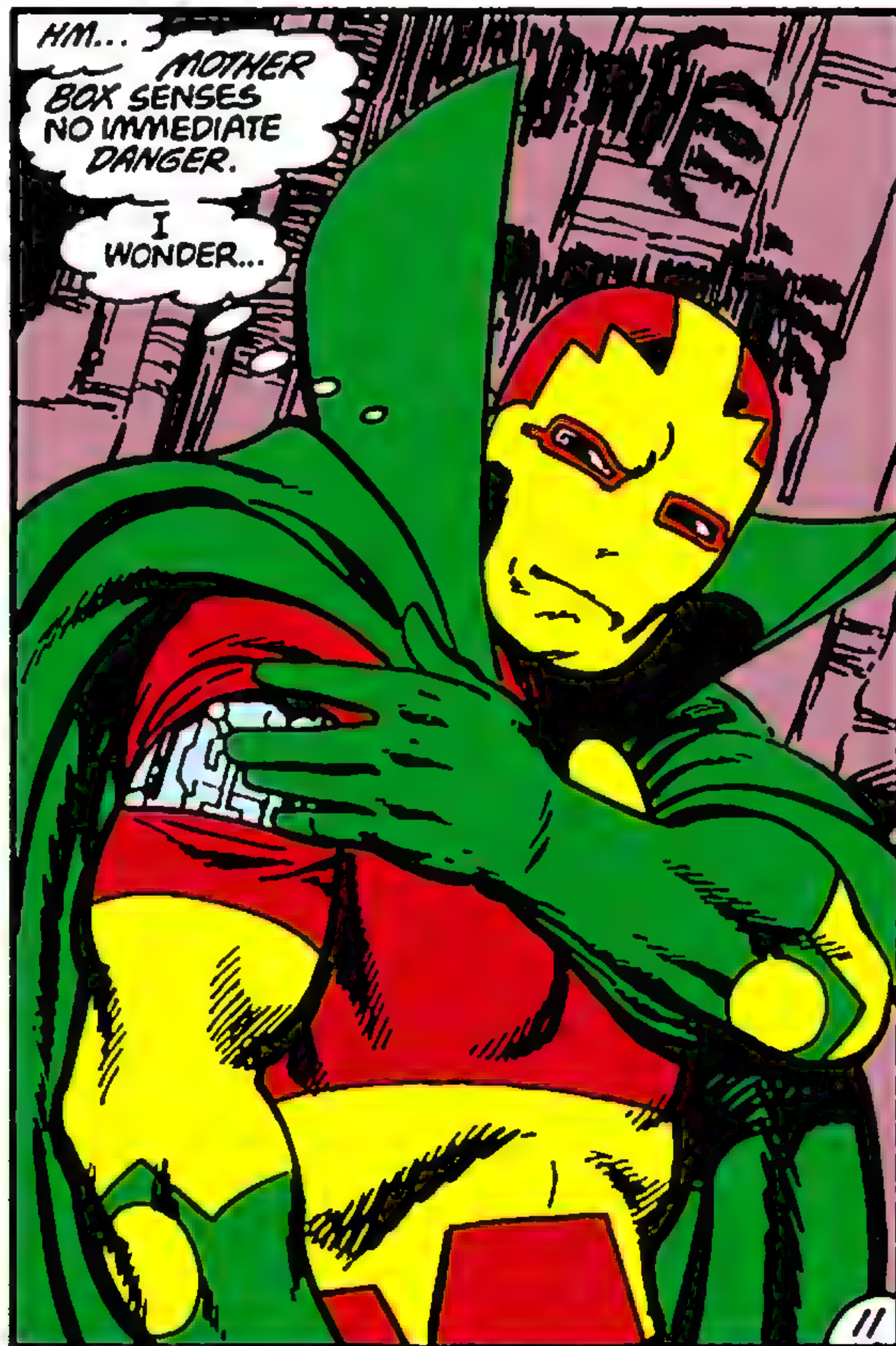
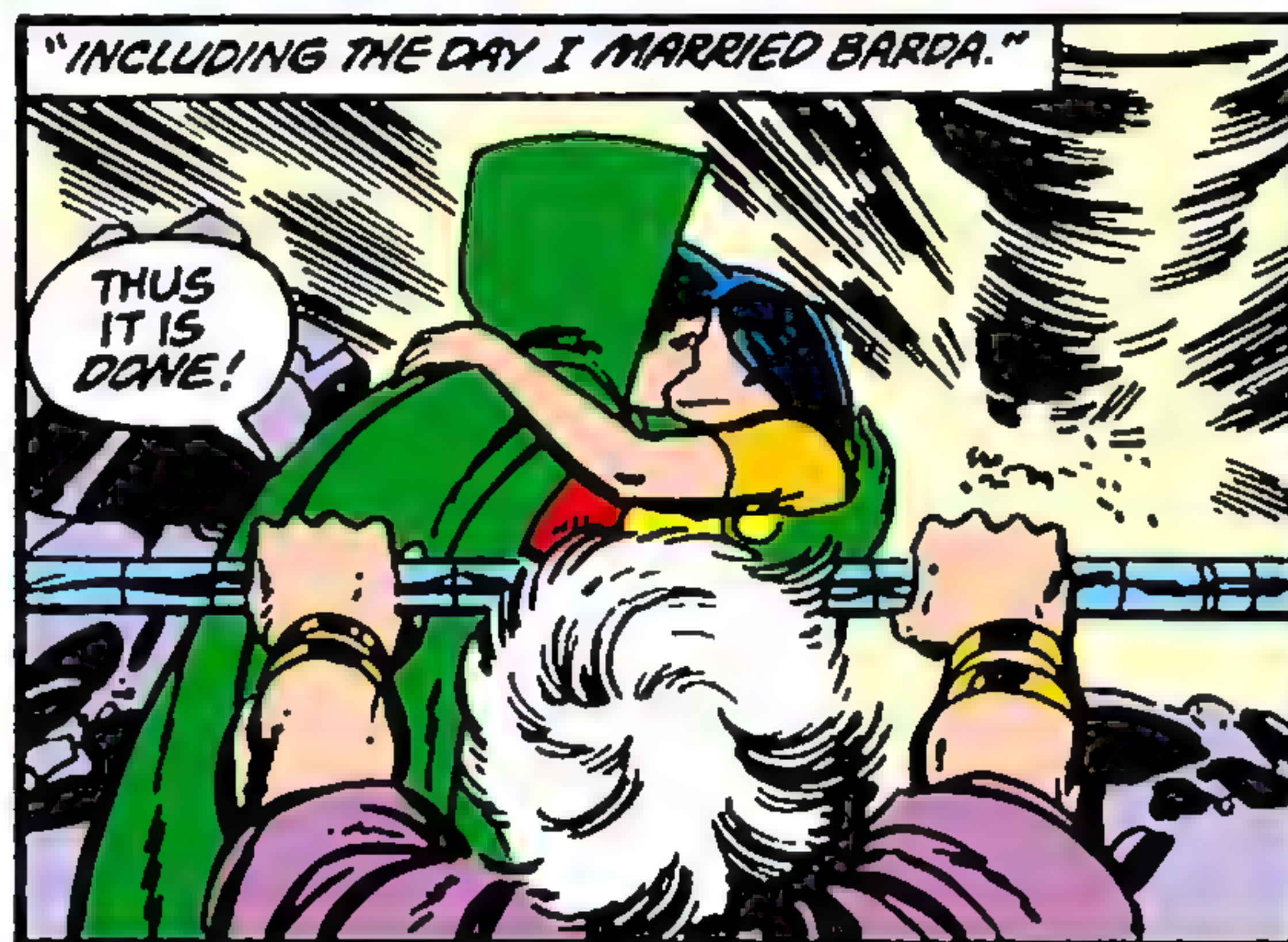
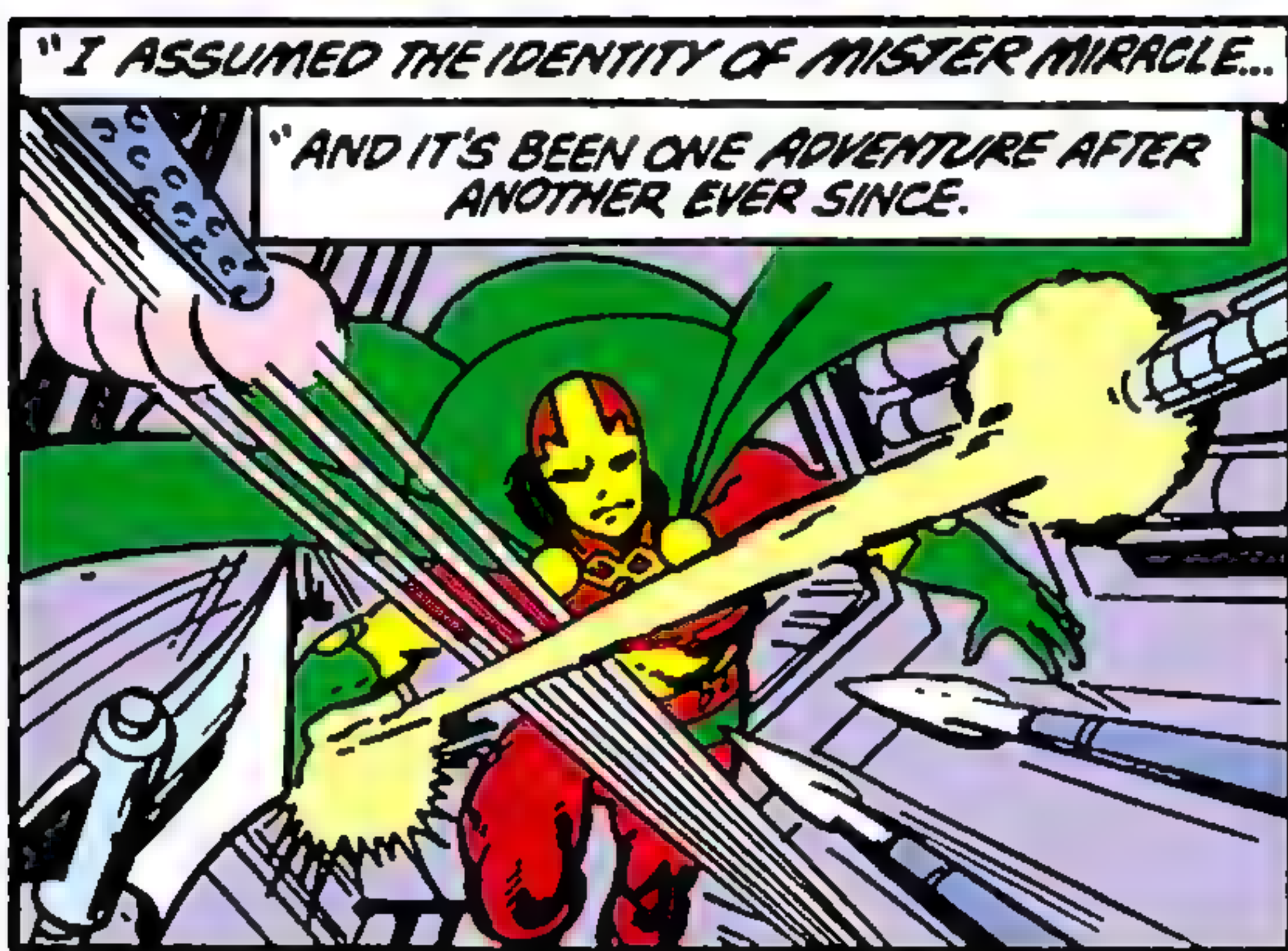
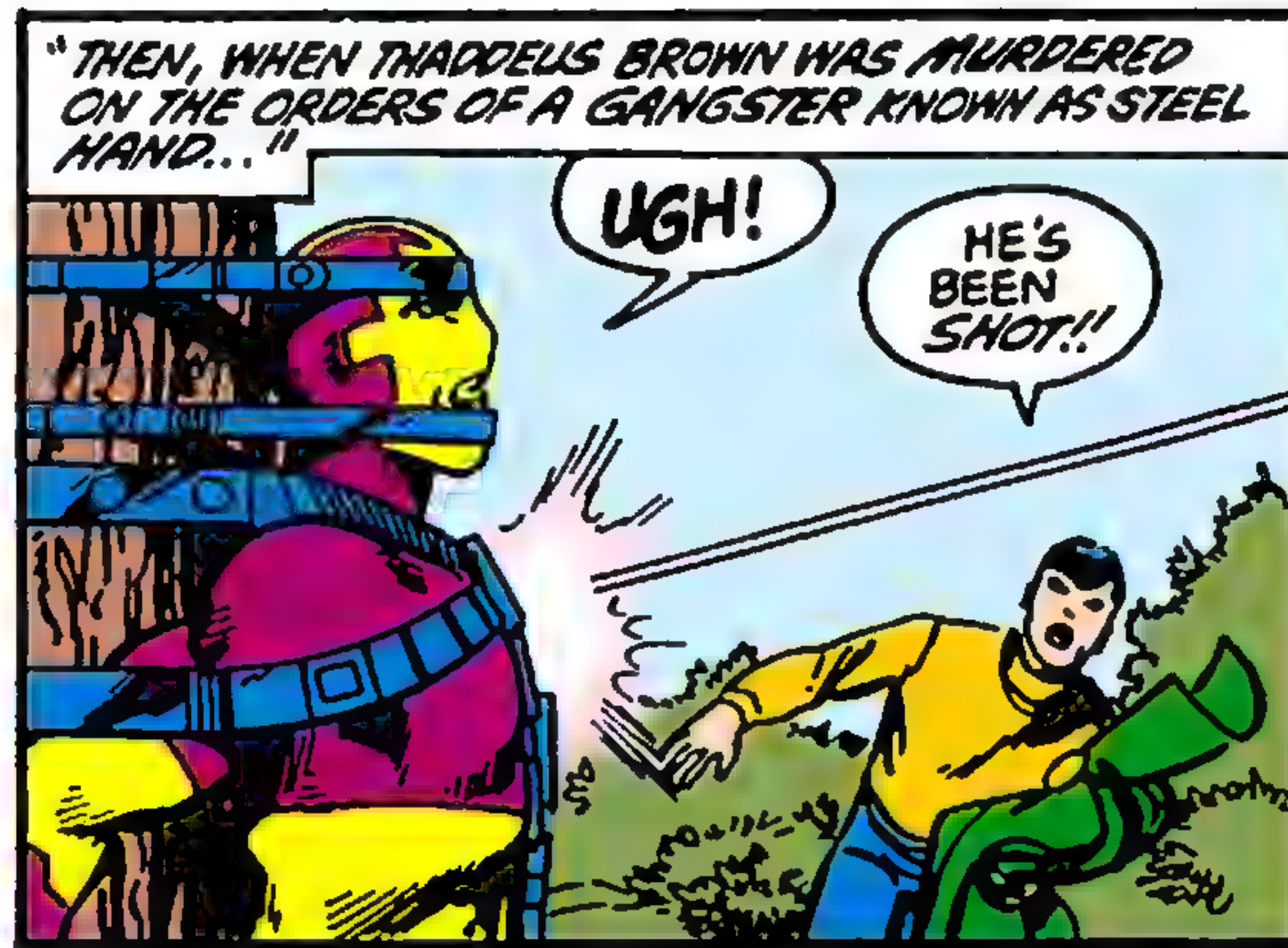
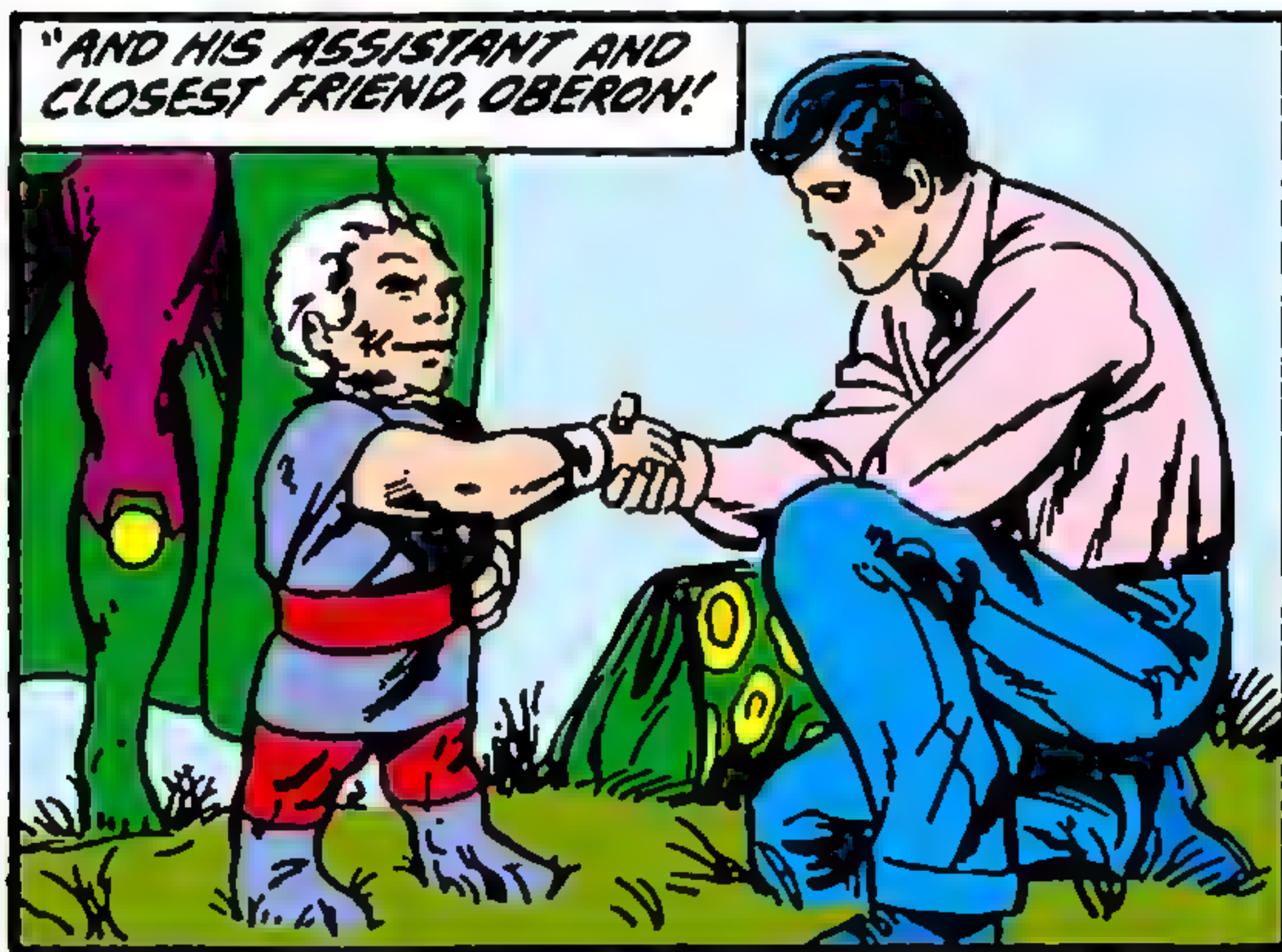
DON'T STAND THERE STARING!

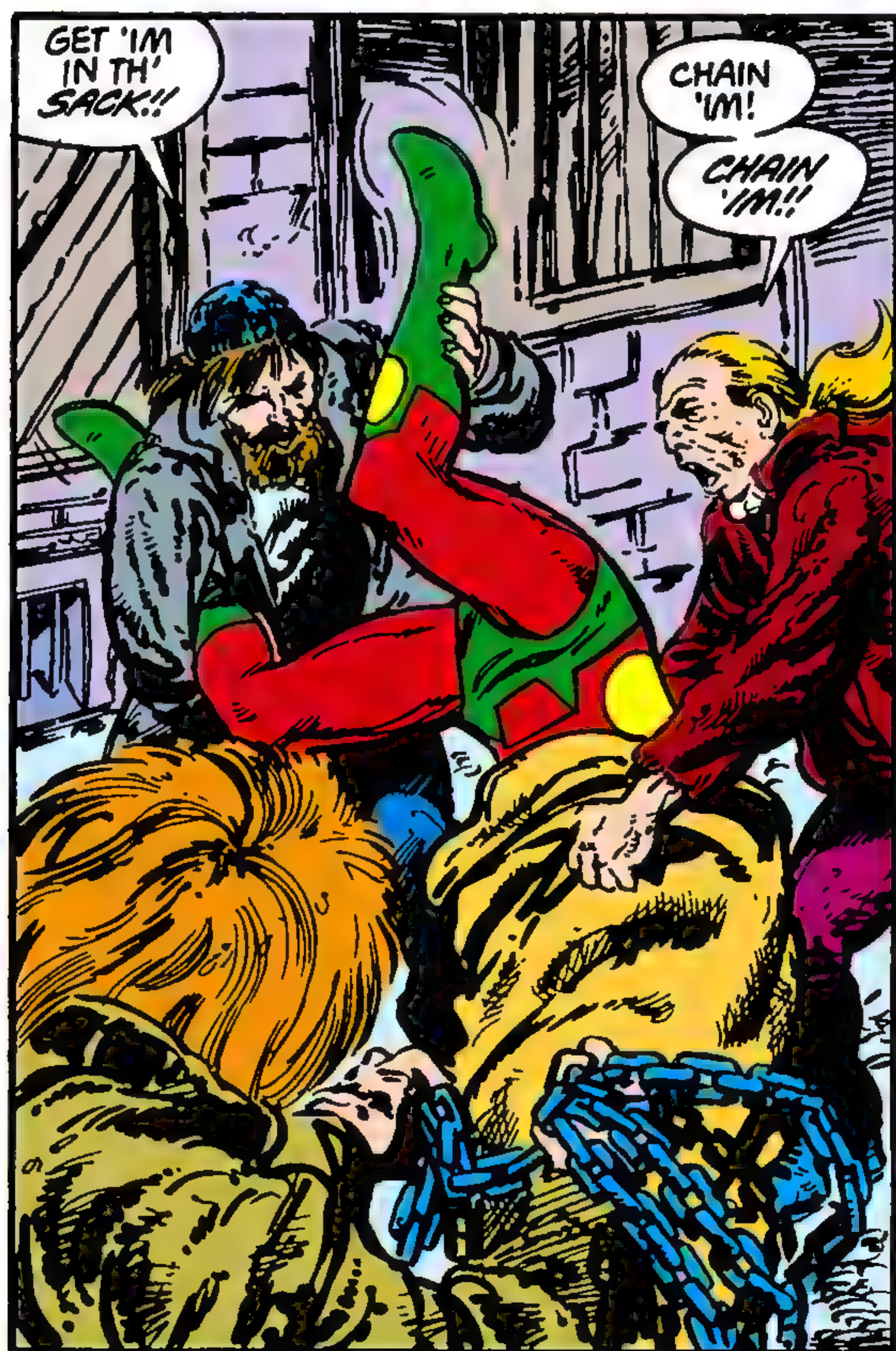
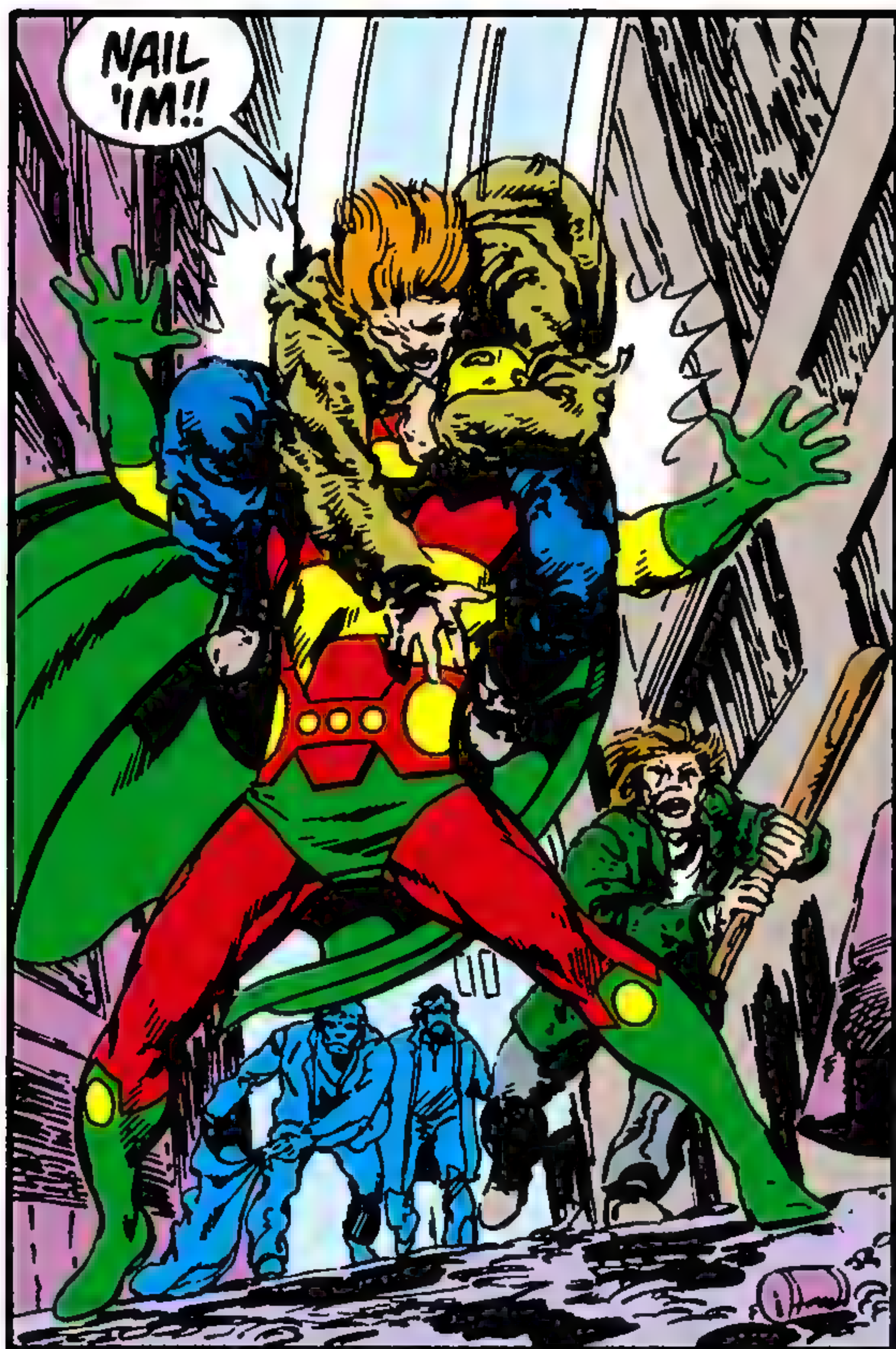
GIVE ME YOUR HAND!

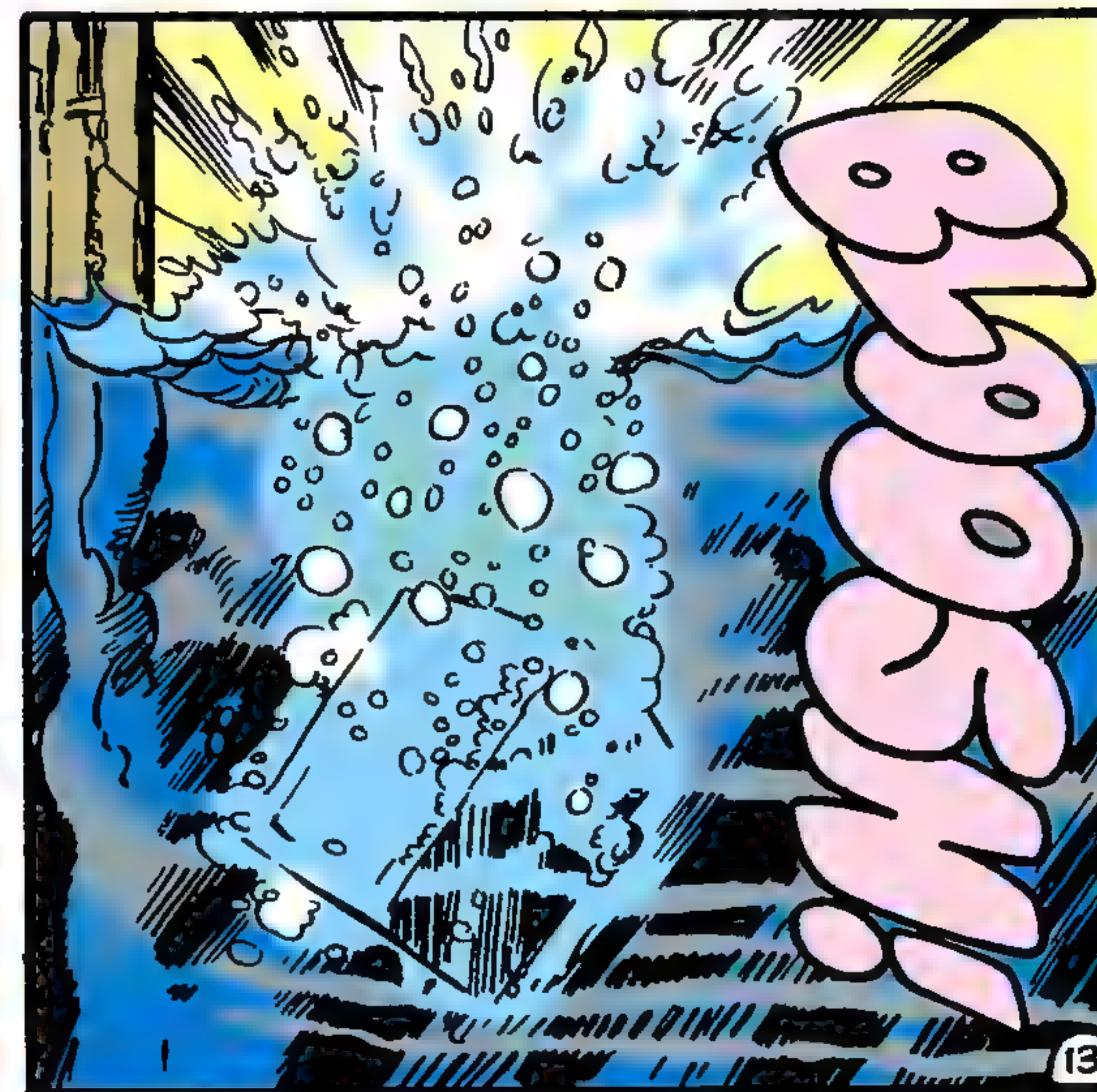
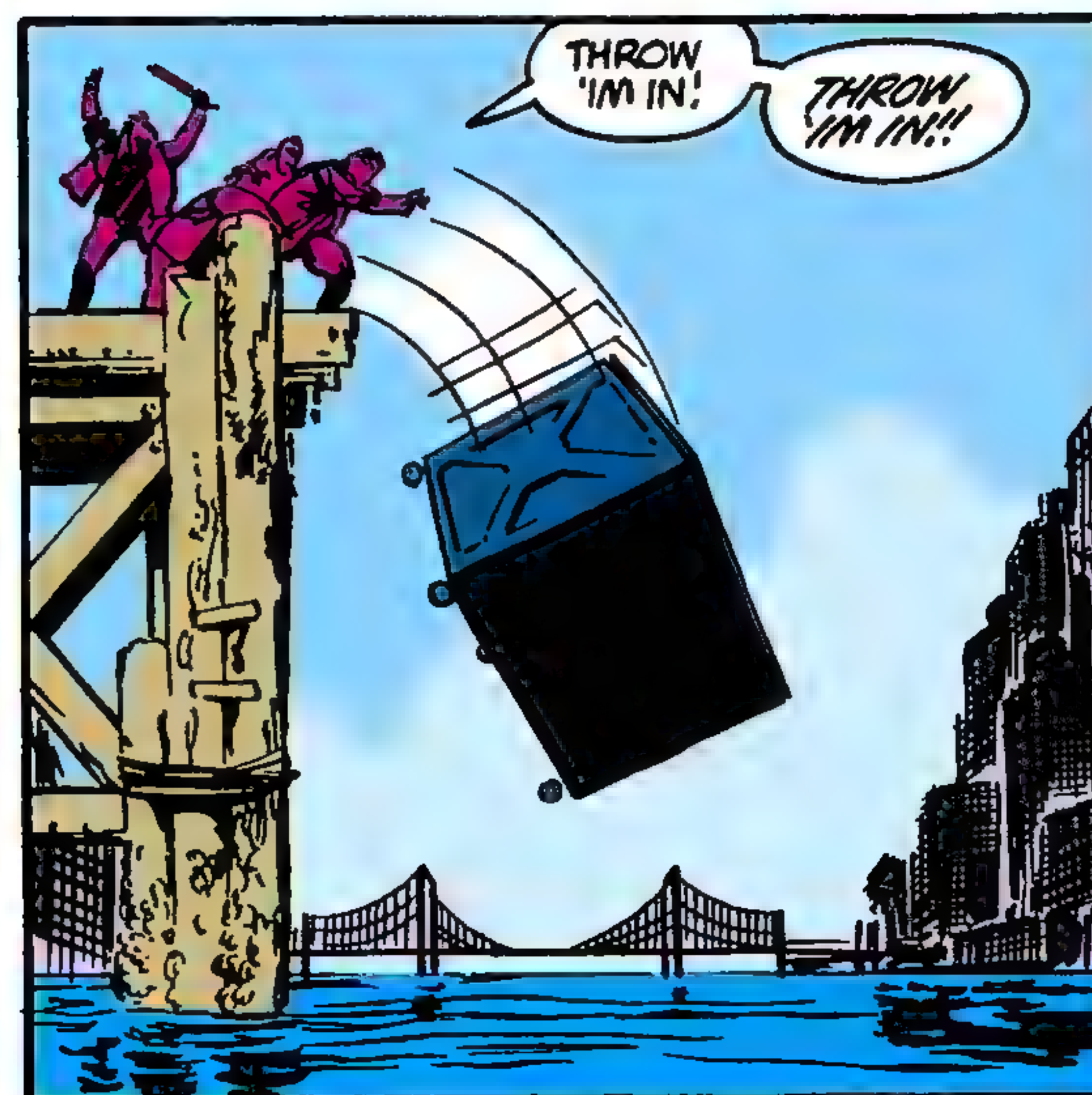
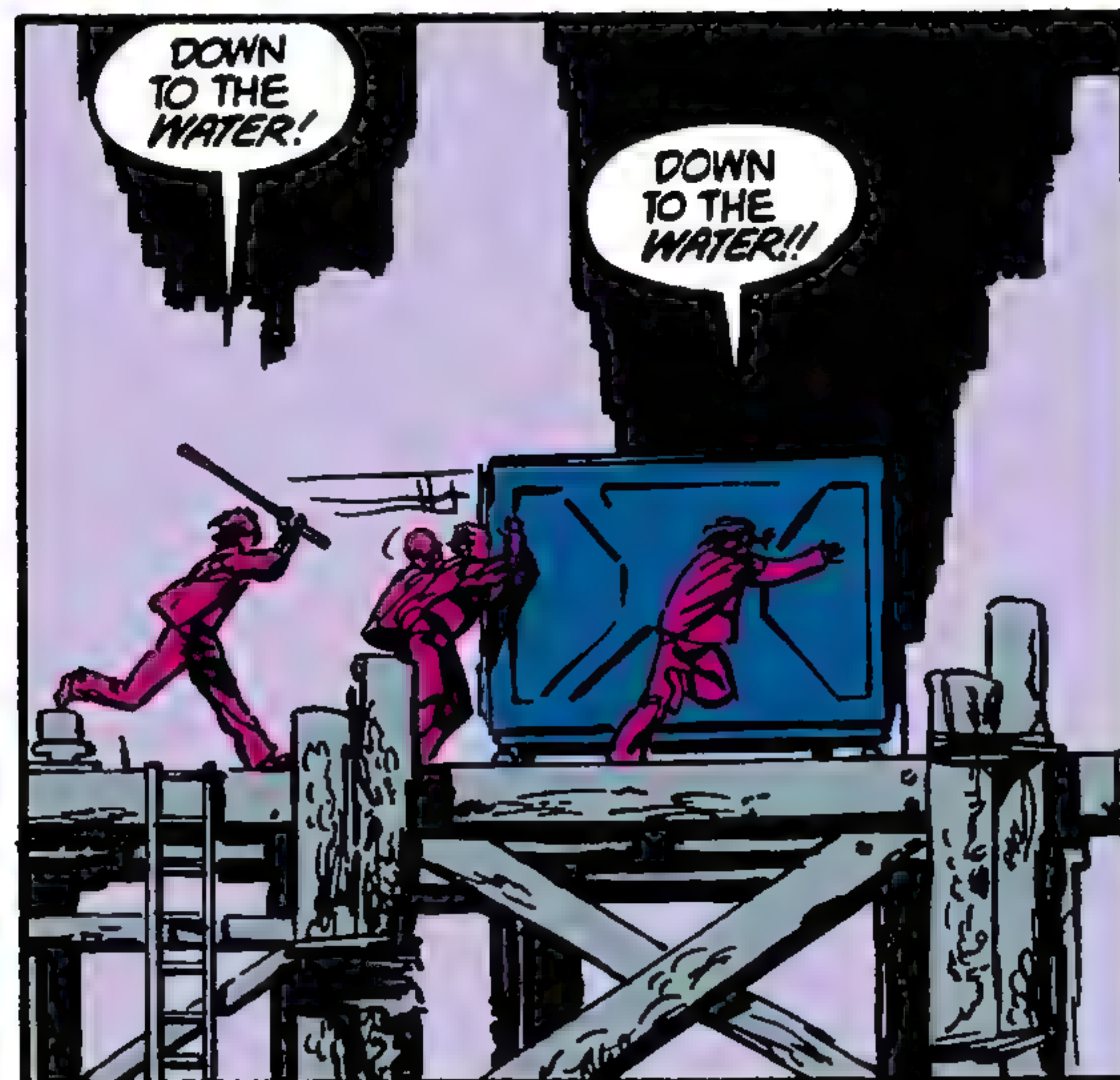
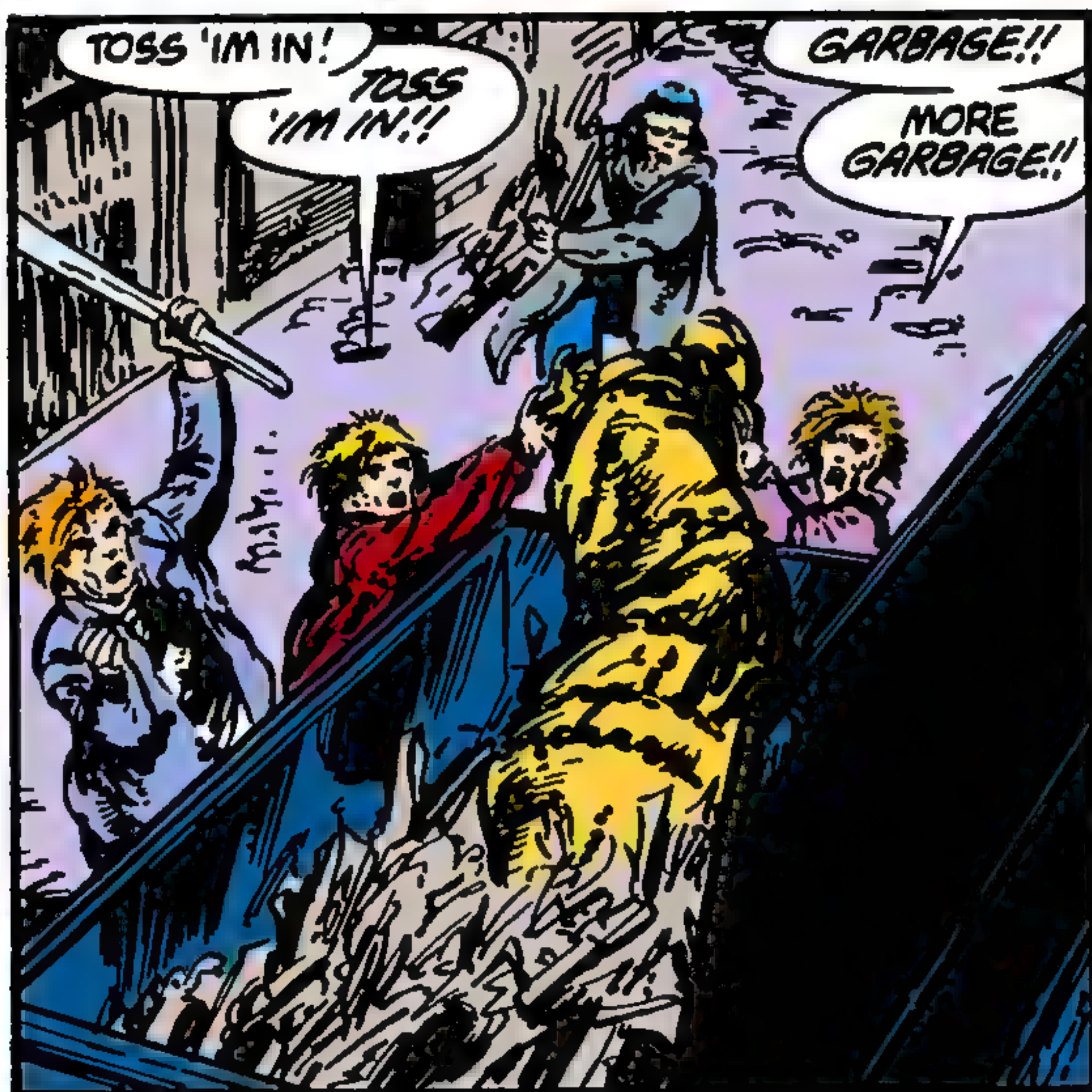


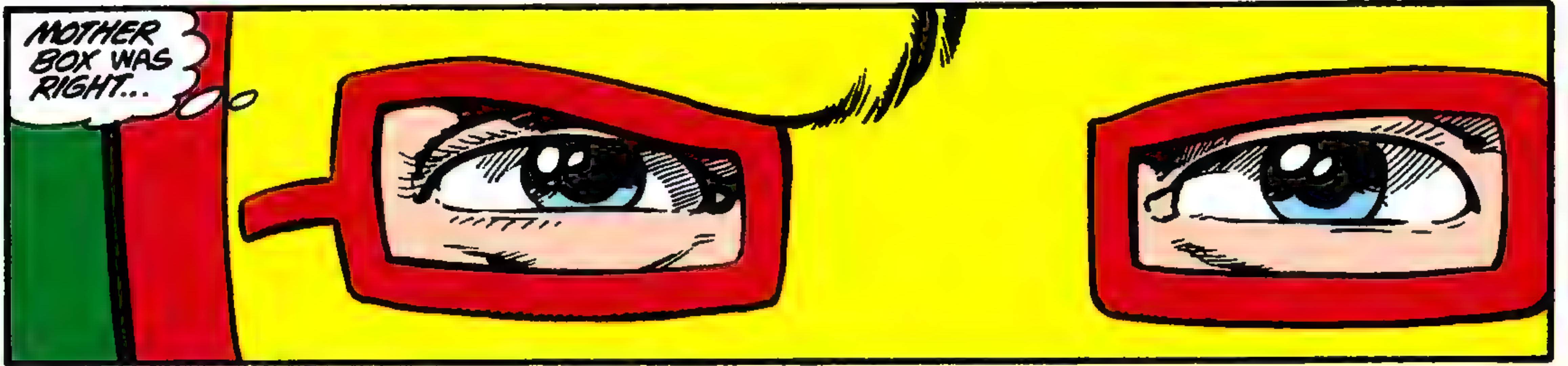
"HIS NAME WAS HIMON. HE WAS THE GREATEST ESCAPE ARTIST IN THE WORLD-- PERHAPS THE UNIVERSE!"



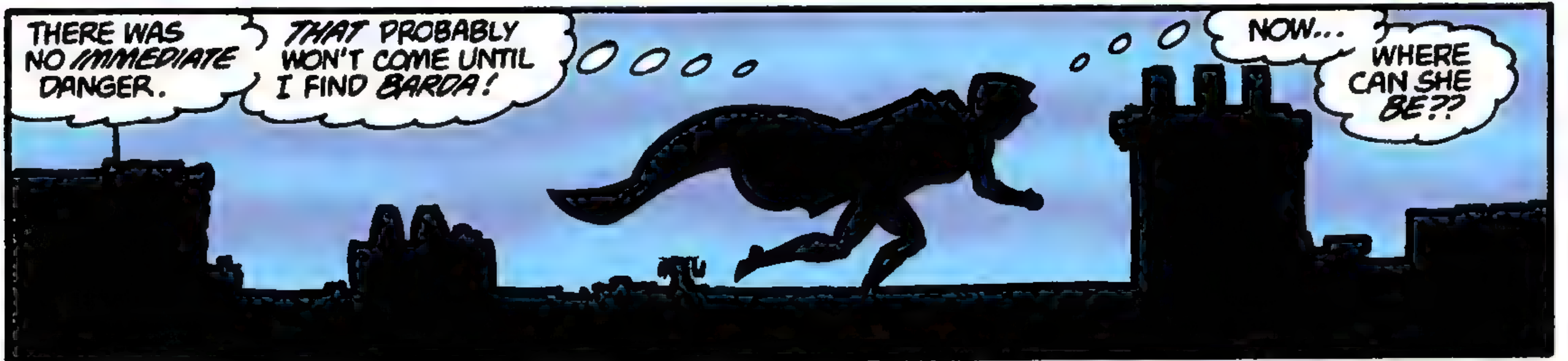








MOTHER
BOX WAS
RIGHT...



THERE WAS
NO IMMEDIATE
DANGER.

THAT PROBABLY
WON'T COME UNTIL
I FIND BARDIA!

NOW...

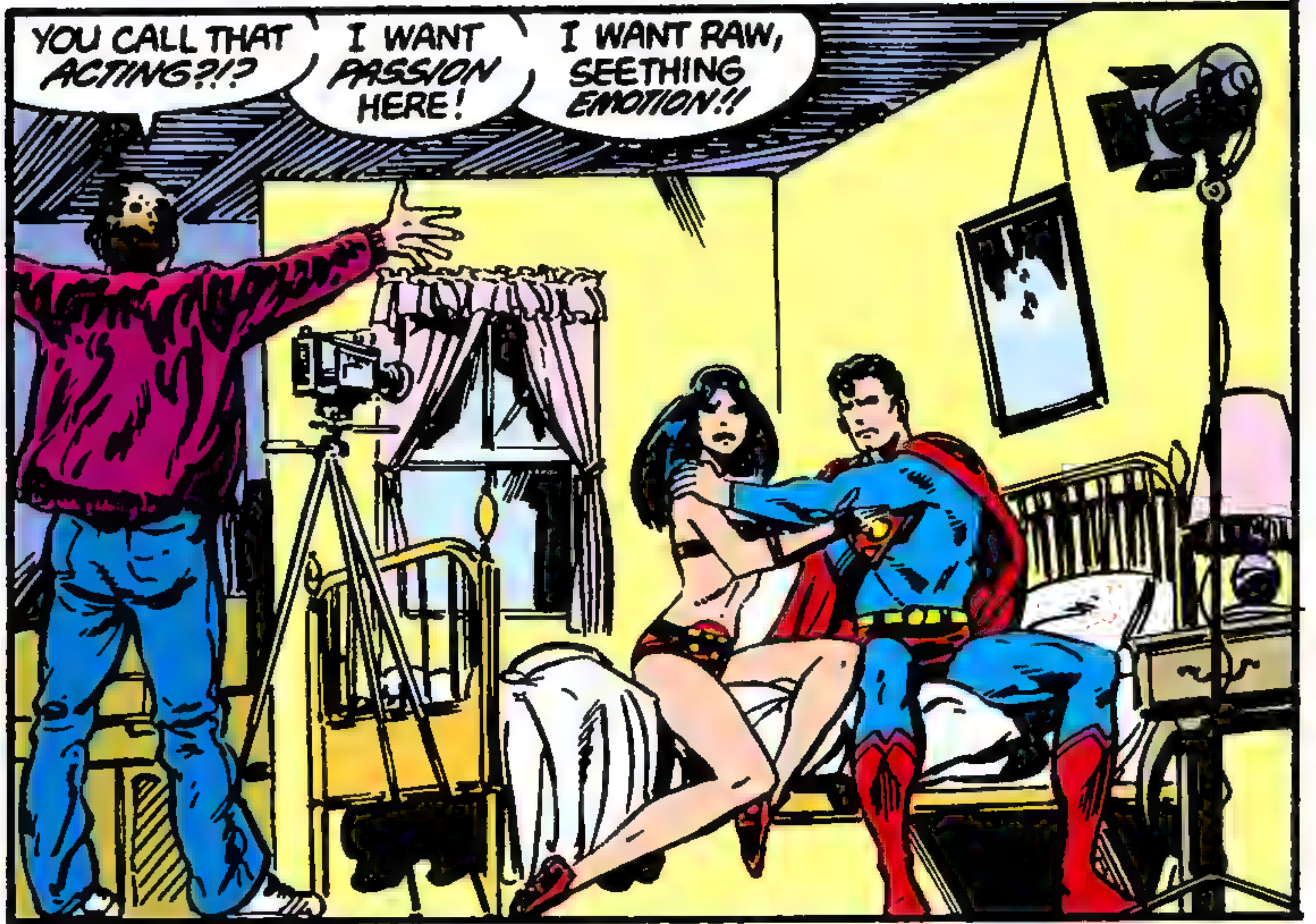
WHERE
CAN SHE
BE??



NO!

NO!

NO!!



YOU CALL THAT
ACTING?!!

I WANT
PASSION
HERE!

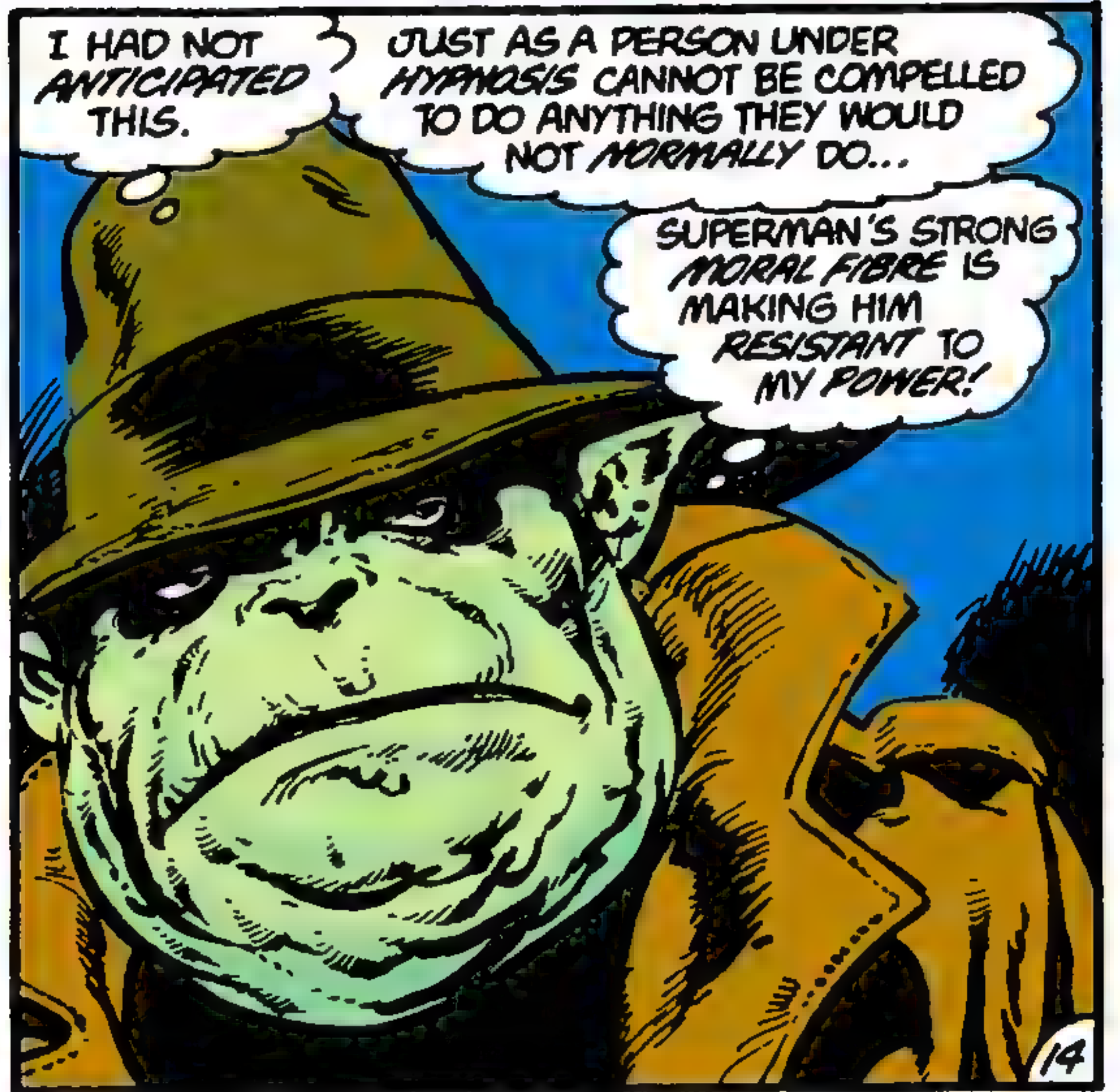
I WANT RAW,
SEETHING
EMOTION!!



SUPERMAN'S
GOT ALL THE
SEX APPEAL
OF A SIDE
OF BEEF!!

SMITH...WHAT'S
WRONG WITH
HIM??

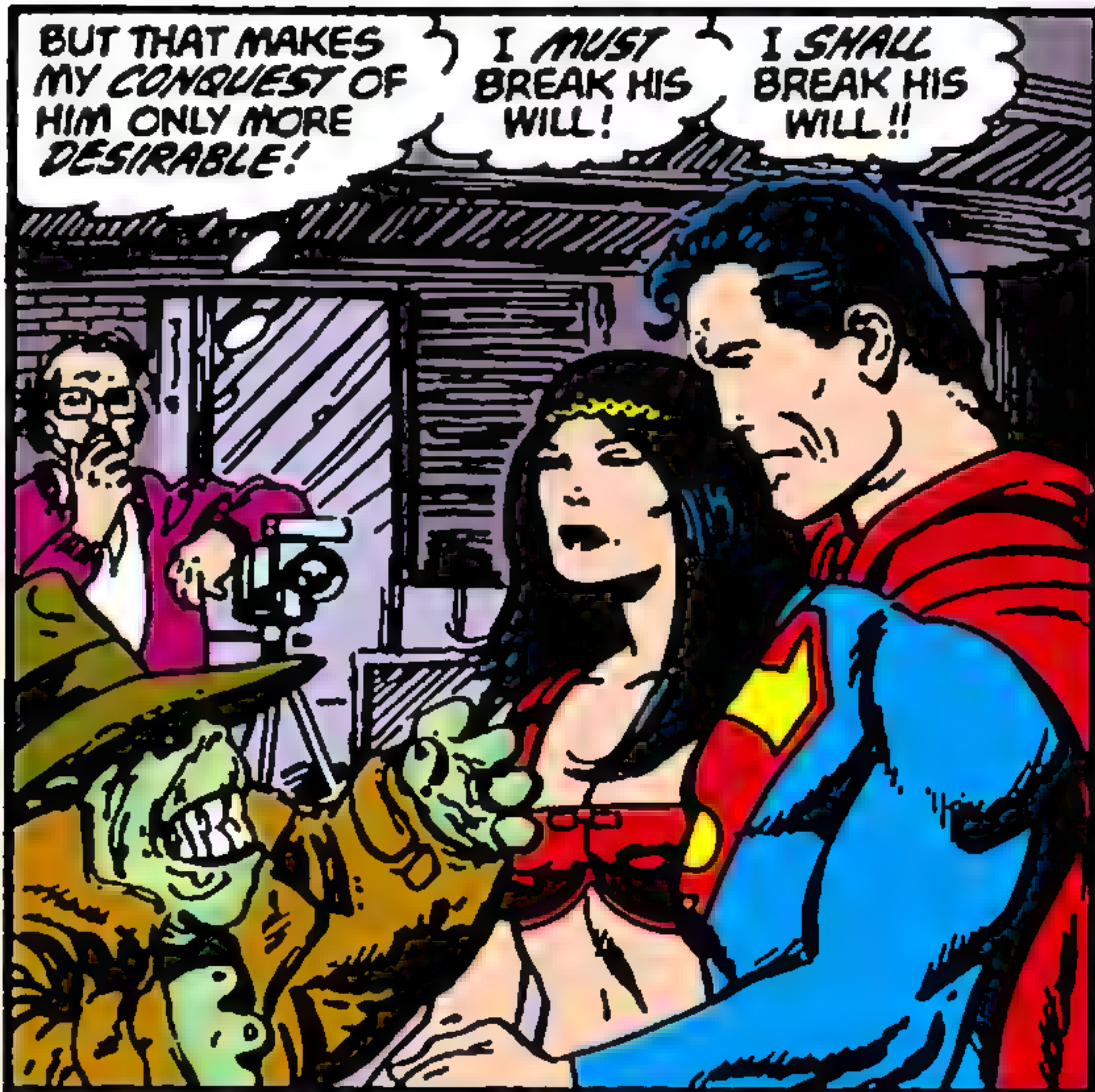
HE IS...
RESISTING
ME.



I HAD NOT
ANTICIPATED
THIS.

JUST AS A PERSON UNDER
HYPNOSIS CANNOT BE COMPELLED
TO DO ANYTHING THEY WOULD
NOT NORMALLY DO...

SUPERMAN'S STRONG
MORAL FIBRE IS
MAKING HIM
RESISTANT TO
MY POWER!



BUT THAT MAKES
MY CONQUEST OF
HIM ONLY MORE
DESIRABLE!

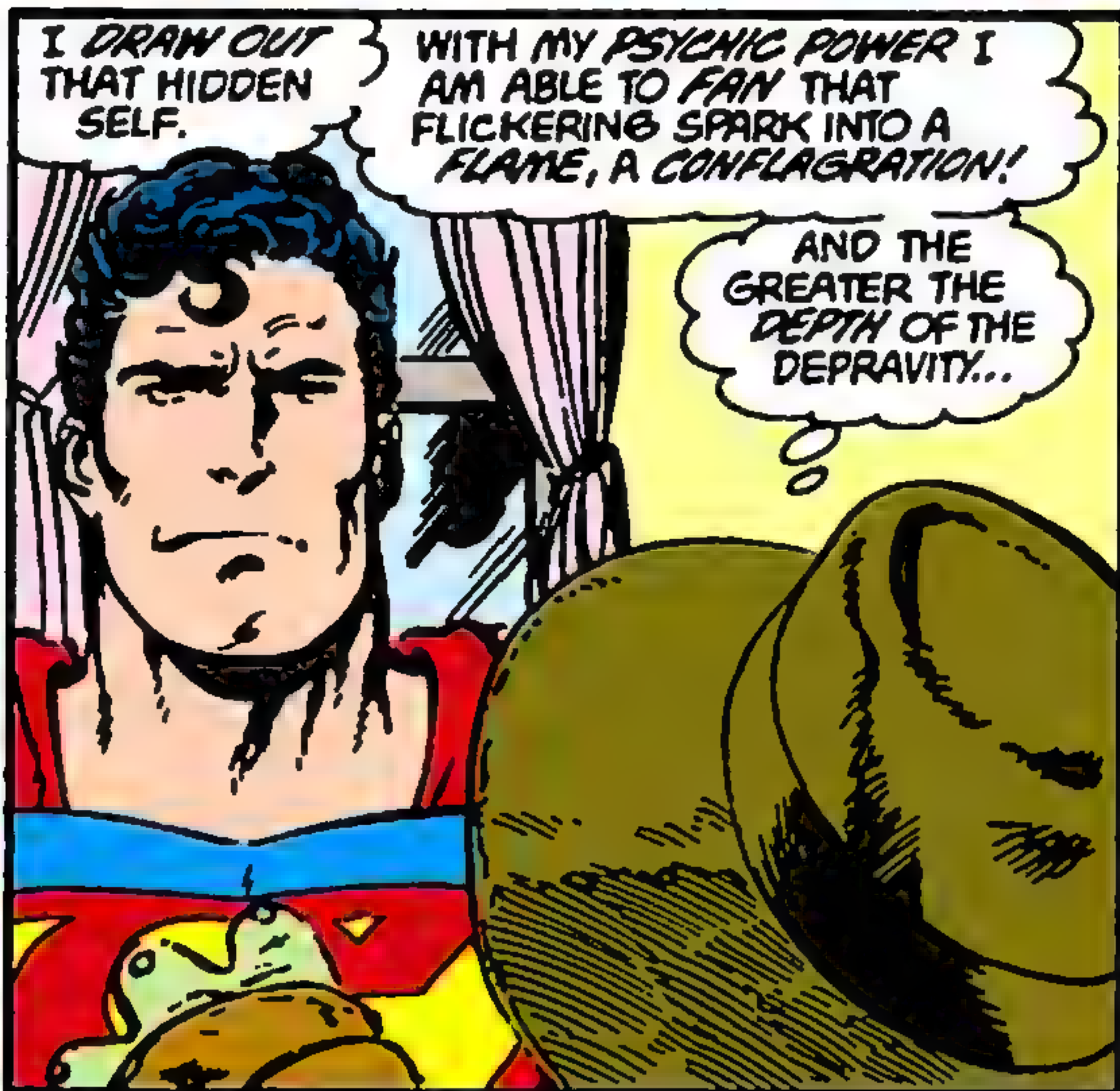
I MUST
BREAK HIS
WILL!

I SHALL
BREAK HIS
WILL!!



I AM AN EMPATH!
I FEED ON THE
EMOTIONS OF
OTHERS.

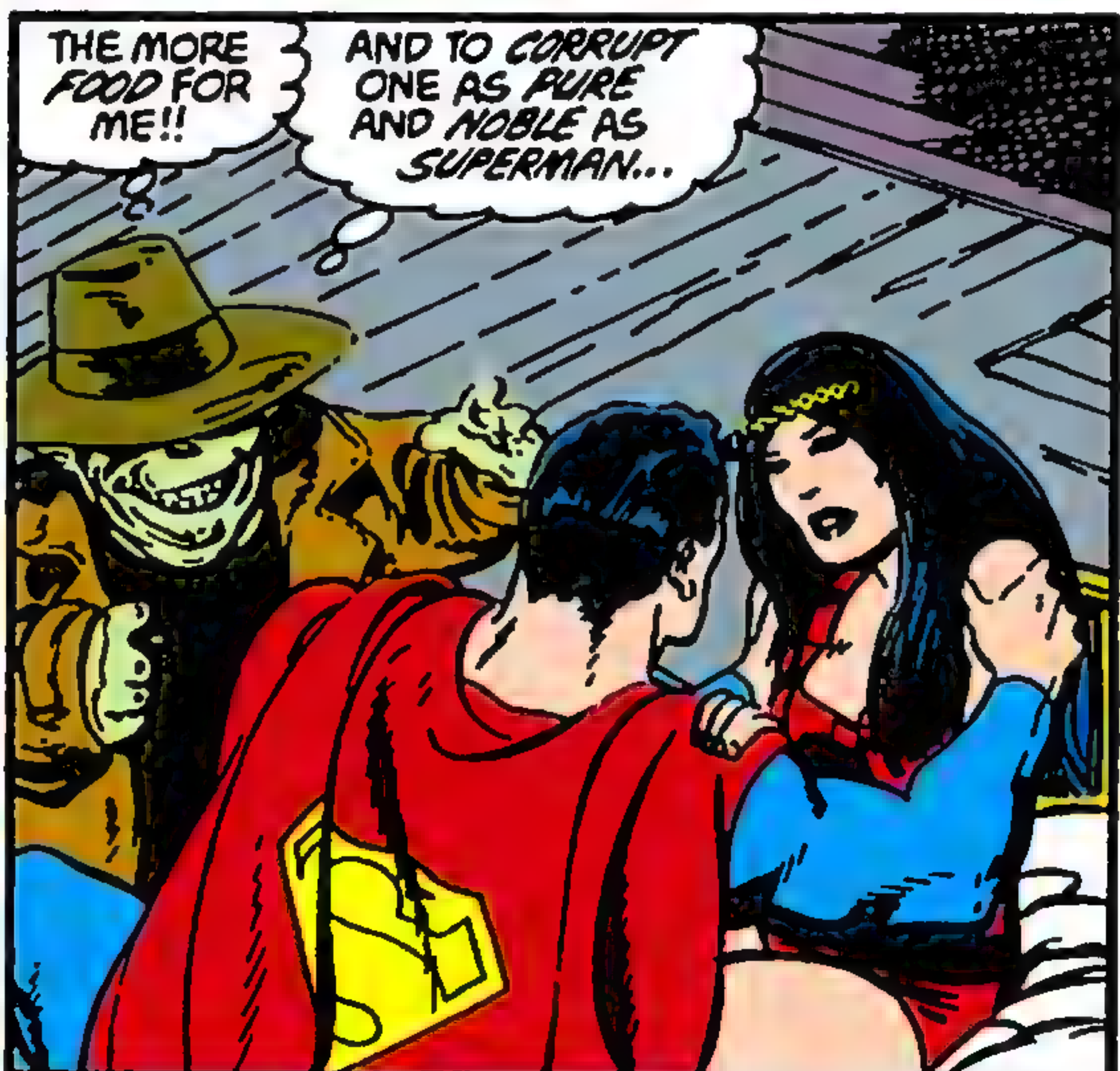
THE BASE EMOTIONS. THE
DARK, HIDDEN DEPRAVITY
BURIED DEEP IN THE CORE
OF EVERY HUMAN SOUL.



I DRAW OUT
THAT HIDDEN
SELF.

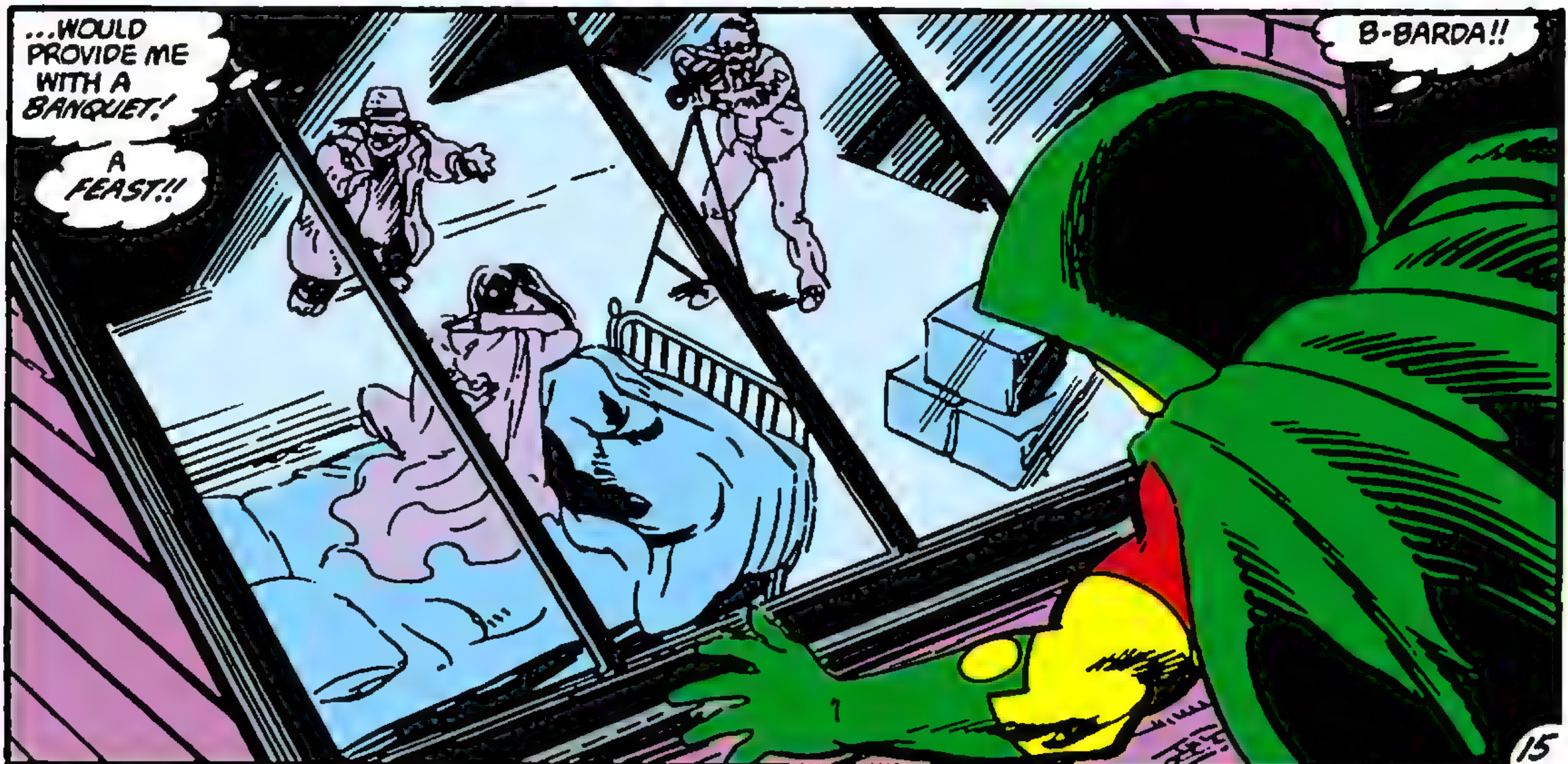
WITH MY PSYCHIC POWER I
AM ABLE TO FAN THAT
FLICKERING SPARK INTO A
FLAME, A CONFLAGRATION!

AND THE
GREATER THE
DEPTH OF THE
DEPRAVITY...



THE MORE
FOOD FOR
ME!!

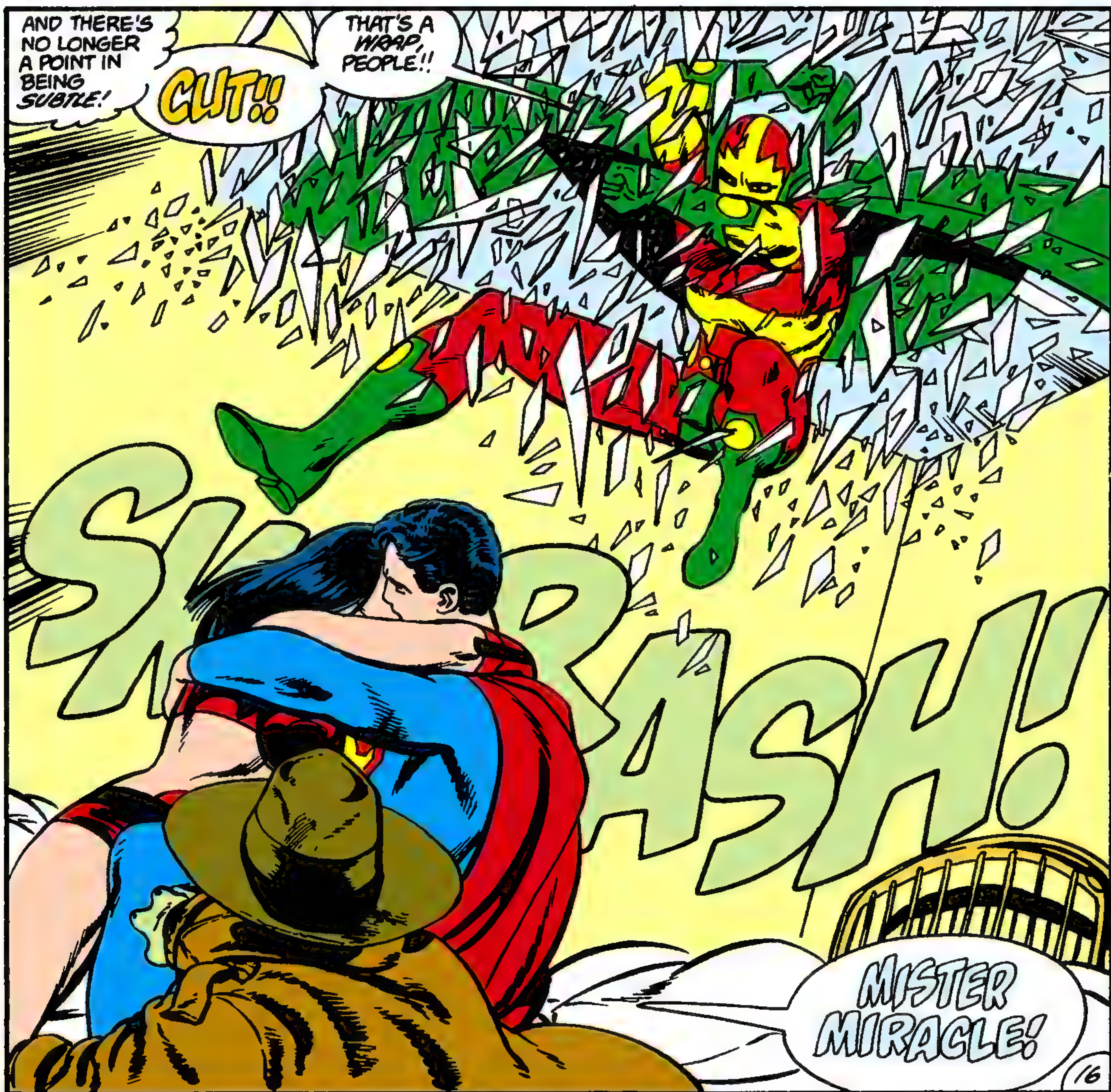
AND TO CORRUPT
ONE AS PURE
AND NOBLE AS
SUPERMAN...

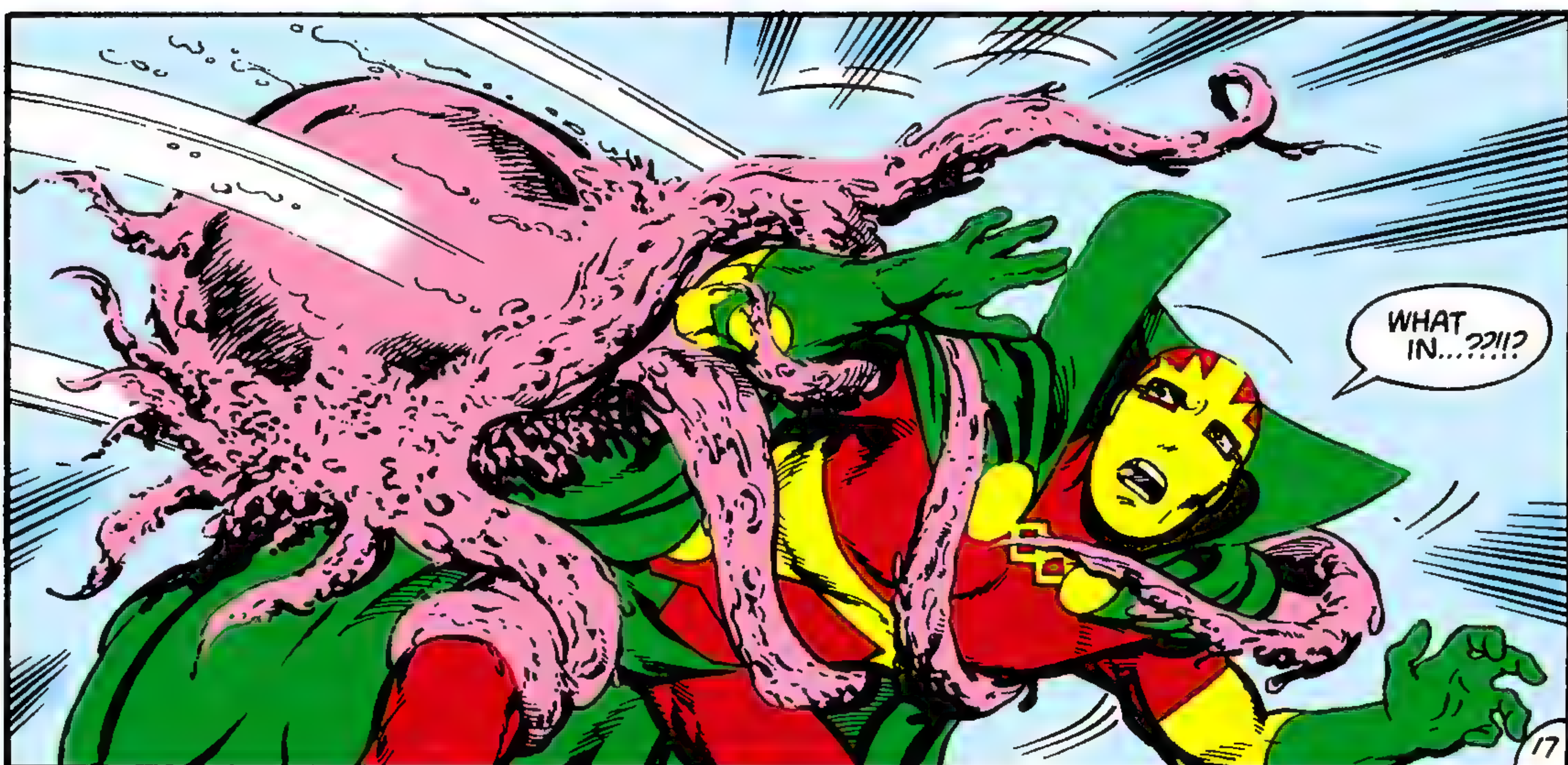
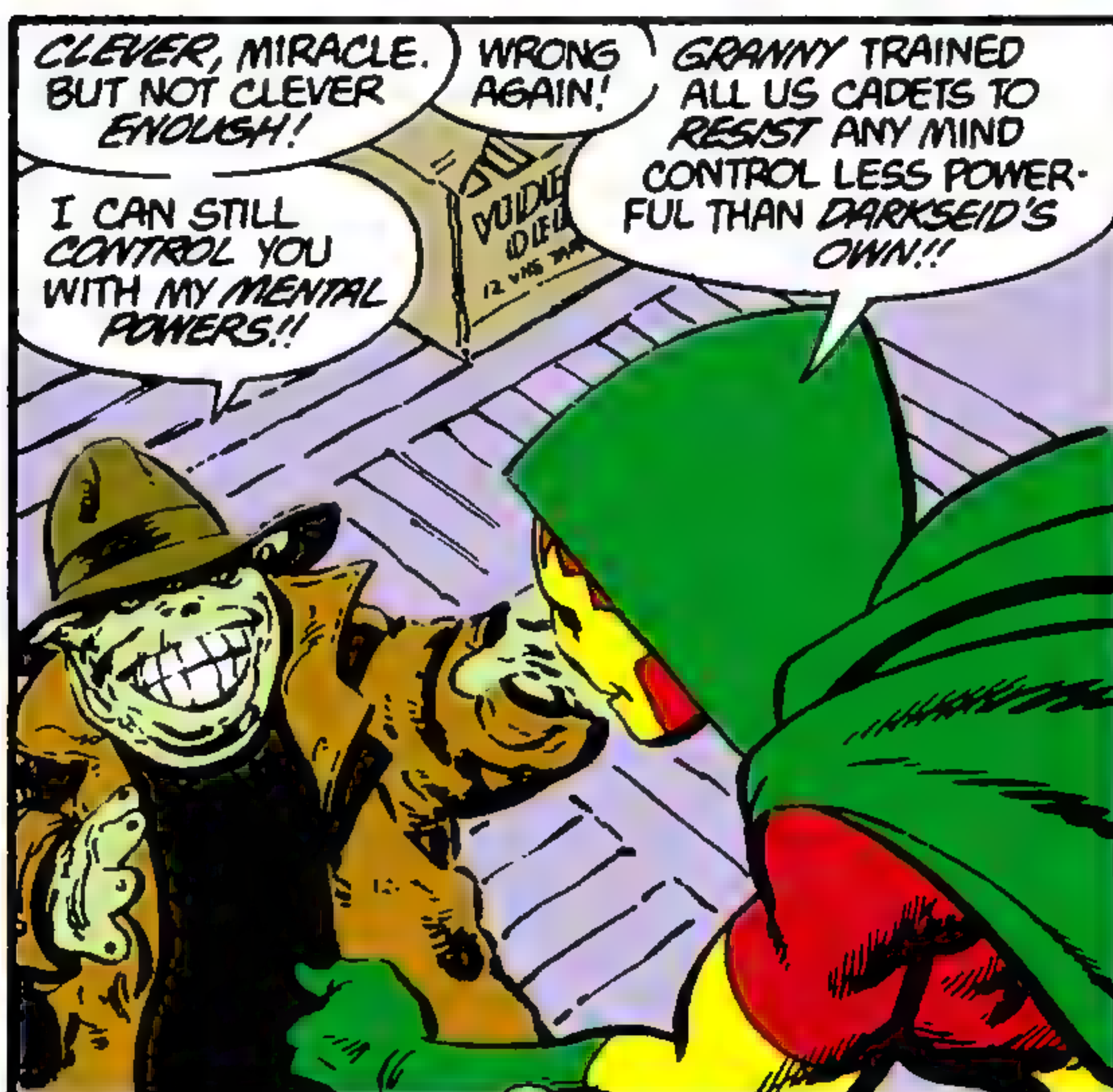


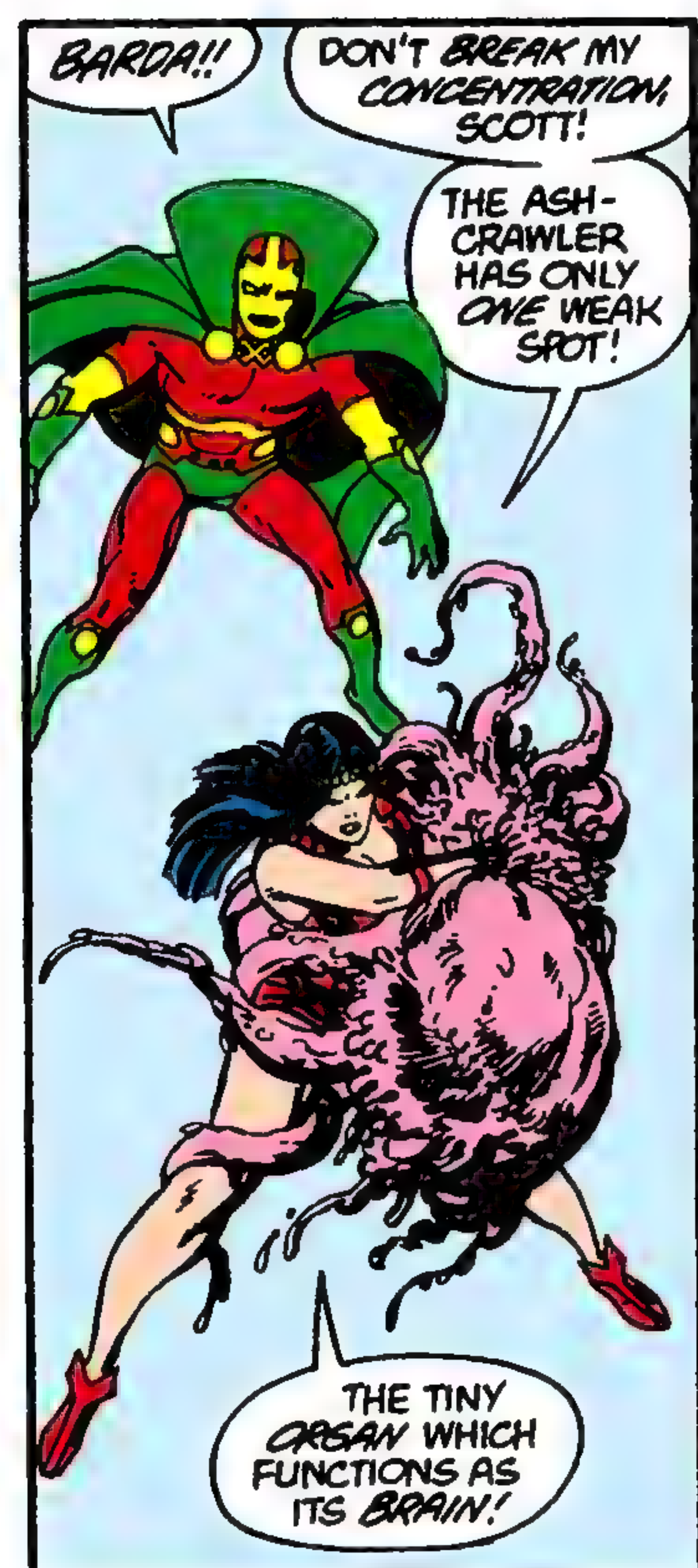
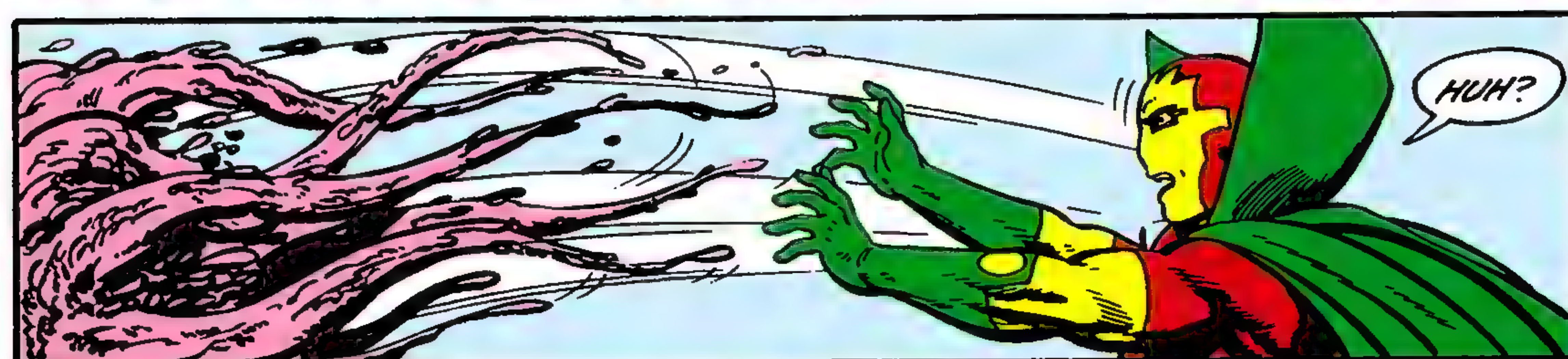
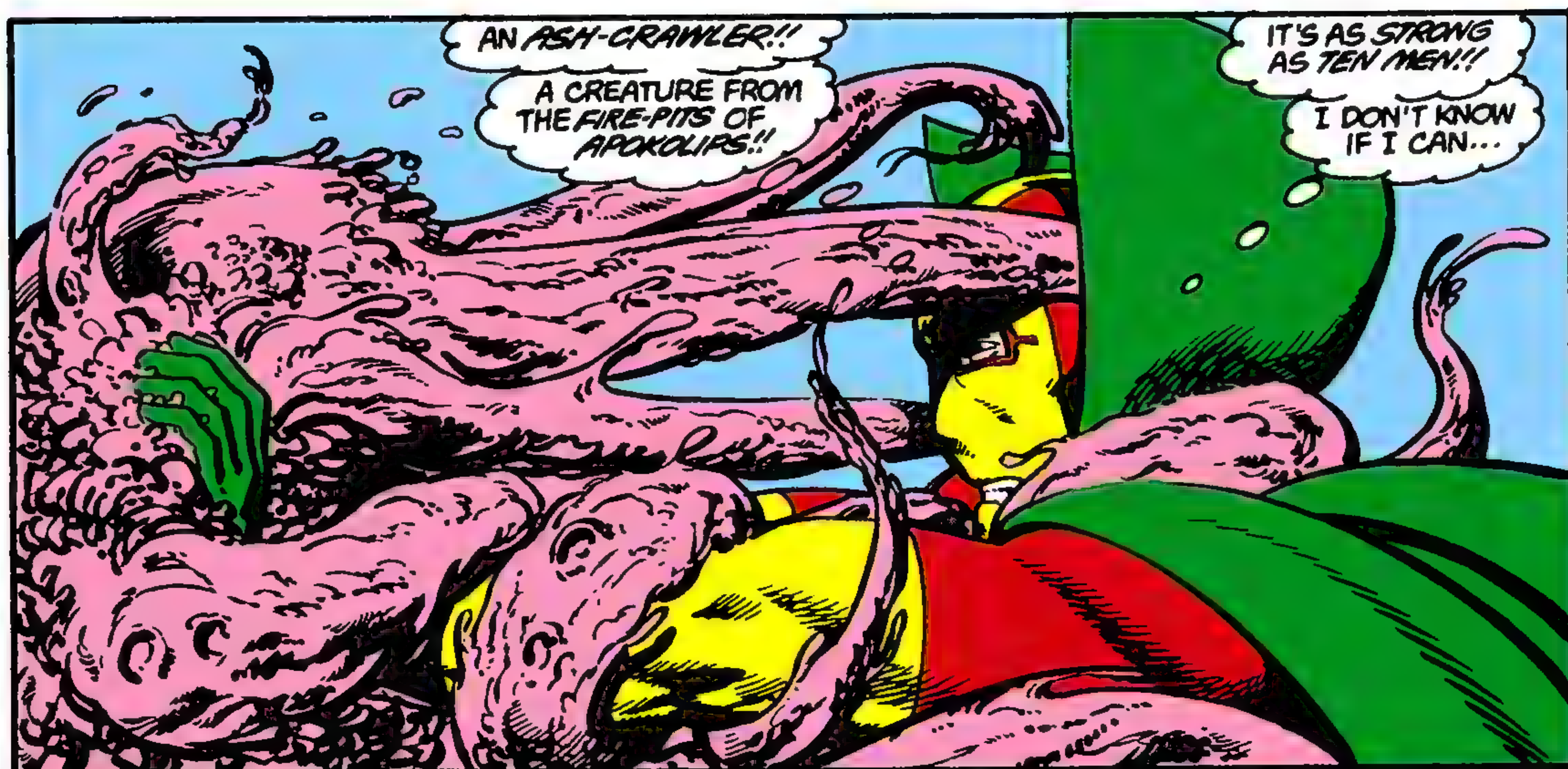
...WOULD
PROVIDE ME
WITH A
BANQUET!

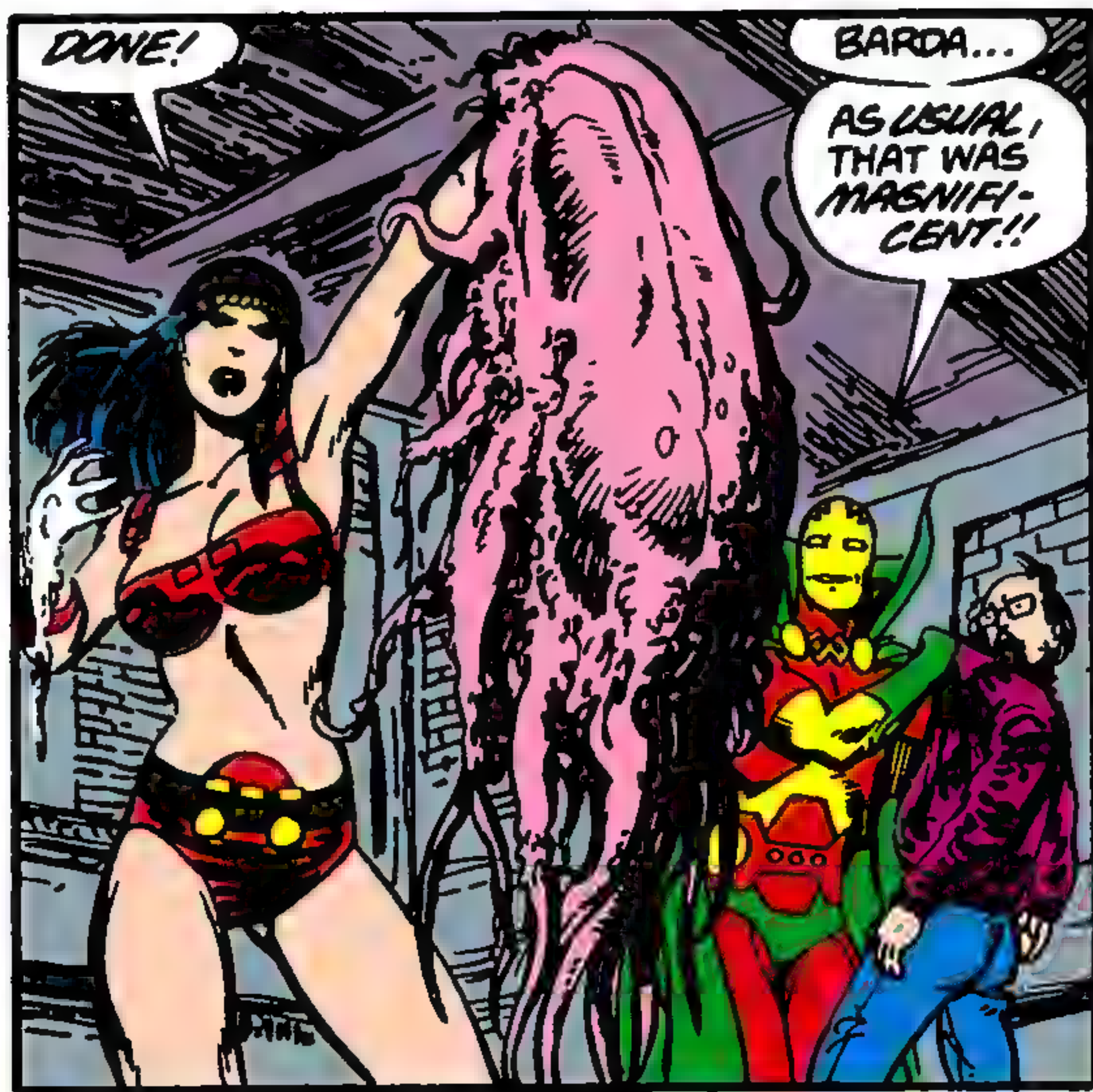
A
FEAST!!

B-BARDA!!









DONE!

BARDA...

AS USUAL,
THAT WAS
MAGNIFI-
CENT!!

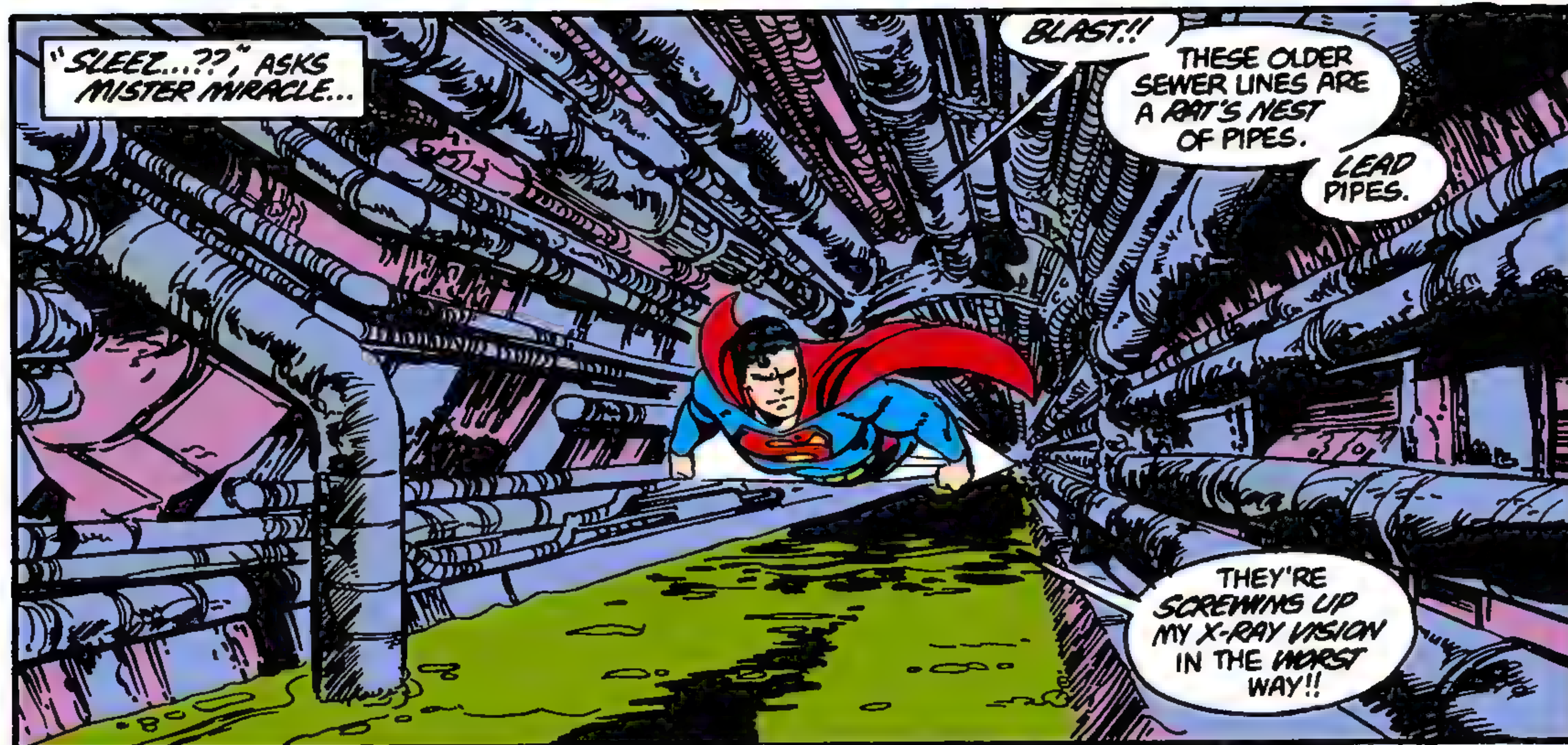


WOULDN'T YOU
SAY SO,
SUPERMAN?

SUPERMAN...?

HE'S GONE. WHILE
I KILLED THE
ASH-CRAWLER.

GONE
AFTER
SLEEZ...



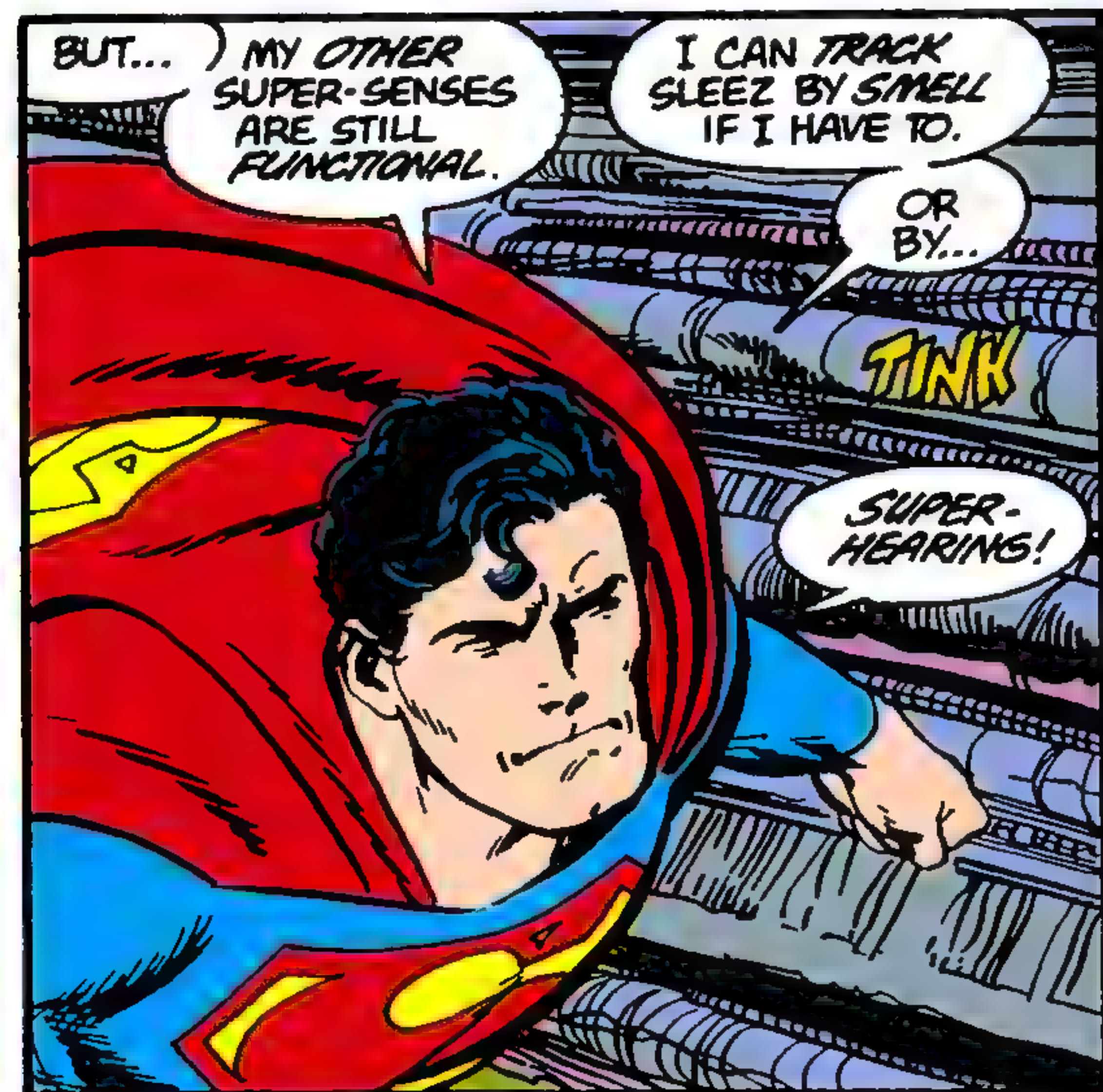
"SLEEZ...??", ASKS
MISTER MIRACLE...

BLAST!!

THESE OLDER
SEWER LINES ARE
A RAT'S NEST
OF PIPES.

LEAD
PIPES.

THEY'RE
SCREWING UP
MY X-RAY VISION
IN THE WORST
WAY!!



BUT...

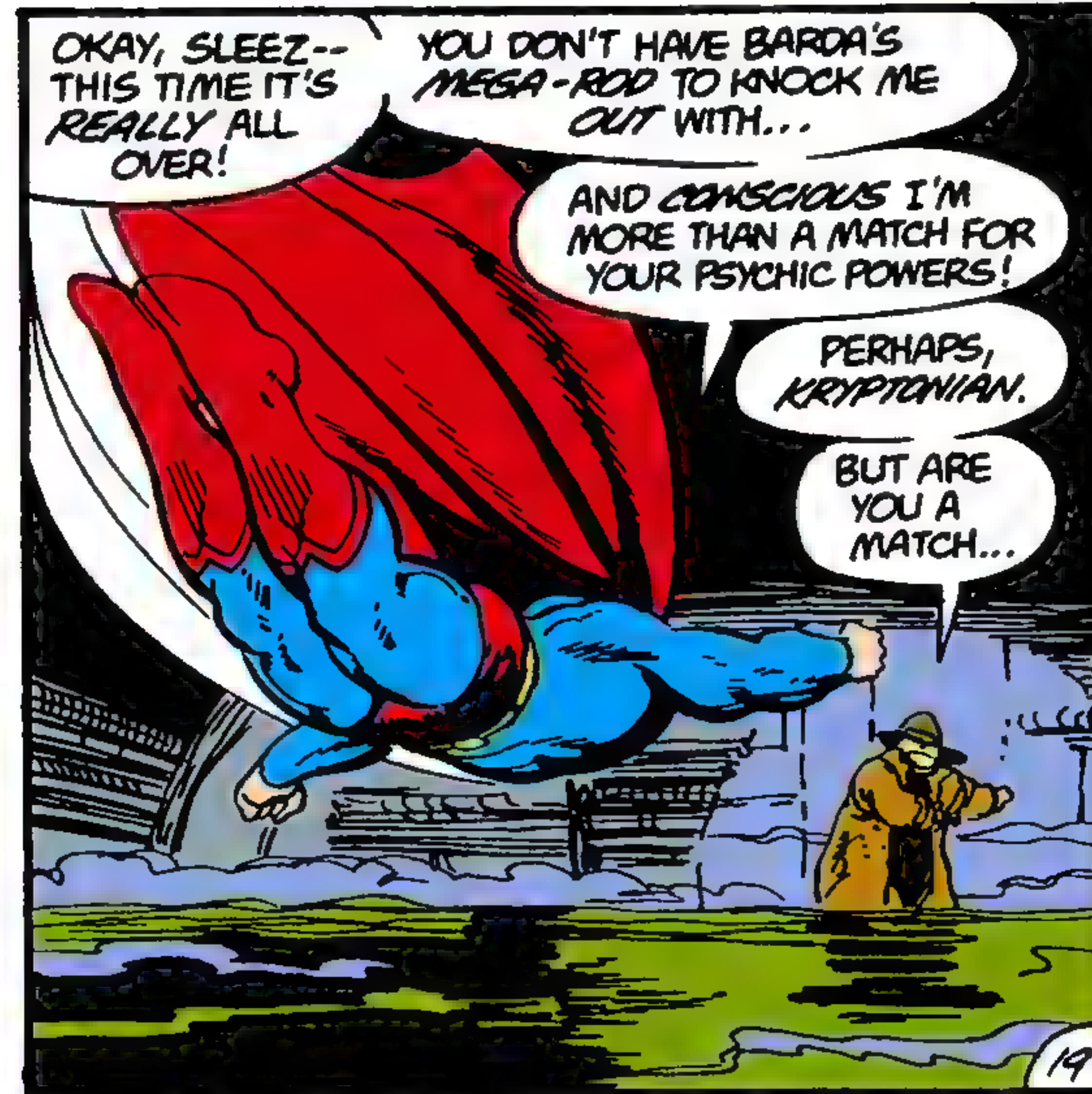
MY OTHER
SUPER-SENSES
ARE STILL
FUNCTIONAL.

I CAN TRACK
SLEEZ BY SMELL
IF I HAVE TO.

OR
BY...

TINK

SUPER-
HEARING!



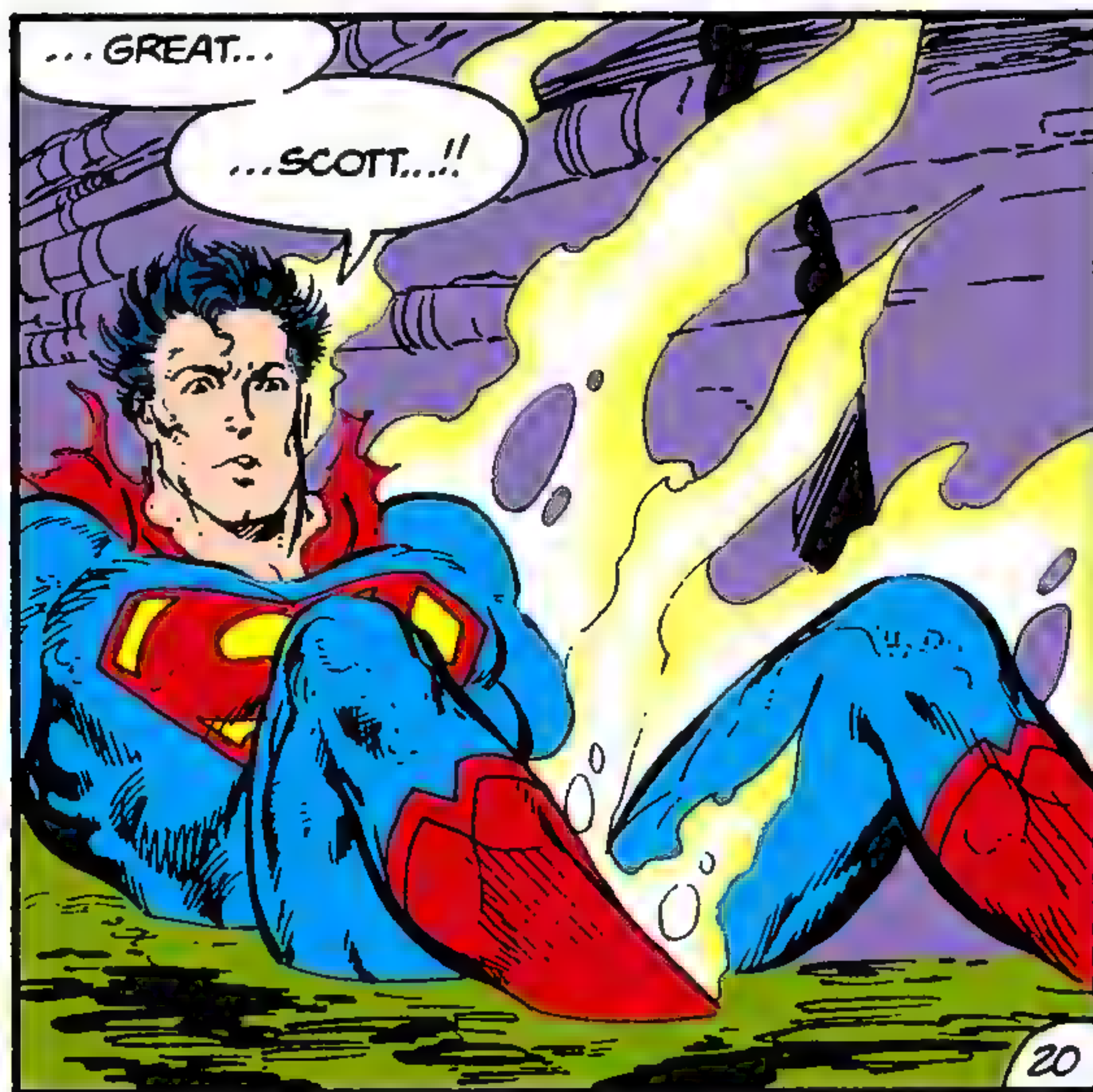
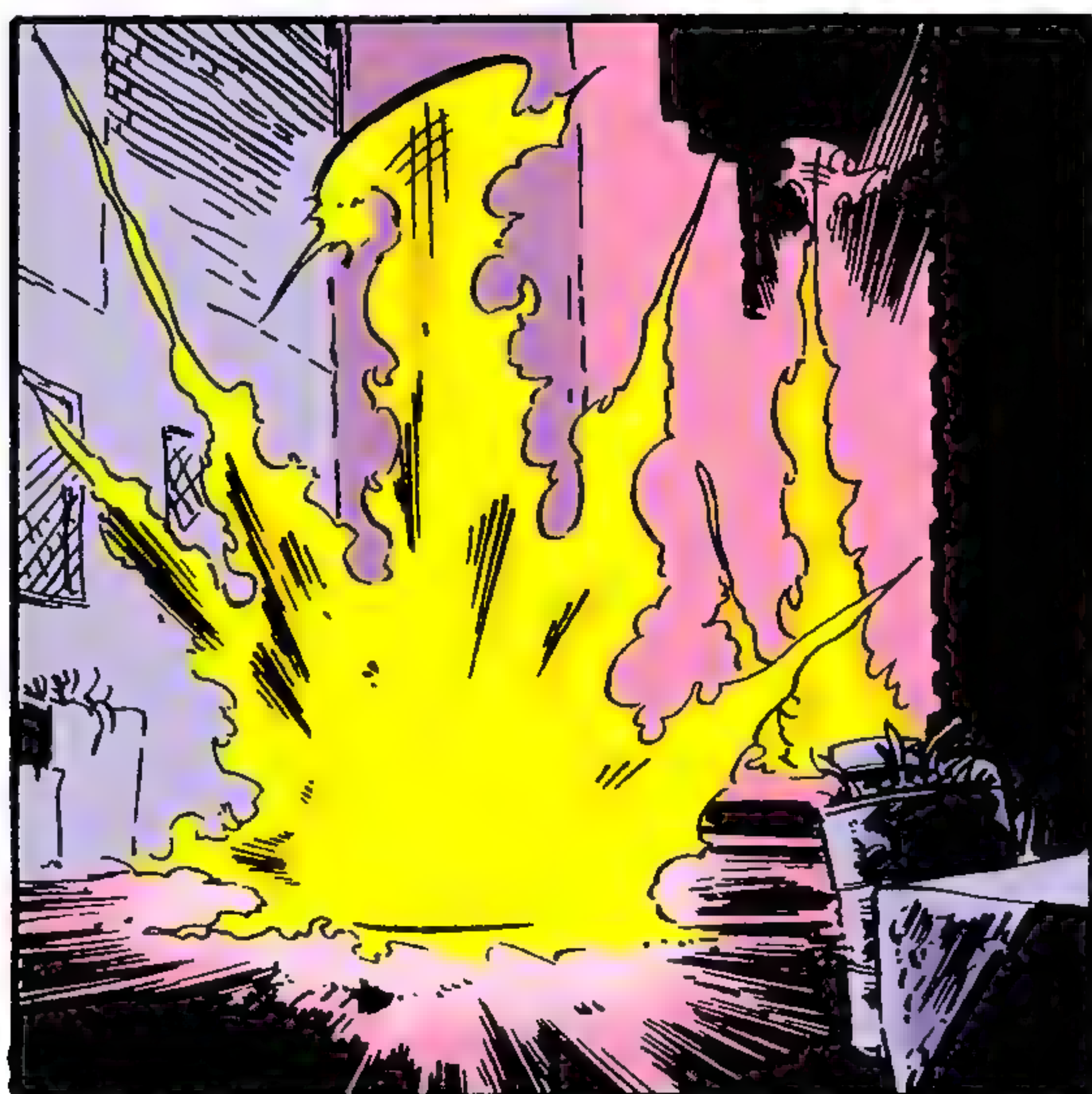
OKAY, SLEEZ--
THIS TIME IT'S
REALLY ALL
OVER!

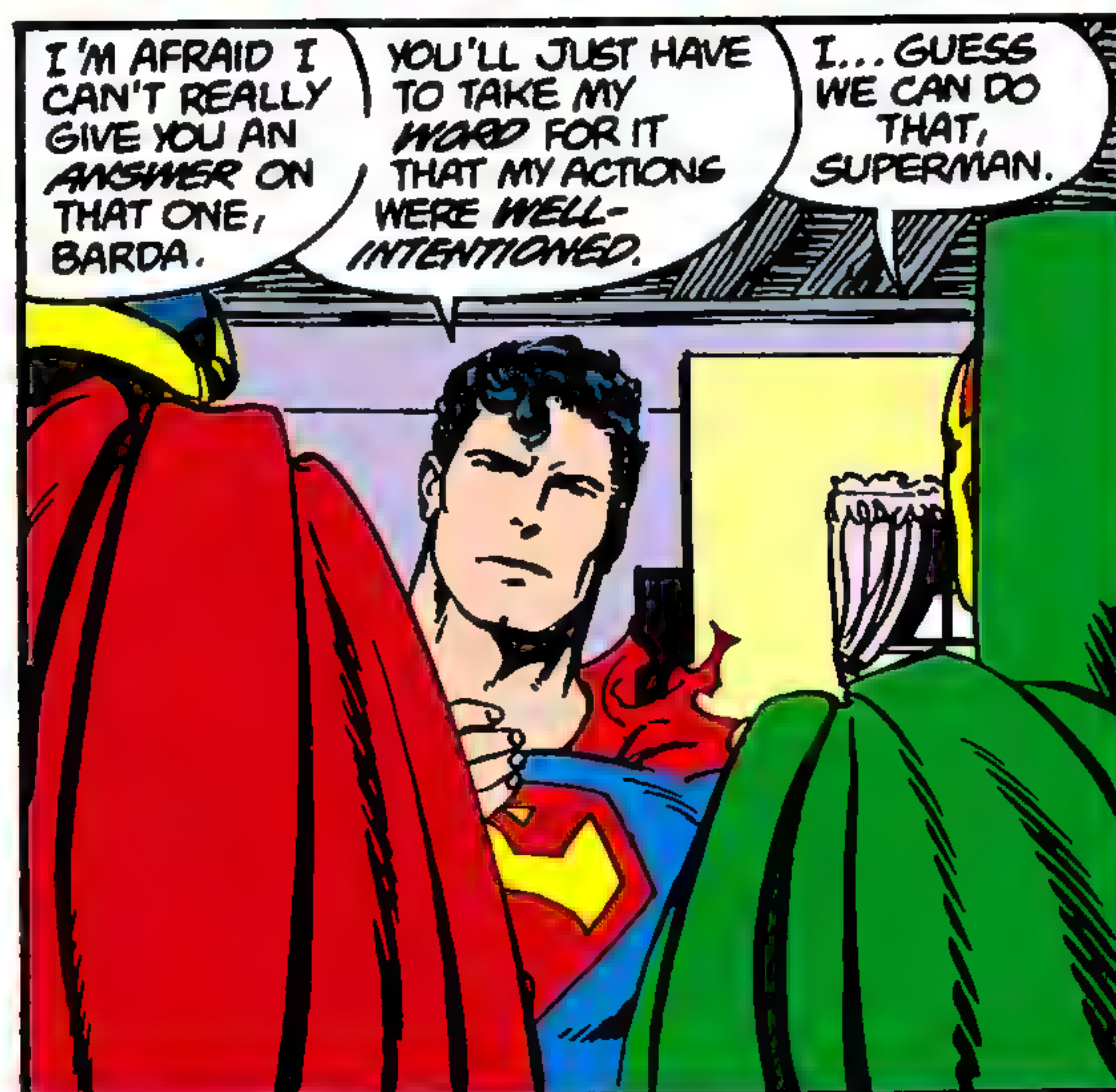
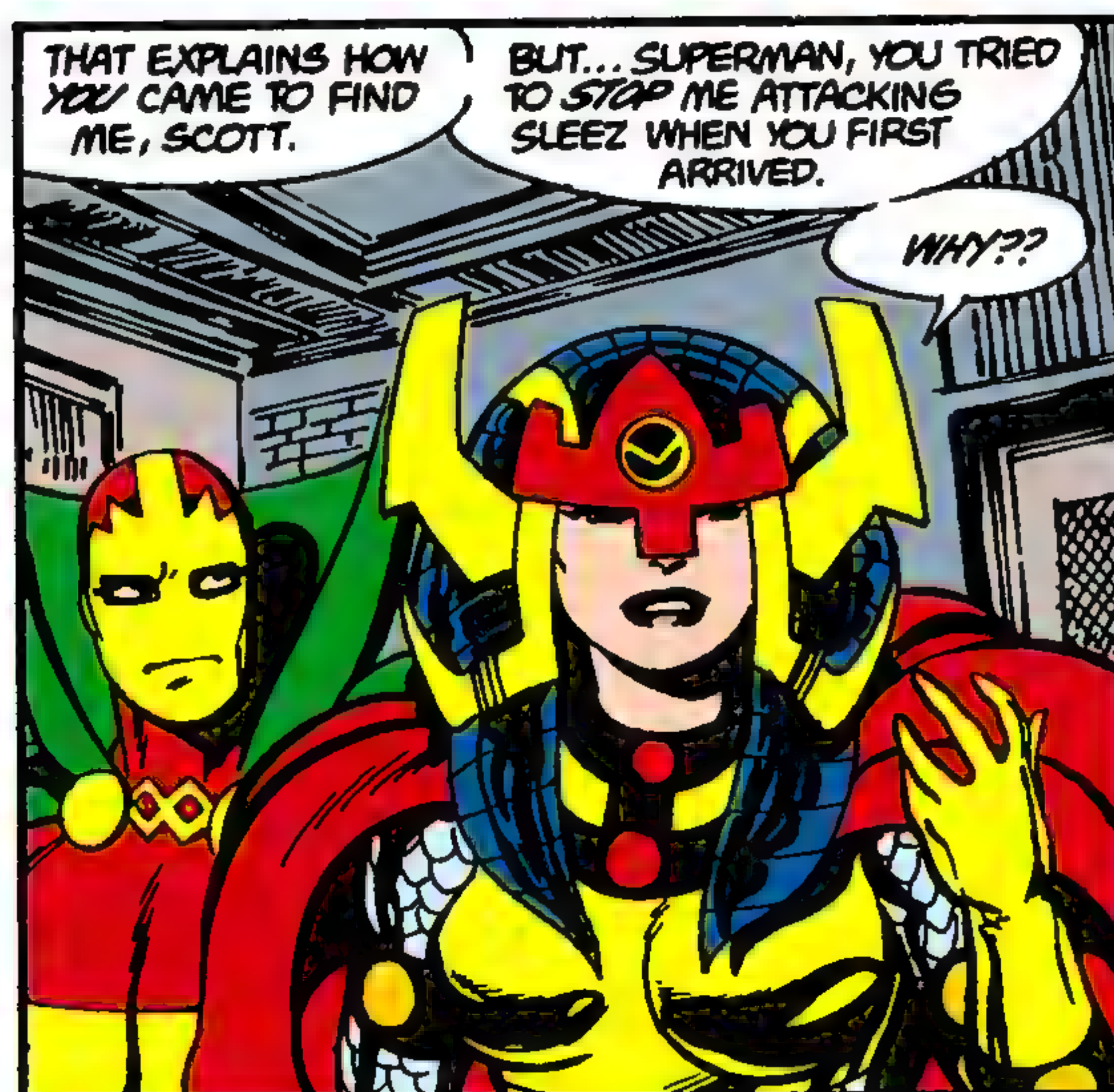
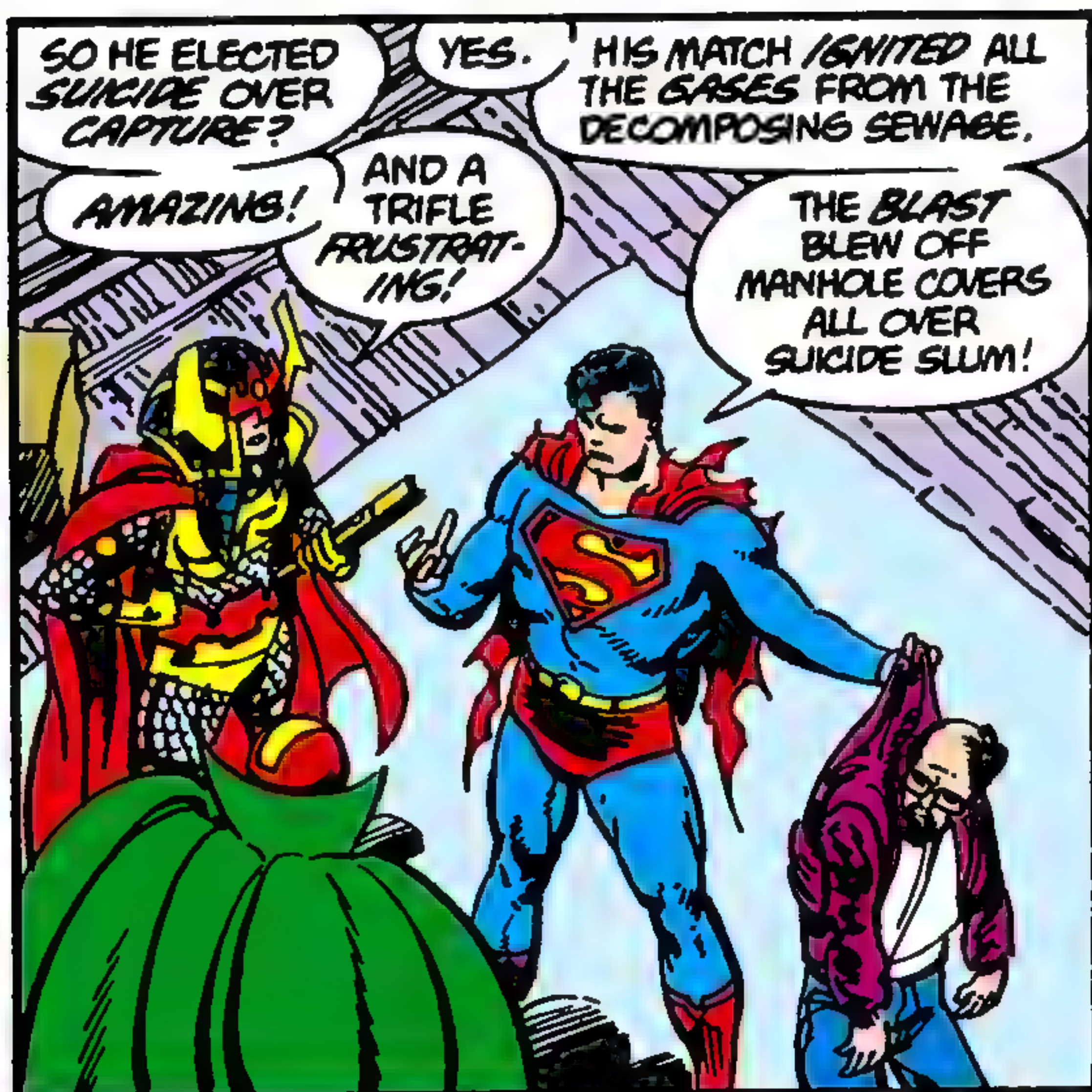
YOU DON'T HAVE BARDA'S
MEGA-ROD TO KNOCK ME
OUT WITH...

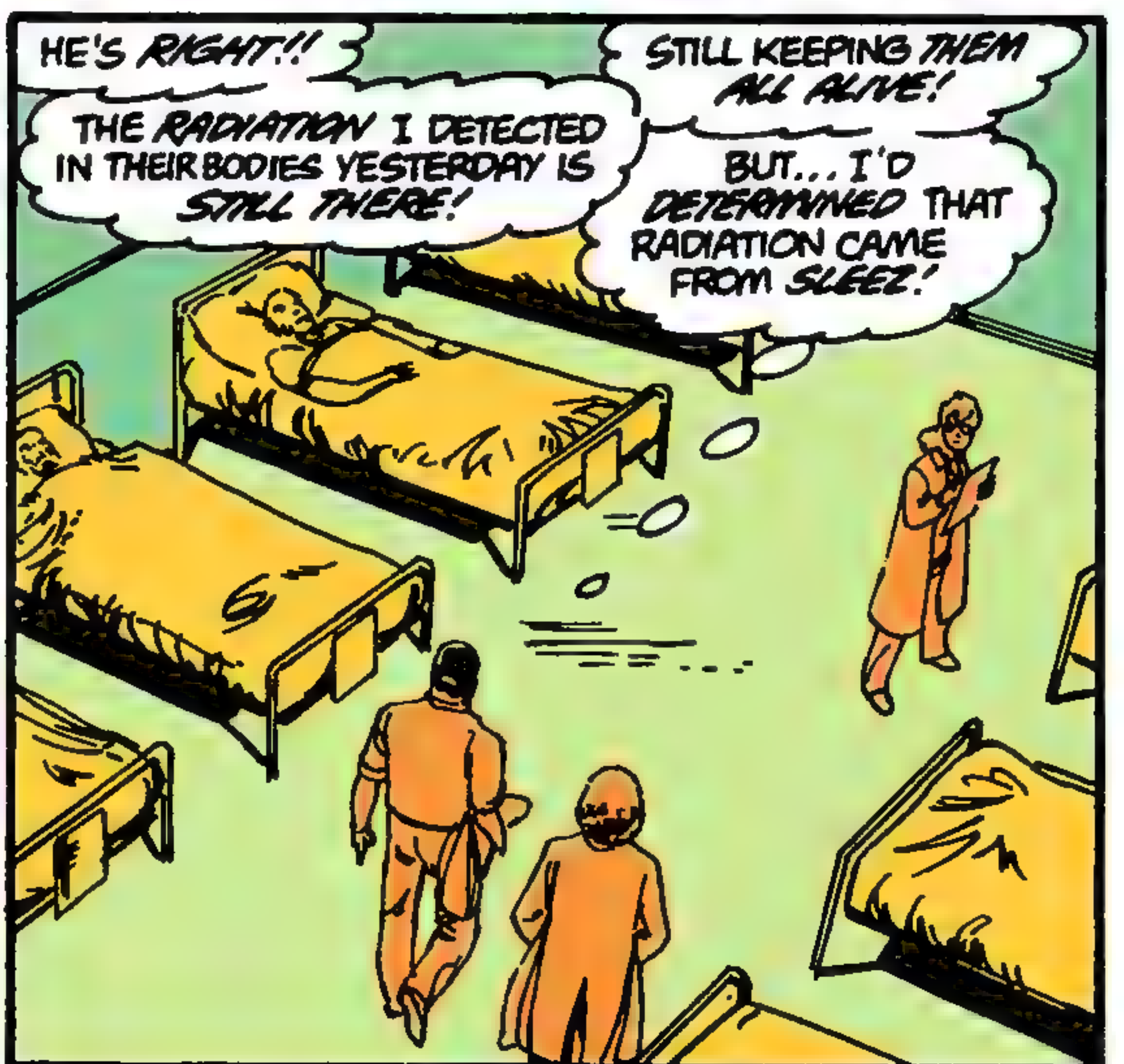
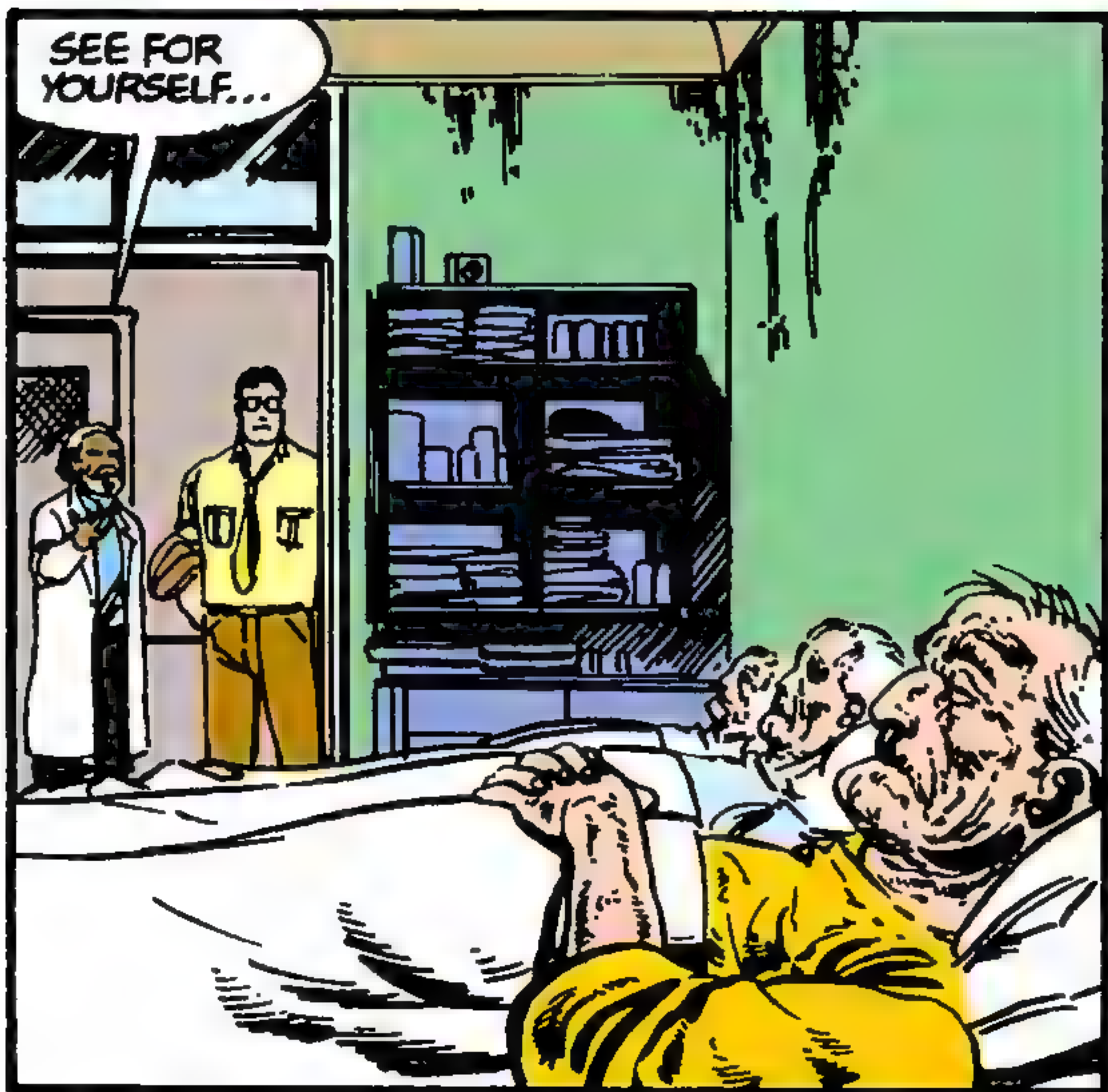
AND CONSCIOUS I'M
MORE THAN A MATCH FOR
YOUR PSYCHIC POWERS!

PERHAPS,
KRYPTONIAN.

BUT ARE
YOU A
MATCH...









THE ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN

433
75¢
CAN \$1.00
U.K. 40p
OCT 87
APPROVED
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY



WHO watches
the WATCHMEN?

BY WOLFMAN & ORDWAY



434
75¢
CAN. \$1.00
U.K. 40p
NOV. 87

THE ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN

WOLFMAN and ORDWAY



MILLENNIUM™



IS
COMING



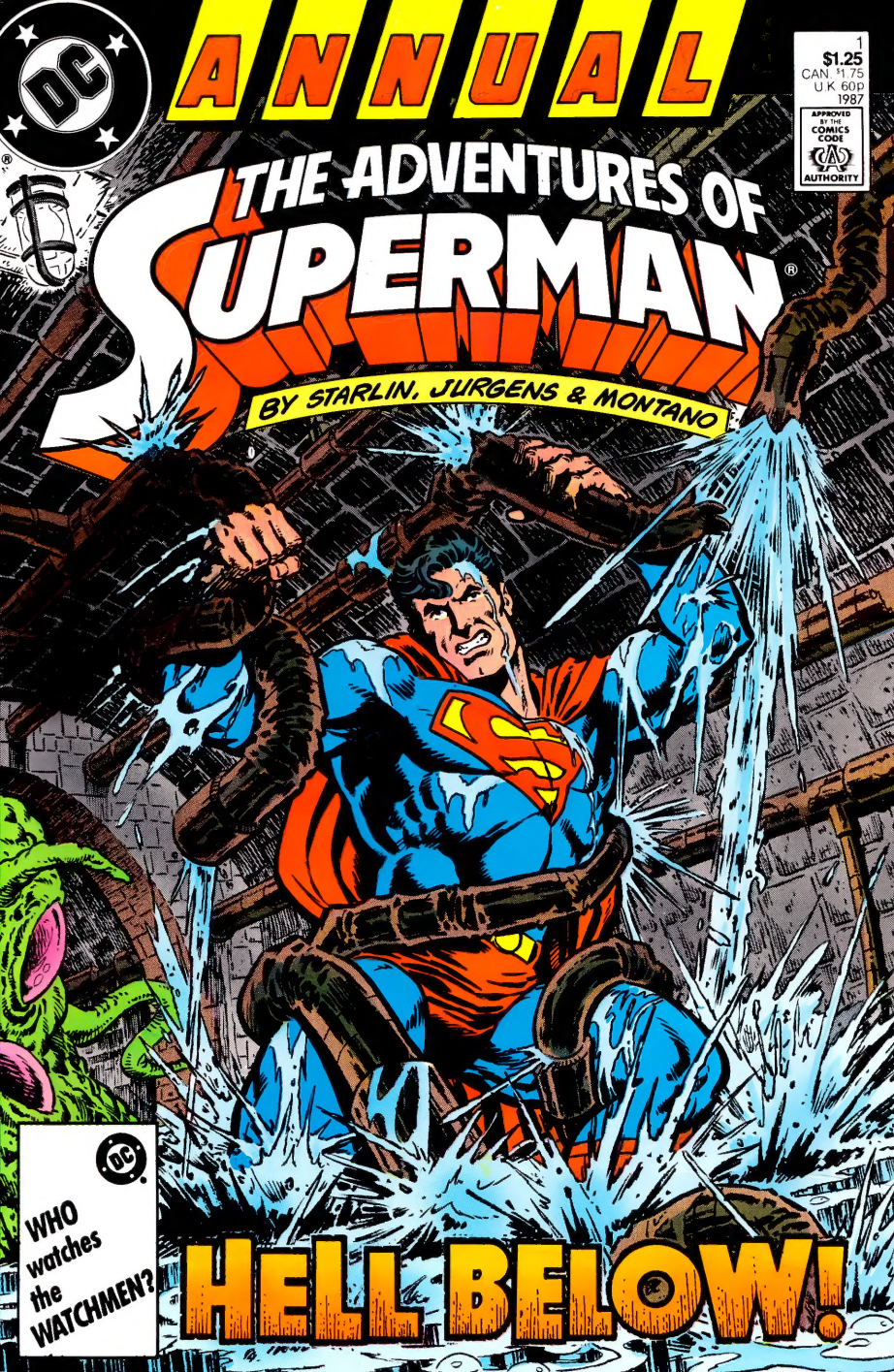
ANNUAL

1
\$1.25
CAN \$1.75
U.K. 61P
1987



THE ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN

BY STARLIN, JURGENS & MONTANO



WHO
watches
the
WATCHMEN?

HELL BELOW!



592
75¢
CAN \$1.00
UK 40p
SEPT 87

SUPERMAN & BIG BARDA™

ACTION

COMICS®



BACK OFF,
SUPERMAN! THE
CREATURE CALLED
SLEEZ MUST **DIE!**

THEN YOU'LL
HAVE TO
KILL ME
FIRST,
BARDA!

BY
JOHN BYRNE

WHO
watches
the
WATCHMEN?





SUPERMAN & MR. MIRACLE

ACTION

COMICS®

593
CAN \$1.00
U.K. 40p
OCT. 87



BY JOHN BYRNE
WITH KEITH WILLIAMS

SUPERMAN
AND...MY
WIFE?!



FIFTY



YEARS